

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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### HOW TO DIE.

A Sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage.

Does it seem strange to any, perhaps incongruous, that on this June Sunday, in the midst of a growing world, where everything is thrilling with life, I should take for a topic a subject like "How to Die"? And yet the beauty of June, and the joy that our hearts feel in it, are not interfered with because we know they are to be followed by November; for we know that after the November there is to be another June. But, though there were to be no other June, yet, if we could so consider the subject of November as to take away something of the gloom and the shadow that are apt to haunt us in connection with the thought that all that is beautiful and all that we love must fade, even then a consideration of it might possibly add to the brightness of the day, might possibly help us even to enjoy more keenly the glory of spring. So, if I can take away, by any considerations that I may offer, something of the foreboding, something of the shadow, something of the dread of dying, may I not put it within your power to find even a sweeter, keener, more restful relish in those things of life that are so desirable, and that we clasp to our arms with such a tender sense of possession?

It is a purpose like this that I have in mind. We have inherited—I cannot go at any length into the causes of it—a series of fancies, of forebodings, of dark traditions, that surround the thought of the transition through which we must all pass from this life to what we hope is to be another, that fill our minds with gloom. Death is figured to us under every possible aspect of horror. He is the shapeless, headless image, son of sin and Satan, who stands by the portal of hell, as Lucifer stands out on his journey in search of the new created earth. He stands there, gloating with the awful anticipation that his famished hunger for human life, by the ministry of sin and evil, is going at last to be filled. We have pictured death under the figure of skull and crossbones; we have made him a skeleton with scythe and hour-glass, and brandishing a dreadful dart; we have clothed him with all sorts of horrors,—until, at the very mention of his name, we think only of decay, of pain, of separation, of everything from which the loving heart as well as the living flesh shrinks.

Let us see if we can find some other way of looking at the fact, and try to discover what is the reasonable method of considering this inevitable fact in every human career. Believing, as I do, that death is not the end of life, but only an incident in it, it seems to me pre-eminently fitting that I should close this series of sermons on "Helps for Daily Living" by a consideration of the question "How we shall Die."

At the outset, then, let us dwell for a little while on the alternative. If it were not death, since we are here, then what would it have to be? We shrink sometimes from a disagreeable fact without stopping to consider whether the alternative of that fact might not be something quite as disagreeable, if not more so. Suppose, for instance, that I could have conferred upon me at this moment the gift of physical immortality here on this planet, or the privilege of living here as long as the planet should endure: unless there were conferred upon me the gift of immortal youth at the same time, it would be something unspeakably horrible to grow old, decrepit, to find my faculties fading, one after another, and still not have the power to die, not be able to rid myself of the growing burden of weakness and of pain.

But suppose, along with the gift of immortality, I should also have conferred upon me, and upon me alone, the gift of eternal youth. Then what? Why, then, it seems to me, the alternative would be hardly less endurable. I, indeed, might be young, with capacity and possibility of enjoyment, of a keen relish for the beauty of sky and the delights of earth; and yet I should pass through an experience, only intensified beyond expression, such as many who had not my prolonged existence on earth had passed through. One after another those I love would go, and I should find myself by and by with only half a dozen persons that I knew in my childhood or youth. Then there would be five, four, three, two, and then one; and at last I must see that one go and I be left alone, compelled to make new acquaintances, or else to wander like the Wandering Jew, one of the most gruesome and horrible imaginations of all ages, alone and homeless in the world,—to become an antiquated curiosity, the representative of a long-past age. Why, since the very meaning, the very heart and soul of life, is the companionship of people for whom we care, it seems to me that under these conditions any one of us would pray for death as he never prayed for life,—pray to go with a friend. Think me not irreverent when I say I would take my chances rather to go anywhere with a friend than to stay here under such conditions. Hell itself might be conceived of as endurable with a friend, yet not even heaven without one.

Take another supposition. Suppose all of us who are alive on earth could have immediately conferred upon us the gift of continued existence here on our planet. What then? Why, we would set all the bells ringing, we would be jubilant and glad for a while. But let the years go on, and by and by the world would become full, with no more room for any more people. Then no more marriages, no more homes, no more little children, none of the laughter and joy and wonder of childish lives growing up around our feet. A world full of grown people! But what next? After a while, we would exhaust the planet: we would see every thing that was to be seen, we would do everything that anybody could do, we would learn everything that anybody could learn, we would go through all experiences that anybody could understand or appreciate. And then what? Think of yourself snow-blocked at some way-station, and finding a small cottage or tavern where you could rest and keep warm and wait! Then think of yourself as compelled to stay there for an indefinite time! You would read all the books, you would do everything you could think of to pass away the time; but then a day would come when a prison even in exchange would be glad relief, so weary would you be of it all. So, I take it, that, even if we could have immortality here on these terms, we should become so weary of it at last that it would be unendurable. The only thing that could make such a dream as this bearable would be that in some way we might be endowed with faculties and powers to visit other planets, to visit other earths, to move through the depths of space. But that, we know, would be physically impossible, clothed with such bodies as we now possess. It is conceivable, scientifically perfectly conceivable, that we might be endowed with faculties and powers adapting us to the doing of just this; but a necessary condition of that would be just this horrible thing that we call death. We must get rid of this body first, must be clothed upon with some other kind of body.

I cannot, then, think of any alternative to dying, as I consider it carefully and look over the world, that seems to me in the least attractive. So I am brought face to face with this question: If we believe in God, are we not forced to the conclusion that, however we understand it or do not understand it, death must somehow be a good and blessed thing, and not an evil? If there be wisdom in this universe controlling and guiding it, then that wisdom knows best. If there be power, then that power cannot be hindered. If there be love, then that love desires the best. Such a being as that would not, could not, appoint to any of his children anything that in its nature was necessary evil; and death has been appointed to every one of his children. It seems to me, then, that, if we cherish, if we dare fold to our hearts this trust, we must take along with it that which is its inevitable corollary,—the trust that death, also, is a good thing and not an evil thing.

I ask you to bear with me now while I consider a few of the things that have intensified the natural fear of dissolution.

One of the first things is an inherited tradition as to the origin and cause of death. One of the foolish and utterly baseless fancies of the Hebrews was that death came into the world as the result of sin; that, if Adam had not transgressed at the outset, then there would have been no such thing as dying. But we know that this is purely a fancy, and that death, whatever else we may think about it, is a natural and necessary incident of our career, created as a part of the original plan by the very One who preordained the fact of birth.

Death, then, is not a finality, not an end. We are not to think of it as a sign of the wrath of God, as his laying his hand upon us in the way of punishment. It is nothing of the sort. We have been haunted by this idea which we have inherited from the old theology. Some of us who think we are rid of the last shred of that old theology still have somewhere hidden away in brain or nerve the haunting images and shadows of this old

penalty, led into the presence of the judge to receive our sentence; and this suggests the prison, the scaffold, the black cap, and the execution. But these ideas belong to a conception of the universe, a government of the universe, and our relation to God, which is utterly baseless.

Then it seems to me that we allow ourselves to be troubled in a way for which there is no foundation in the anticipation of pain as accompanying death. We talk about the struggle, the death struggle, the death agony, the last keen pain and anguish; and yet I verily believe that there is not a person here this morning who has not suffered, over and over again; a dozen, perhaps a hundred, times more than any one of you is ever likely to suffer in the process of death. Study and experience and watching by death-beds has convinced me of one fact,—I believe it to be a fact, I believe that almost every educated physician, as the result of wide experience, would agree with me,—that the act of death is generally painless. There is pain, there is suffering, in the disease that leads up to it; but there is suffering in those diseases from which we recover. There is a natural process of anesthesia in the approach to the moment of death, so I believe that almost always it is simply falling asleep. Though we stand by the side of a friend who is dying, and watch the involuntary muscular movement, the contraction of the brow, the quivering of the lip,—signs that seem to us to indicate pain,—if we could really know, there is hardly a question that, in almost all cases, these movements are merely nervous, muscular, automatic, unconscious. They do not mean that there is any such suffering as we are apt to think. So I believe that in most cases we have suffered more a dozen times over, even in the dreams that have come to us in our sleep, than we shall ever suffer in dying.

Then is it not true that most of us are haunted by a sort of greyness and uncleanly fancy connected with the grave? I think I should be rendering humanity a service if I could only get these fancies, these imaginations, completely out of people's minds. My childhood was spent close by a cemetery, so that it was one of the most familiar objects of those days; but I know that I was always haunted with a certain imaginary horror in the thought of burial. Is it not true that sometimes we stand by an open grave and have a sense of suffocation or smothering, at the thought that we some time must be placed under the sod? And yet how shrewd in its humor as well as in its sense was that word of Socrates, who, when his friends asked him how they should bury him, answered, "Bury me in any way you please if you can only catch me." I do not expect to be buried. We have worn three, or four, or five or six complete human bodies that are not ours now. Why not suffer from the thought as to what has become of them? They are buried somewhere, or passed into grass and flowers and trees.

I do not expect to suffer any more from this one being buried than I suffer already from any one of them. Let us put away from us, then, all these artificial horrors and imaginations. I think this matter of burial is made a matter of peculiar fear by our still barbaric burial customs. I have no time to go into this subject now; but, if I had, I should have a good deal to say, a good many earnest protests to utter. I think in the matter of burial and the associations surrounding it we are not yet half civilized.

Again, we are haunted still, as Hamlet was, by the fear of that something after death. What? If we believed, as we have been taught for centuries, that this life is only a probation, and that when we have crossed the dead line our conditions for good or ill are fixed forever, then, indeed, we might tremble. I wonder that those who hold these ideas do not tremble more than they do. I remember persons who have come within the range of my pastoral experience in past years, who have been generally the noblest, sweetest, most refined, most sensitive persons, who carried a year-long horror in the thought that possibly the hope they cherished of the safety of their own souls was a mistake, so that they looked upon the thought of death with terror, lest they should wake up to find that the lurid cloud of God's wrath still overhung their souls. But we do not believe that any longer. We believe that the same God, the same law, the same right, the same wrong, the same possibility of going downward or going upward that we find here, will be found over there.

I do not believe that there is anything, then, about death that in the least changes our characters, our natures, our possibilities, our tendencies, or sets us in any different relations to God, any more than there was about going to sleep last night and waking up this morning. Five minutes after death we are what we were five minutes before death; and it is the same God, the same universe, the same laws, the same conditions, the same possibilities there as here. Let us, then, put aside that haunting fear. If you are not afraid of to-morrow, then you ought not to be afraid of the to-morrow of death. The inexorable judgment, the conditions that attach to our characters and actions, which have followed us from birth until to-day, will follow us from to-day into to-morrow. One and the same law governs the matter of our passing into the next world, as we call it, and this.

But many liberals who have put that fear idea. So, when we think of death, we think of ourselves as perhaps criminals, under away are still haunted by another fear. I know many tender, loving souls who shrink

from going out into that other life. Why? Because it seems to them like leaving a cozy home. Here is a bright fire, and we sit round it with our friends. We can touch hands. We can speak to each other. There are associations and companionships here; and people shrink from leaving them, as they would shrink from being put out of such a home as I have pictured into the dark ways of the night, in a strange land, not knowing which way to go nor what the next step would be. So I think there are persons who dread going out into that great world alone. Who is over there? Whom shall we meet? What kind of a place will it be? It seems so desolate, so vast; and they turn from the thought, and rush clinging back to the friends here, as a frightened child rushes to grasp the skirts of its mother.

We must learn to trust. We lived before we became conscious of it. When we came into this world, we found ourselves in the hands of loving, tender care. I do not believe that a God who provides such a reception for us as we had here will leave us without as good a reception when we go away. All of us have friends over there. I hope they know all about it and are getting ready for us. I believe, at any rate, that the infinite tenderness and care will guard us and help us. It seems to me that we need right here to get rid of our inherited notions as to the great gulf between life here and life over yonder. People have apparently thought that life, if there is to be one there, is utterly distinct and separate from this, unlike it. Why do you think so? Because we have our heads full of the pictures of traditional angels with wings.

Is there any sense in thinking of people's wearing wings over there? It is utterly incongruous, a part of the mythology of the past, absurd on the very face of it. We think of them as dressed in long robes, until they suggest to us nothing but the ghosts that frightened our childish imaginations. Is there any reason for thinking of them in this way? Not in the least. We talk about cherubim and seraphim with faces so bright that we cannot look upon them without being dazzled. Is there anything but poetry in that thought? Is a person spiritually better or morally higher by being turned into a being upon whom one cannot look with open eyes? Let us get rid of all these conventional notions, and think of the people over there as real folk, just like ourselves, just as human, just as real, just as companionable. I would not wish to go if I thought otherwise.

Let us, then, get rid of all these hauntings about death as a spectre, and think of him as God's angel. What does angel mean? Merely a messenger, merely somebody sent on an errand, who need not be dressed in white or ornamented with wings. To be a messenger is to be an angel.

I wish to close this part of my sermon by reading to you a suggestion of the kind of thought you should hold about death. It is by Mr. Edward Rowland Sill:

"What if some morning when the stars were paling,  
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,  
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence  
Of a benignant Spirit standing near;

"And I should tell him as he stood beside me:  
'This is our Earth, most friendly Earth and fair;  
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow  
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is best living here, loving and serving,  
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;  
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer,—  
His name is Death. Flea, lest he find thee here!"

"And what if then, while the still morning bright-  
ened,  
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,  
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,  
And take my hand, and say, 'My name is Death.'"

With this thought, then, as to what death is, I turn to consider for a moment a few things bearing on the method of getting ready to die. How shall we prepare for it?

I would not have you trouble your minds for one single instant with any of the old ideas as to getting ready for death. Dying is easy enough: it is living that I have found to be hard,—living ideally, nobly, truly. I find more trouble in living in one single day than I ever expect to find in dying.

What shall we do, then, in getting ready for death? The first thing—and a very commonplace thing it is—is to live rightly, healthfully; for a very large part of that which makes death hard, to our thinking, is the pain that precedes and accompanies it. A large part of the suffering that precedes and accompanies death, in most instances, is the result of our own careless or wilful breaking of the laws of health before we come to die. As Bryant sings of his old man: "No chronic tortures racked his aged limb, For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him." If we were perfectly healthy, I think the most of us would grow old and die as naturally as the leaf fades in the fall. It would be as quiet a process as the sunset. Most of the storm and trouble linked with it are the results of our own thoughts and words and deeds.

The second suggestion I would make is that we make up our minds to die but once, and to die all at once when the time comes, and not be twenty or thirty or forty years about it. I think the most of us die in imagination over and over again, and suffer a great deal more in the process than we shall in the actual fact when we come to face it. Suppose Damocles's sword is hanging over my head, and I know it. It is going to fall any once. I cannot prevent it, and I cannot reach it to take it down. I do not know when it is going to fall; but let me go about my

business. It does not concern me, since I cannot help myself. Let us leave that out of mind, and only see to it how we live; and the matter as to how we are to die will take care of itself.

Then, in the third place, I think that the sorrows that accompany death, and that we link with the thought of it, are sometimes keenest of all because we have done or said certain things, or we have not done or said certain things, that touched the person who is gone. The keenest pang about the fact of death with a great many people, if they would unbosom themselves and tell the secrets of their hearts, would be certain remembrances. I did not speak such words as I ought to have spoken while my friend could hear me. I did not tell that friend how dear he was, how I loved him. I did not make him know how large a part of my life he was, how I depended on him. If I could only tell him now! If I had only told him then, it would have made his life so much brighter, so much cheerier. Or we remember bitter, spiteful words spoken, that we would give so much if we could take back; and we wonder if even there on the other side, he remembers it. We wonder if it remains a tiny, bitter drop even in his cup of bliss.

The way, then, for us to get ready to die, as it seems to me, is to begin this minute—not thinking much about death, except as an inevitable fact somewhere in the future—to live just as we shall wish we had lived; speak to-day the words that we shall wish we had spoken if some friend dies to-day and goes beyond our reach; do the things we shall wish we had done; love so that the living shall understand our love. Let them know how much they are to us. Let them taste the sweet comfort of it as we go along.

Death is either one of two things. Let us for a moment consider it under its very worst aspect. If it is the end of life, if none of those who have lived on this planet are living now, if we must join this great army of silence, then at the very worst it is only sleeping. It will not be pain. There will be no regret, there will be nothing. If not that then it certainly is this. *et cetera* have spoken of and that I believe. And if it is that, then no words can overpicture it, no poet can overstep it, no music can over-suggest it. Why, sometimes I have such an intense feeling of curiosity about that other life! And yet I do not want to learn the un-til my time comes. But I am glad to think that, when I do leave here, I shall not go away beyond the possibility of knowing how this dear old world that I love so much is getting on. There is only one century that I would rather be an inhabitant of than the present one, and that is the next. I do not care to live in any one that is past, but I would like to see the next one. I would like to see how some of these movements that are going on will come out,—what will be the changes in the social, the religious, the political life; what the next step in discovery, in conquest, of this wonderful earth of ours will be. And, if the end is not eternal silence, I expect to know. I expect to keep the run of these movements, even if I go to some distant planet. If I am engaged in work that will take me to a distance, I will get the news, or I will come back again now and then and see for myself. If that theory is true, just think of it for a moment! How would you enjoy seeing gathered in some great hall to-day the company of all the immortals that have distinguished the history of our race by their physical, their intellectual, their moral, or their spiritual glories? How would you like to look upon the face of Shakespeare, to see if Dante has got rid of that sadness that he wore, to talk with Goethe, to hear the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn? If this theory is true, we shall meet all these: we shall find them, and so have in our grasp all the past of the earth and watch the growth of all the future. No wonder that Socrates' mind kindled at the thought, and he said, "If this be so, then let me die again and again,"—if this be the condition.

Such, then, being my mind the best way of getting ready to die, I wish to close by reading to you a poem, the authorship of which I do not know, but which seems to state in beautiful words this attitude in which we ought to stand towards the question of death:—

"If I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
That the next sun  
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow  
For any one,  
All the fight fought and all the journey through,  
What should I do?

"I do not think that I should shrink or falter,  
But just go on  
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter  
Aught that is gone;  
But rise and move and love and smile and pray  
For one more day.

"And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,  
Say in that ear  
Which hearkens ever, 'Lord, within thy keeping,  
How should I fear?  
And, when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,  
Do Thou Thy will!

"I might not sleep, for awe; but peaceful, tender,  
My soul would lie  
All the night long; and, when the morning splendor  
Flashed o'er the sky,  
I think that I could smile, could calmly say,  
'It is His day.'

"But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder  
Held out a scroll  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clew,  
What should I do?

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the family, to society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY A. D. HOWARD, M.D.

1. My father was a member of the M. E. Church. My mother was raised in, and strictly adhered to, the Baptist faith, and from early youth I was raised under the influence of Christian parents. At about the age of twelve I began to investigate the different creeds, and at fourteen had read the Bible through, also the Apocrypha of the Old and New Testament. At the age of eighteen I became a Universalist, but never subscribed to any church or creed, but I believed if the Bible taught anything that was reliable, it was that Christ came to save sinners, and his mission was a failure if he did not save all mankind. I remained in that state of mind for several years. I was living near the Fox girls when they first had the raps, and I must say I was a little curious to know what the manifestation meant, and started to go there and investigate for myself. On my way I met with some one who had been there, and he explained the matter satisfactorily to my mind for the time being, and I gave it no more attention for six or seven years. I think it was in the fall of 1856, that a neighbor called to talk with me, and during our conversation the subject of Spiritualism came up. At that time I had no sympathy with their claims, but by an earnest request of my friend, I promised to investigate the subject with him at his house, as he had a son who got the raps by sitting at the stand. According to agreement I attended one of those sittings, and at once became convinced that the boy did not make the raps consciously, and through that investigation I became convinced that man is immortal, and as a spirit has power to manifest his presence to us in various ways. Ever since that time I have been an earnest investigator not only of man here but what he may attain to in the future. With this investigation have had many experiences with the law of psychic, as it is called at the present time, that I have been unable to account for. I will relate an incident for the benefit of those who have had similar experiences. In the year 1887, I was employed by the government and located at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and during the months of July, August and September I was member of the Board of Registration which called me to the different precincts throughout the county, and while engaged in business, I did not return for some three or four weeks. There being no post offices in that country at that time only in the large places, I had received no mail, nor written any letters to any one during the time we were out. On my return to Fort Smith I found quite a number of letters from the different departments of business that I was laboring for, that needed immediate attention, and among the rest were letters from Mr. J. E. whom I had been in the habit of writing to every week until this expedition in the country. Suffice it to say I returned on Saturday afternoon, and it took me until 2 o'clock, A. M. to answer my mail matter, and as the mail went out on Sunday morning I felt it must all be attended to that night. After answering all the official letters I wrote to my wife, who at that time was in Michigan. I retired for rest, which I very much felt the need of. Sunday morning I was called upon to assist a colored preacher in establishing a Sunday-school which he claimed he could not do without my assistance. I not only promised to help him, but to do all in my power to aid in that direction. I labored all the forenoon in behalf of the cause and returned to the hotel, ate my dinner, and then planned to give myself a good rest. I went to my room for that purpose, in the second story. It was large and airy, extending across the whole width of the building, and the only access was by going up a flight of stairs that was outside of the main building in the corridor, and the door to my room was situated at the head of the stairs. I went to my room, as I have said, for the purpose of rest. I turned the key in the lock, and lay down on the bed with my back towards the door. I had not been there ten minutes when I heard some one coming up stairs with a light step, and I wondered who it could be. I had expected several of my friends would call as soon as they knew I had returned, and I was too tired to see any one. I took this course to get rested. While this idea was in my mind that I needed rest, I heard the door open, or seemed to open, and I heard footsteps coming towards the bed. I turned over so as to look in that direction, and there stood my wife. I was a little excited as it was so unexpected. I immediately got up and reached for a chair that stood near, and whilst doing so, I said: "Why, Libbie, when did you come? You look so tired; you must be— you have had three hundred miles of staging." She spoke and said: "Yes I am a little weary." I stepped forward with the chair and was about to ask her to be seated, when to my surprise she was not there. I stepped to the door and found it was locked. Not being accustomed to such apparitions, I felt sure that she had passed from the mortal form. As soon as I could compose myself, I sat down and wrote her what I saw, describing the dress she had on; also the collar on her neck, together with a ring she had on her finger, all of which I had never seen before. On receiving an answer, which was as soon as possible, my wife said: "On the day you speak of I dressed myself with the dress and collar you saw in your vision; also the ring which you have described as perfectly as you could have done if it were in your hand. I felt tired, and went to my room about eleven o'clock, and immediately fell asleep and slept soundly for three hours."

I must say that I was relieved when I received her letter and found she had not made the change called death. Having had this experience, and knowing that every word is true, I write it that others who have similar experiences may know they are not alone.

Sturgis, Mich.

Wm. O. Fitzgerald, a deaf mute, has been a clerk in the New York Custom-House for twenty-eight years.

rs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is in much better health this summer than last. Her physical condition is superior to her mental.

## GLIMPSES INTO THE DOMAIN OF THE UNKNOWN.

A Wilkins (Director of the Agricultural Station of Tashkend, Central Asia.)

It must be confessed that mediumistic phenomena, when witnessed for the first time, present themselves in so unfamiliar an aspect to most men and to a student of nature in particular, that they throw the mind into a state of bewilderment and confusion. It is only natural that the reason refuses at first to accept the reality of the startling phenomena in spite of the testimony of the senses, and it is only after prolonged acquaintance with them that we recover little by little the faculty of thinking about the subject at all. At the present time we are far from any kind of scientific explanation even of the least of the above-mentioned phenomena; it is even questioned whether they can be explained by natural laws, and it will be a step forward in dealing with the subject if we can make clear to ourselves, by conclusive reasoning, the possibility of a natural explanation of them, or convince ourselves that they are not miracles, but are consistent with the processes of nature. In such a manner we shall prepare our minds for future investigation and understanding of the phenomena.

It seems to me to be always misleading when these phenomena are looked upon as miracles. Such a thing as a miracle has no existence to a scientific mind, and it is very probable also that it does not occur in nature. The objective reality of a phenomenon—however rare or strange or incomprehensible it may be—is in itself the best proof of its being a natural phenomenon and nothing else. It has been pointed out many times, and with great justice, that we are too much inclined to call that which we do not understand supernatural or miraculous; which is certainly not a right way of viewing the matter. The phenomena lose their mysterious character when they are earnestly studied, or when we have become better acquainted with them. A few examples will illustrate what I mean.

We are told that St. Augustine was thrown into a state of religious terror when he saw for the first time a "dark stone" attract and hold a piece of iron, believing that he had witnessed a miracle. We have since studied with great minuteness all the properties of magnetic currents, and the magnet has become a trivial object to us. But let us ask ourselves if, after all our acquaintance with it, we know anything more about the magnetic energy than the external side of its manifestations? Do we understand the true essence, the very nature, of that energy? Not in the least of course; and this is true in the case of all other phenomena of nature. Nevertheless the magnetic phenomena have lost their miraculous character in the light of science, but the "thing in itself" still remains unknown.

A queen-bee lays a fertilized egg and an unfertilized one; both develop embryos and give birth—the first to a female (working bee), the second to a drone. Do we understand the process? No; but all the same it does not seem a wonder to us, because we are so accustomed to its constant occurrence that we accept it as a matter of well-known fact.

This last example is so far instructive that it shows how easily uncommon and obscure phenomena are rejected; the time is not very far distant when the so-called *Parthenogenesis* was not only doubted but denied by men of science, and only the investigations of Siebold and Zeuckart drew attention to the subject. But it is well known with what difficulty new ideas and discoveries of great importance have to make their way before they are generally accepted; and this is the case with mediumistic phenomena. They seem to violate the laws of nature; but this impression will certainly vanish in proportion with our acquaintance with them, and the growth of our understanding. The objective reality of the phenomena once firmly established, it must be insisted on that they are not and cannot be miracles; it would be better to consider them as representatives of a higher order of problems or enigmas by which nature has surrounded us. Even the most familiar phenomena—the gravitation of celestial bodies, the fate of a comet with an hyperbolic orbit, the whole universe itself—do not all these represent so many notes of interrogation to our present understanding? If mediumistic phenomena are miracles of scientific research; if they are only natural problems they can be solved to a certain degree, and therefore they ought to be studied. It may be (and not improbably is) that they are of too high an order to be solved by the aid of our present scientific knowledge and means of inquiry; such an attempt may be comparable to an invasion of the domain of the most complicated operations of high calculus by students who have not yet overcome simple algebraic equations. Let this be so, but let us, nevertheless, go on step by step, with caution and perseverance, attended, by the hope that we shall at last come to an understanding of the problem.

I shall be saying nothing new if I allude once more to the tendency of scientific men to assert that all the processes of nature are already known to us, and to the ready-made conclusions of *a priori* reasoning, as to possibilities or impossibilities in the universe. It cannot be denied that if we were to take cognizance of the material world only by the aid of our organs of sense, our conceptions of the universe would be very limited, because the perceptive powers of our senses are very limited. The man of science must have recourse, therefore, to the aid of instruments and to the most elaborate and minute methods of research, to gain an adequate idea of natural phenomena. With these supplementary organs of sense, so to speak, the man of science "sees" more than does the unscientific, and this "seeing" grows wider and deeper in proportion to the improvement of apparatus and scientific methods, until there seems to be no end to the evolution of knowledge.

Now, with all our scientific means of investigation, we still enjoy only an imperfect and fractional knowledge of the universe, and we ought, therefore, to be very cautious in our judgments about the possible and the impossible, as we ask about the existence or non-existence of a given process in nature. The impossibilities of to-day may turn out to be the natural phenomena of to-morrow. Recent research has shown us how insufficient are our notions about the faculties and properties even of our own human organisms, as a whole world of unexpected psychical processes has been discovered. The impulse of will-power acting at a distance, in the cases of so-called thought-reading, the effects of hypnotic suggestion, the phantasms of the living are subjects of research long ago banished from the realm of positive science, and now diligently studied by the leading scholars of the day. This is a fair example of a *cotte-face* in science; the *agnosce teipsum* of the old philosopher of Mitylene has gained

fresh strength in the course of centuries. If we discover unexpected and startling phenomena in ourselves, if we are still ignorant of all the possibilities of our own organisms, we are all the less justified in hazarding *a priori* conclusions as to what is possible or not in the outside world. We must agree with Hamlet when he says that

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The universe is certainly somewhat more complicated than we are accustomed to think it.

Now, to return to our subject, we know that there are sounds in nature which we do not hear, and there are rays of light which we do not see; the reason being once more, the limited perceptive faculties of our organs of sense, which are capable of receiving impressions only from vibrations of certain wave lengths, and from rays of certain degrees of refrangibility. Let us pause for awhile and consider this circumstance.

The rays of different degrees of refrangibility in the solar spectrum make upon our retina the impression of a succession of different colors of varying brightness; but we only see a portion of the whole pencil of rays which pass through the prism; the rays of both ends of the spectrum do not excite the impressionability of the retina and are, therefore, invisible. These "dark rays" do not exist to the unscientific, but the man of science not only detects their presence by appropriate measures, but even the difference of their properties, the one being thermal, and the other chemical, rays.

Let us now suppose a transparent substance, reflecting, or otherwise emitting, only rays of high refrangibility, such, for example, as the ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum. Such a substance would not be seen by our eyes, but its presence could be detected by means of the sensitized photographic plate, just as the invisible ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum are detected. This supposition is offered not as explanation, but only as a rough example, of what is possibly taking place when photographs are obtained of human figures or portions of figures that are unseen by our eyes.

Considerations of a similar character are useful in so far as they prepare us to admit the possibility of the reproduction, by natural means, of one of the most startling of mediumistic powers. The forms of phantoms alluded to are sometimes self-luminous and visible; the spectroscopic, in the hands of a skilful observer, would certainly reveal to us something about the nature of that peculiar light. If we are helpless when studying the phenomena of the tangible world without the aid of scientific instruments and methods, the more are they required when we meet with the subtle and delicate manifestations of the unseen and unknown.

On the other hand the peculiarities of the individual faculties of the human vision must be more carefully studied. We know that there are great differences in this respect; different persons present different degrees in the discernment of colors, and a true Daltonist does not see colors at all, the spectrum being to him only a luminous band of different degrees of brightness.

The extent of the luminous area of the spectrum is also by no means the same for different individuals; we know that there are persons whose retina is more or less affected by the rays of the ultra-violet end of the spectrum; these rays are not "dark" to their eyes, and are described as "greyish." But such a statement shows that no definite color is discerned, but only a feeble degree of luminosity. This last instance seems to possess a peculiar interest to us; if such a pair of eyes could be used instead of the sensitized plate of our former supposition, these eyes would probably be able to see the substance or object which had by chemical action affected the plate. We can thus illustrate the possibility of the wonderful faculty of clairvoyance; it would not, perhaps, be a waste of time to test the peculiarities of the vision of persons thus gifted, and to compare the area, so to say, of their vision\* with the mean or normal vision of average people. It may be that investigations of this kind would prove especially fruitful in such localities as the Highlands of Scotland, for example, where the faculty of "Second Sight" is said to be of such frequent occurrence as almost to constitute a national peculiarity.

I have endeavored to show that the source of the phenomena of clairvoyance can be possibly found in the natural faculties of the human organism (as well as of the higher animals, no doubt), and that there is apparently no reason to claim for it a supernatural or miraculous explanation. We can understand that a few more rays than usual affecting our retina can produce, in the presence of suitable conditions in the outer world, very marked unexpected results. If we suppose, further that the human organ of vision becomes gradually developed up to the present limit of clairvoyant vision, that privilege of the few would become a faculty largely or even generally spread among mankind; it is not difficult to see that even this little progress in only one of our organs of sense would have a great influence upon our conceptions of the state of affairs in the universe, and it is needless to enlarge upon the subject. Still broader would become our conceptions, and mankind would enjoy the evolution of an additional organ of sense, fitted, let us say, for the perception of the waves of will-power; but such considerations lead us into the domains of fantasy, and we must abandon them.

It is not impossible that the frequent occurrence of "seership" taking the fact for granted among the above-mentioned Highlanders, already offers us an example of the possibility of the supposed development of the visual organ, strengthened by inheritance, and in a more or less isolated race, not disturbed by intermixture with strangers, such isolation being one of the most important factors in the development of the peculiarities of organism.

I must insist once more, that my desire is not to give explanations; from a complete explanation we are at the moment as far as from the stars in the heavens; I am pretty sure that the things are not so simple as my notes suppose. But however wrong a suggested idea may prove itself when properly tested, it seems to me that it may be of some use to Spiritualists, when obscure mediumistic phenomena are under discussion, to apply to these some of the general laws of the physical world; for discussions of this kind serve to stimulate scientific research, which is the greatest need of the present phase of Spiritualism.—*Light, London.*

\* That is, to find out the extreme limit of the violet end of the spectrum for different cases; this must be done by the application of precise methods. The frequently noted high development of abnormal faculties among the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula may possibly be similarly placed to the account of their old system of castes, by which the different tribes are as completely isolated from each other as if they lived on separate and far removed islands.

## Trusts, Evolution, and Kindred Subjects.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FARMER LEE.

In the JOURNAL of June 15th, I notice an editorial on "trusts," containing some excellent hints upon the efficiency of evolution as a cure for commercial ills. The article ends thus: "Certain it is that we want no law, State or National, that legalizes the so-called trusts." Now it would be well for every body to try to understand what this bugaboo really is that has so terrified the American people of late. If we turn to Webster's dictionary, we shall find nothing alarming about the word "trust"; but as Mr. Webster passed off before the "Standard Oil" and other great combinations of capitalists came on with their co-operative associations for commercial purposes, we must look beyond the dictionary of words into the great commercial field where "trusts" work. I have just styled them "Co-operative Associations," and they are nothing more nor less than this in nature; and if a dozen poor men are entitled to combine together for the manufacture, purchase and sale of plows, a hundred rich men are equally entitled to form a combine for the purchase, storage and sale at will of all the corn or wheat that they are able to pay for.

Without commerce and trade there could be nothing worthy of the name of civilization, and commercial restriction means commercial dwarfing in the present and death in the future. As a nation we are independent of all others. We possess within our vast domain all the material needed for manufacture; and our energetic population is imbued with the spirit of trade. Will the people who labor so hard as to cripple the capacity of those who purchase and transport the product of their labor? This question has already been answered: they will if permitted to do so. The ruling class has shown the wind by taking in the past more than its share of this world's goods by force, and using this ill-gotten wealth to enslave and oppress the masses that it had robbed. It now reaps the whirlwind in the suspicious envy that would deny it the legitimate use of capital in purchase and the unrestricted ownership of the means of transfer from one point to another of the products upon the exchange of which all depend for prosperity. The toiling masses of men and women have been shamefully wronged and oppressed in the past. The control of the world is soon to pass into their hands; shall they be worthy of their power, and not oppress in turn? or will they retaliate and bring upon themselves the recoil of ruin? This is an important epoch, and in my opinion it is for those who teach the masses to decide very soon whether the transition shall be into a better or a worse condition.

Because of having been too long suppressed by social tyranny, individual aspiration, as well as intellect, has now suddenly assumed a preternatural activity. Hence the trend of feeling and of thought toward social and political economy; but two parts of one great whole. When the people are stirred to comprehend, they are determined to act. If they can be made to understand the principles underlying this great matter their action shall bring permanency to our government, and peace, prosperity and happiness to all the world. So far their teachings have been superficial and the resulting practice selfish, because their teachers have mostly been demagogues, haranguing from the narrow standpoint of the class or guild whose votes and influence are wanted. From this spectacle I often turn my eyes toward the future, anxious to see what the result shall be. The future answers; it is an unwelcome vision of the past comes up before me, and I see the Tower of Babel and the Pyramids, sole remaining fragments of a great civilization over which the blind Sphinx has kept an ineffectual ward. Destruction has resulted from want of right direction.

The time has come when "we must educate or we perish"; and our education must not be one of superficial details suitable to the apparent needs of any certain class. It must be based upon those eternal principles which embrace:

1. The rights of every man;
  2. The interests of all men.
- No system of ethics that does not make right paramount to interest can ever be conducive to human prosperity and happiness. The people must study the natural law and make it fundamental to all their enactments. It is older than the systems of Lycurgus, Justinian, Napoleon and Blackstone; has outlived them because antagonized by them, and will outlive every State and Empire into whose legislation is allowed to enter those curtailments of individual liberty for which demagogues are ever ready to clamor in order to gain favor with an ignorant populace. A man wants to be mayor of a great city where a vast preponderance of the voters can never expect to own a foot of land; straightway he denounces the ownership of land. 15,000 railroad employes go from their work on a senseless strike; at once the President of the United States is waited upon by his officious partisans and induced to make himself ridiculous in a special message to Congress asking for a law compelling employers to allow outside parties to determine what wages they shall in future pay.

Half of our laws are shackles upon the limbs of progress, and the voice of the people should be for repeal instead of further enactment. Individual liberty is paramount to all else. In it resides all the elements of normal progress, and without it the intent of the Creator is thwarted. Its safeguard is the legitimate purpose of government, and for this alone legislation becomes necessary. For this purpose and upon the recognition of this necessity alone can any government endure the light of the coming century.

"Trusts" are legalized. God did it. He gave to man a life which was to be grown larger by activity, and it is not for human law to proscribe that activity. The world teems with opportunities as varied as the tastes and capacities of different men and women. Some take to the field, sow and reap; some manufacture utensils and commodities that all need to have, whilst others take to trade and commerce. All these are necessary, and all have the same right to pursue the business selected. You have no more right to limit or hamper the trade in the products of the field and factory than we have to limit the production of the same. As to the question, What shall be done with "trusts"? the answer is plain, simple and of unmistakable efficiency. Let them alone. The "Standard Oil" has reduced kerosene to less than one-half its former price, and yet our country is no less prosperous than before.

I suppose that beer drinkers will look with much distrust upon this now looming "trust" which is increasing the price of their beverage. Nevertheless it were better that a large portion of the American people should be reduced to the necessity of drinking water than that brewers should be denied the privilege of a co-operative combine. Trusts are a legitimate experiment. If

founded upon true principles they will, if not, they will perish. We, together, all things pertaining to us, are governed by natural law. To understand this is to be a philosopher; to obey it—proceed in accord with it—is to eventuate in unflinching success; but to fail to understand it, is to grope in the darkness of empiricism, getting our knowledge of good from what we suffer from evil. Thus do individuals, nations and civilizations, from their follies receive mortal wounds and die before their time. Then what and where is the natural law that must serve as the basis upon which to enact a human code which shall secure to mankind a permanent prosperity? It is revealed in evolution. An analysis of the past is the synthesis of the present, making two stakes that point unerringly to the third in line, which the great evolutionist has set as "our destined end and aim." Let us seek the initial point and follow up the law, for surely if we can discover the purpose for which God destined us it becomes our plain duty to aim at the fulfillment of that purpose by walking in accord with those laws that lead toward its accomplishment.

Some two years since, with a view of making this initial point apparent to others as he sees it, the writer began in the JOURNAL a series of articles headed, "Evolution the Basis of Political Economy." Those articles were written under the nom de plume of "Leon" and were never completed for the reason that the writer feared that they were tolerated rather than appreciated. It was a novel discussion of an abstruse subject.

Nevertheless, taking the position that spirit instead of matter is the motive and moulding power in evolution, and that each and every advancement in physical form or type came at the behest of the life principle or spirit animating it, he went so far as to attempt to show that from the beginning it was the manifest design of the evolver to elaborate by a slow process of growth that self-progressive something we call the mind or soul; that the history of evolution shows a persistent and intelligent effort for the incarnation of the Divine Mind, and that contrary to the theory of Darwin, no physical type is, or ever was capable of transformation into any other type through time, culture or improvement. But that physical types or forms, though permanent in themselves, are but the steps upon which the spirit momentarily halts, to grow from a new inspiration, as it ascends the grand spiral stairway of progression from moss to man. Here ends the first epoch of evolution. Spirit or mentality has now become a self-sustaining and self-progressive individuality, absolutely free and responsible only to the natural law of development, which may be stated thus: The growth of the individual shall be in proportion with the amount of exercise given his various faculties and propensities. The execution of this law is proved wherever the human family exists. In those localities where no effort is required to obtain a livelihood no progress is made by the people.

The thinker cannot fail to see in the manner of our evolution, a command that we develop our individuality as rapidly as we normally can, and we know that the growth of both soul and body depends upon activity. The gambols of the young animal, the romping and commercial struggles of men are all in obedience to the law which requires action as the price of growth and improvement; individual action set in motion by the Eternal Cause! Who shall presume to limit it? Whence has the legislature derived its power to abridge personal liberty or to regulate the action of any man or woman except the personal liberty or right action of some other man or woman shall be interfered with? Such power is tyrannical assumption which will only be allowed by a people who are ignorant of the birthrights received from God.

Typically speaking, the "early riser" just begins to see the sunrise of the morning of the 20th century, and to feel the warmth of his rays; but a gleam from this same coming sunrise, shot across the century and a quarter intervening, and through the pen of the truth-inspired infidel traced in murky ink these words of light: "All men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Aye, these rights are, indeed, inalienable. They are God's gifts to the individual, which he cannot transfer, and which neither State nor Church has power to accept or hold from him. He cannot delegate to government the right to coerce or punish; these are the prerogatives of the natural law, and when usurped by human hands always prove inefficient and injurious. It is his province and his duty to demand protection from the interference of all others while in the exercise of his natural rights. Hence he needs a government empowered to restrain—not the liberties of the individual, but those who would take from him his rights. A government of this kind rests upon that "higher law" the existence of which has been long ago proclaimed without an understanding of its basis.

Be it never forgotten that the law of individual development not only permits liberty of action, it absolutely and imperatively demands the action of all the faculties possessed by man. While he seeks happiness in the activity of his normal parts, he develops and strengthens his individuality, recognizes the will of God and offers such homage as a man might offer and a God receive—not such as a sniveling babe would give to a painted toy, nor such as the average religionist would deem acceptable worship to his God.

I see that I shall lack much of doing this subject justice in this paper; too much space is necessary. This article is already too long, but being convinced of the great importance of the basic principles to which I have endeavored to call the reader's attention, I shall proceed to recapitulate them, and as necessarily fundamental to all social and political control this theorem. Before the beginning it was the purpose of God to create a being possessed of all the elements and capacities of self-analysis, self-control and self-progression, and that such is the character of the human mind or soul. To my mind this is proved by the history of evolution. All the changes in development from the lowest vegetable up to humanity, were the result of spirit impulse. The various physical types or forms remain fixed, but the life principle or spirit is transient. It passes upward and onward from one of these relay stations to another, remaining in each only long enough to absorb whatever it may have capacity to give, as the pupil passes up through graded schools, graduating in the highest.

Thus has man become, indeed, an epitome of the universe. Not a particle of matter in the material world; not a moment of time in the millions of years that preceded him, but has been subservient to his composition. He has thus imbibed all the elements that a God could give, and only needs growth and the harmonization of those elements to make him a God. Then who shall presume to prescribe the limits of his action?



...ed be the hand which forges a shackle. ...ing the elements God did not forget to ...lude that most important one of self-regulation. It is found throughout the physical universe, and is a part of all pertaining to man. Then let him up from the procrustean bed which society has provided for him, and allow him to do what none other can do for him—work out his own salvation.

Allen, La.

## Woman's Department.

### THE INDIFFERENCE OF WOMEN.

The following thoughtful words are from the pen of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:

I am far from saying that women could, by an effort or exertion of theirs, at once make all things better; but I do think that they are as well able as men are to make thorough and scientific inquiry into all the evils which surround them, and especially into all the forms of law and custom by virtue of which the strong oppress the weak and drive them to the wall. May they not undertake this, in the hope that their united study, will bring them within sight of some finer principle than this mere market maxim, which equally with undisguised slavery, considers human beings merely in the light of merchandise? How would the Golden Rule, "Do as you would be done by," answer in place of "A thing is worth what it will bring—i. e., worth the cash which can be got for it?" What would be, by this estimate, the value of a crying babe, of a sick neighbor, of a superannuated parent?

An enlarging influence for our well-situated ladies will be found in the adoption, as early in life as possible, of some one serious business or study, with the determination to make one's pursuit of it profitable in some way to others, as well as to one's self. Among the advantages of study,

one of the greatest is that it soon carries us out of that shallow conceit of our selves which makes us satisfied with our poor efforts and attainments, and which tends to group our life interests more and more closely about our own personality. We go but a little way in any study without finding in it hard things, matters that task our mental powers. If we persevere, we indeed may find these things easy in the end. But in getting to this point we shall have a valuable lesson concerning our smallness, contrasted with the depth and magnitude of the principles which underlie our life, of the things which it greatly imports to us to know.

Two ladies who had once been intimate met after a lapse of years. One of them, on this occasion, showed her jewels, and talked of her enlarged list of fashionable acquaintance. The other said: "In these years I have learned something of the Greek language and literature. This is my diamond necklace. This is my fashion."

Now, I will not say how far women attain or come short of the divine grace, charity, but I will say that without it they must always lack the crown and glory of true womanhood. I will say, too, that in the present day the especial and providential subject of this charity is their own sex. How does our record stand in this particular? We are held to be the depository of personal purity, but we give up a frightful proportion of our sex to recognized pollution and degradation. Some of us live and move

ON A HIGH TABLE-LAND of circumstances and opportunity. All about us are the deep vales of misery and privation. The wall of women who cannot feed their children, who break their health with overwork, or waste it in ignorant idleness, comes up to us. We shrug our shoulders, fling an alms. All up a subscription, are sorry—that is all. But if we had charity, Paul's charity, we should go down into these low places and inquire into the causes of all this misery and degradation. And then the superfluity of our wealth would all be directed to the true alchemy, the turning of society dross into human gold.

Yon, society women, apply yourselves to lifting up the women of the poorer classes. Young ladies, let each one of you help some young girl who stands on the threshold of life unprovided with the skill and knowledge which are requisite to make a woman's life pure, honorable and self-supporting. Mothers, who lay your infants in a silken bed or gather around your well-grown children, have a care for the mothers whose infants pine in unwholesome dens, whose children, if left to themselves, will learn only the road to the gallows. Rise to the entertainment of this true thought: "The evil which we could prevent, and do not, is in that degree our fault."

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN PARIS.

On June 25th the Woman's Rights Congress opened in Paris in the hall of the Geographical Society on the Boulevard St. Germain. There was a large audience, consisting chiefly of ladies. On the platform were delegates from England, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and the United States, and Mlle. Marie Deraisme and M. Leon Richier, the conveners of the congress. On the platform were also the ex-Ministers, Barbe and Heredia, and several Deputies, including MM. La Forge, Beauquier, and Colfavru.

A discussion arose at the outset as to whether the foreign delegates could be regular members of the congress, some of the Parisians thinking that they should be entitled to speak but not to vote. The Danish delegate called attention to the fact that in Denmark French delegates were never excluded on such occasions. The question was finally referred to a committee.

The first day was devoted to the choosing of committees, and an address by the President of the congress, Mlle. Deraisme. She spoke strongly on the injustice of the law which treated women as the equals of minors. Women, however, did not, she said, intend to win their rightful privileges by violent means; they would not have recourse to dynamite; the revolution which they meant to effect would be a peaceful one. Woman's emancipation would be an untold benefit to society, promoting

#### PEACE AND MORALITY.

Mlle. Deraisme reminded her hearers that the ruin of every great empire or political system was due to dissolute morals. Why? Because the good woman was denied her place, and the corrupt woman became the chief power in the State. The end the congress aimed at was to restore to women the human dignity of which they had arbitrarily been deprived, and to give a new and good direction to the feminine force in the world, which has been turned to evil uses. The congress protested also against war and the waste which militarism involves. It sought to promote pure morals as one of the best steps toward the continued improvement and infinite perfectibility of humanity. Mlle.

Deraisme spoke for nearly an hour, and was warmly applauded.

On the second day of the congress, June 26, in the Historical Section, the subject discussed was "The Influence of Woman and the Part They Have Taken in Promoting and Developing Humanitarian Work."

On the 27th, in the Economical Section: "Woman's Work and their Remuneration in Different Countries, the Liberal Professions which are Open to Them, and Those from which they are Debarred." On the 28th, in the section of Moral Science, the causes of vice and ill-doing were discussed, and the remedial measures that should be adopted. On the 29th reforming the laws which socially sanction the inferior position of women. The congress appears to have been a success. There were crowded audiences, despite the heat. Among the delegates present was Dr. Ellen Tries, who represented the Swedish Society for Improving the Position of Women. Two Belgian ladies had obtained four hundred signatures for the "Congres Francais et International du Droit des Femmes," which is the full title of the congress.

#### MARY A. BRIGHAM.

Quickly following the not unexpected news of the death of Maria Mitchell, whose name will descend with Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschel as honored names among specialists of a world-wide reputation, comes the shocking news of the tragic end of the life and labor of Mary A. Brigham, at the age of 59, at the height of her usefulness, called, after years of successful work as teacher in the fullest sense of that term, in Ingham University, at LeRoy, New York, and Dr. West's Brooklyn Heights Seminary, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to the First President of Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College, the value of the election being all the greater, as to her would be given the labor, and, if successful, the honor of building up the college and placing it in line with the best women's colleges in the country. Her modesty as well as her stern sense of duty was shown in her reply to the inquiries of friends. "If I go, I may succeed, I may fail, but go I must."

Women may not as yet number in their ranks many musical composers of note, but as interpreters of music on the operatic stage the world has long since given its verdict in their favor and to the name of Jenny Lind, Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Nilsson and Patti, may now be added the name of the new American prima donna, Emma Kames of Boston, whose wonderful success as Juliette in Gounod's grand production recently at the Grand Opera House in Paris, won her an open pathway to the hearts of the Parisian musical public.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Need of the Hour.

The life of humanity moves in a spiral. We are now at the close of one of its courses. In a sense we are back where we were forty years ago, but a step higher on the ascending ladder. In these intervening years we have had the rise, culmination and final decadence of what, for a better name, the world calls "Spiritism." It has accomplished for the final acceptance of the race one single and only one single thing. It has demonstrated the continuity of life and per consequence the immortality of the human soul. That is its great accession to the experience of the world. At no time, at least since the beginning of what is called history, has such cumulative evidence been given. No other department of science has so many facts to rest upon. No where else can we find theory so lost in demonstration. The proofs are countless and reliable to the senses, and it would seem useless to pursue the subject further. The spiritual world is at last bottomed upon the eternal rock of fact. None but a fool or a clergyman, whose profession it is to teach the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, can gainsay what forty years of experience has brought to our mental threshold. This much is gained to stand upon to commence the unification of thought and the evolution of that spiritual life which is the need of the hour.

What is proclaimed from the spiritual world as its fundamental teaching? Why, this: The Fatherhood of God; the brotherhood of man; one destiny for all; freedom of thought and sentiment; no confining of truth to any creed or formula. Truth is eternal in divinity. Its evolutions in the past as in the present are to be accepted according to our capacity to receive. These are the general, fundamental truths which have been taught during the past forty years of spiritual experience. As the continuity of life rests upon well ascertained facts, so Spiritualism—the higher Spiritualism,—which the JOURNAL endeavors to teach, rests upon these plain and simple truths. Our platform is as broad as humanity; our God is infinite in love, purity, justice, goodness, mercy—the ethical God who provides for all. In a sense He is divinely personal—human—as well as impersonal—theo-gnostic; a God who reveals Himself as love in manifestation without and within individual man. In one sense God cannot be known; in another sense He is the only known—the only reality to the soul of individual man. All conceptions of God are true as well as false; true to the individual as manifested to his condition—internal as well as external—false—when separated from the other manifestation of divinity. To one He is personal; hence there is a truth in Christianity. To another He is impersonal; hence Theosophy in its true sense, as the reality of ancient thought, is true. To the lover of nature He is the life underlying all her manifestations. In her He is the immanent God. In humanity he is the incarnate God rebirthing man out of nature into His infinite likeness, making all "sons of God." So there is unity everywhere—diversity everywhere.

God is incarnate in the State and society and in man's conscience as the divine rectitude and justice, to which all are amenable. God through the common voice of the people makes justice and good-will to the neighbor imperative through the laws of society and the State. No one, therefore, on ethical grounds, has the right to repudiate the law of either. If they are many and oppressive, God has ordained the methods of the citizen's redress. This is especially true in America, where the voice of the people is supposed to be the law of God. It certainly is until the State evolves into higher form—into a form that will express the Divine Justice in absoluteness.

Here is the cure for all that villainess expressed in the teachings of many who pose as reformers. They cut themselves off from the common life of the race by seclusion or by an abnormal berating of honest people for their supposed shortcomings. The higher Spiritualism is relegating these verbose vampires to the shades of forgetfulness, or commanding them to make honest livings like the common run of people. Our ranks are being thinned of these spiritual thieves and frauds. The true man of to-day loses his individuality in the common life and consciousness

of the race. He no longer boasts of his gifts, but in the utmost frankness becomes one with the people. As the inner-world of nobility descends and grasps our race in the divine embrace, man will be one brotherhood indeed, and God will become the meekness of love in all hearts—our life and inspiration.

Spiritualism has taught from the beginning that soul-growth comes from the communion of the soul with the Divine Spirit. That as we live pure and noble lives, subduing the animal instincts to that higher nature which is the gift of God, which is ultimately born into God's likeness, we become exemplars of the theosis. In a word, the whole divine life consists in the conscious involution and evolution of the Divine in human life. This is Spiritualism in its higher aspects. Under the name of Theosophy many are seeking the higher life through channels where it will never be found. Man must seek the God of to-day; seeking Him in his own heart as the Divine Impulse there. There only is He found in that fullness of communion which makes Him to all seekers a personal God. All this was taught in Spiritualism over thirty years ago. A few have tested it and have found all and more than so-called Theosophy has given to the world. This communion has been experienced by the saints in all ages. This is what is meant by Christianity in its higher sense. Here it and the higher Spiritualism are at one.

Parkersburg, W. Va. \*\*

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

UN CARACTERE. By Leon Hennique. 1 Vol. Treese & Stock, editors, Paris.

The author of the above named romance, Leon Hennique, is known as a novelist belonging to the school of naturalists, and he has created a rustic of an extreme order of nature, he becomes enamored of his tutor's daughter, Therese de Montegrier, and retires with her to an interior province.

The Marchioness dies at the birth of a daughter. Agenor accuses the infant of the death of its mother and refuses to love it, and shuts himself up every afternoon in the chamber of the deceased, with the shutters closed and lighted by a single candle, and there he sobs, prays and calls for Therese, imploring heaven for a miracle.

Manifestations from beyond the grave are soon produced, to which succeeds an apparition, and from that moment on the Marquis de Cluses is haunted by the spectre of his wife.

The young roll on. Bertha, his daughter, becomes the wife of the Viscount of Praheq, "a nice young man, but whose mind is not specially attractive," and she leaves her father alone at Juvisy.

One snowy day while Agenor was walking in the park with long strides his cane slipped through his fingers and he fell. He lay there for some time on the ground: "A child will be born of Bertha... I shall appear no more..."

And, in fact, from that time forward, the vision ceases to be manifest. "No sign, not the shadow of a presence, a few disordered imaginings merely."

At length the time approaches when the Praheqs are to set out on journey to Juvisy. They will bring Laura, their little daughter, and Agenor goes on horseback to meet his guests.

On seeing Laura he turns pale and is obliged to lean upon the pommel of his saddle for support. The child has Therese's eyes, the same brown, velvet eyes, the same look, a like complexion. "Laura can be none other than Therese reincarnated!"

The poor little thing is lame from a fall, and on reaching Paris the Praheqs enrust her education to the grandparent. But later on Agenor and his son-in-law have a falling out, and the latter orders Laura to return to the paternal roof. She obeys and dies a short time afterward. Again disincarnated the soul of Therese once more becomes what she was before, the guide, support and lover of Agenor.

A detailed analysis of the chapters would require too much space. We will cite a few pages at random. The presentation of Agenor in the prologue, his night of love with Therese, the death agony of the game-keeper; the masterly description of Duke Beaufort's death; the scene of somnambulism in which the Marquis de Cluses attracts his sleeping grand-daughter; a sort of the astral body very wittily rendered; the last appearance of Laura to her grandfather.

The "character" of Agenor de Cluses, so minutely traced, lead along with such psychological science through the whole of his life, was not created without long and conscientious labor. Leon Hennique has not imagined his hero—it is a real one. The novel, as a matter of course, is in support of the doctrine of reincarnation as held by the followers of Allan Kardec.

SELECTIONS FROM GEORGE MACDONALD OR. Helps for Way Souls. Chicago: Parly Publishing Co. Price, 50 cents.

This is a neat little pamphlet of 93 pages; compiled by J. Dewey, with many beautiful thoughts from the various writings of George MacDonald who has said so many helpful things in his writings.

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority), the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.

Hair's Hair Renewer is free from alcohol and dyes that injure the skin. It is scientifically prepared, and will restore gray hair to its original color and vigor.

W. E. Haskell and C. M. Palmer of Minneapolis have started on a tour of exploration and pleasure through Northern Labrador. They will be gone four months and expect to visit places never before reached by civilized beings. An artist will accompany the party, and the results and adventures of the excursion may be made public when they return.

### "The Light of Egypt."

"Or, Science of the Soul and the Stars." (Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, pages 292, price \$3.)

Nearly a year ago Mrs. Buchanan received a small specimen of writing from the West, for psychometric examination. Her description portrayed an active mind, qualified for deep occult studies and authorship. The gentleman who sent the specimen said in reply recently, "You gave him a very remarkable reading, which is fully corroborated by this work from his pen. You stated that he had no desire for the plaudits of men; that he was in pursuit of the highest wisdom; that he was mature mentally, and a fine literary gentleman,—all of which is absolutely true."

The person thus described proves to be the author of the "Light of Egypt," just published, a work of remarkable ability and interest. Notwithstanding the remarkable interest and value of the book, it is little to one engaged from the scientific seekers of truth. It speaks *ex cathedra*, like most of the writers in the sphere of the mysterious, instead of presenting, like scientific authors, the data of the doctrines announced, or the investigations by which they have been reached. To the omnivorous reading public this may be no objection at all. They are accustomed to receiving the opinions and speculations of authors without demanding proof. The theologian relies upon "thus saith the Lord," the confiding reader upon "thus saith the author." There are many who will accept this author's views because they are well expressed and harmonize with their own intuitions. The book will receive further notice when time permits.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

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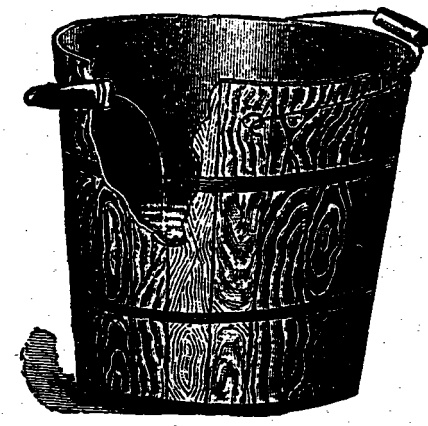
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 3, 1890.

## Religious Instruction in the Public Schools.

*Public Opinion* has published a most interesting series of answers by leading men to questions: "Is religious instruction in public schools expedient? If so what be its character and limitations?" The answers have more than a passing interest as they show not only what the individual writers think, but the prevailing sentiment of the great classes they represent.

John Gibbons takes extreme views in favor of a strictly religious education. He

thinks that children should have a religious education; they must receive a religious training. Indeed, religious knowledge is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above the earth, as eternity is above time. We want our children to receive an education that will make them not only learned, but pious men. We want them to be not only polished men of society, but also conscientious Christians.

How this religious instruction is to be given, and its character, is indicated in the sentence: "The little child who is familiar with the Christian Catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind, than the most profound philosophers of pagan antiquity, or even than many of the so-called philosophers of our own time."

He says this catechetical instruction given in the Sunday-school is not enough; it should be given every day with the course of study, as "It is important that the children should breathe every day a healthy religious atmosphere in schools in which not only are their minds enlightened, but the seeds of Christian faith, piety and sound morality are nourished and invigorated."

The Cardinal having thus committed himself, acknowledges the great difficulties awaiting the practical application of his ideas to the public schools, and his only escape is by appealing to God to solve this problem. His views lead directly to making the public schools denominational, and after deciding on the catechism to be used, he "religious instruction" will be little more than a parrot rehearsal of its barren formulae. The cardinal confounds moral education with religion, which he narrows to the ritual and creed of a church, and if he were pressed to answer what church, he would be forced by his position to say his own!

Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard University, follows in a laborious and exhaustive answer, in which he shows to his own satisfaction why the Catholics and agnostics should not complain of the moral or religious instructions in the schools. He urges with great vehemence the necessity of the children of the republic being brought up in moral lives, as though the matter had ever been disputed. He gives his entire position away when he admits: "That it is not becoming, and not in accordance with the spirit of the first amendment, for a teacher to endeavor to impress upon a child religious views that are peculiar to particular sects of Christendom. But it is becoming, it is consonant with liberty of conscience, to have teachers of young children endeavor to impress them with sentiments of piety and morality."

True, and no agnostic or free thinker will object to having moral teachers, and to have moral instruction duly attended to. It is the introduction of the Bible as an infallible guide, and the sectarian influence con-

stantly seeking for expression, which call forth the animadversions of liberal minds. These object, because what is intended by religious instruction and morality, always means sectarianism in a more or less intense form. The advocates of such instruction regard morality as impossible outside of their dogmatic creeds. It is sectarian morality they seek to foist on the people, forgetting the impracticability of determining which of the many diverse sects shall receive the preference.

It is well that Rev. Minot J. Savage takes part in this symposium, and speaks with that simple directness which leaves no doubt in the hearer's mind. After clearing away the rubbish which would be likely to obscure his conclusions, he says:

Turn now to the basis of the public school system and see what it is for. Many who are in favor of the education of children are purely a parental matter, and no part of public right at all. But though that position might be made good in a monarchy, it cannot possibly hold in a democracy. Under a monarchy the individual may have little to do in determining the public welfare. But, under our form of government, every man is a voter, and every voter has power to help shape public affairs. The State legislature, then, or the National Congress, may compel such a popular education as fits a man intelligently to vote, as a measure of public safety. It has the same right to do it as it has to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, or to declare war for the National defense.

But what education is necessary? and so, what comes within the scope of public right? The National jurisdiction is confined strictly to this world. There are good citizens of all religions and of no religion. The only thing the State, as a State, is interested in, or has any right to be interested in, is the matter of a man's behavior, as a citizen, in this world. It is none of the State's business to engage in the work of saving souls in the next world. If it is, then it ought to decide which religion is true. Then it should adopt it. Then it should devote its first and chief energies to the conversion of the rest of this world. But America will probably think twice before it will decide to go back to the eleventh century. The world's experiments in this direction are not over-encouraging.

Once grant, then, that it is not the State's business to save souls, and it follows with inexorable logic that it is none of the State's business to undertake the work of teaching anybody any religion. If a Calvinistic father wants to teach his boy Calvinism, nobody questions his right to do it. But most certainly he has no right to take money out of my pocket (by a tax or in any other way) to do it with. And the same holds true of the Romanist, or the Jew, or the Agnostic.

The principle, then, is as clear as daylight. The public school, supported by the equal taxation of people of all beliefs, exists, and has a right to exist, simply and solely for the sake of such education as fits for citizenship, and so is for the public good.

The church and the home give ample scope for all individual peculiarities of belief or theory. The public school is for the people and for all the people. Let it be kept true to its own high and sacred mission.

Prof. W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, coincides with the views of Mr. Savage, and thinks that in the public schools as they are, morality is well taken care of, while in parochial schools secular studies are neglected for religious training.

Thus the agitation goes on, and whenever a liberal thinker is allowed the right of reply the audacity and dishonesty of sectarian claims become apparent. The animus of the agitation comes from the Catholic Church, and the Protestant sects are not shrewd enough to know that it is for the ulterior purpose of breaking down the barriers which now prevent its parochial schools being supported by the public funds. In diplomacy Rome has no equal, and ever with her relentless persistency the "end justifies the means." Change the character of the schools by introducing sectarian instruction, and the Catholics would quickly apply for their equal share of the funds for the maintenance of their schools.

## The Bible in the Public Schools.

South Amboy, is in New Jersey, and the people of that State want the Bible read in their schools. They are unhappy if it is not, and disrespect in this matter is regarded as a manifestation of crankiness. The Park Public School was presided over by Prof. Corkery, and he is regarded by the South Amboy villagers as a crank and "smart as a whip." He wearied of teaching under such restrictions, but before he bade the Park School good-by he determined to make an impression that would preserve his memory green for at least one generation. The two hundred and fifty members of the school with the four young lady assistants were assembled, when Prof. Corkery arose and in an impressive manner began reading a chapter from the Bible as provided for by good old Jersey law. He selected the 33th chapter of Genesis, which describes the adventures of old Judah with Tamar, who would be styled as a "fast" grass widow now a days. It is a narrative that no publisher would dare to issue at present for fear of the law against obscene literature, but appropriate to the manners of life of the coarse and rude nomadic tribes.

It is said that during the reading the school teachers blushed, some of the modest misses hid their faces, and foolish little girls giggled. After the reading Professor Corkery advanced to the front of the platform, and addressed the pupils. He said that undoubtedly their modesty had been shocked, and it ought to be. He did not wish them to think him a blackguard for selecting such a chapter. His own sense of propriety was outraged as much as theirs, but he had made it to show the absurdity of the law. Then in an impassioned manner he exclaimed: "I will show you by my conduct what I think of it!" Seizing the Bible he tore out the offending chapter, and threw the leaves into the waste basket standing near. A New York paper commenting on the matter sagely says:

"Corkery's day as a pedagogue in South Amboy has passed. He will never more have a chance to play the freak there in the guise of a trainer of the young minds."

If the Bible is a divinely inspired book, that is, dictated by God, modesty ought not to blush at reading any passage thereof; and after the legislature has made its reading

obligatory, to ostracize a teacher because he does not select moral passages here and there for public reading is wholly unjustifiable. We by no means sanction Prof. Corkery's method, at the same time it must be acknowledged that his action will do more to open people's eyes, and show the absurdity of the requirement than any amount of argument.

A crank is at times a necessity to get a leverage, so as to move an inert shaft and start the machinery; once started the movement will continue. A thousand teachers have argued the point and been forgotten, but one poor crank in a rough-shod manner has called the attention of the whole country to the immoral as well as moral character of a book which its worshippers would have the world accept as without fault or blemish.

## Revival Preaching and Its Effects.

The slang preacher is the last forlorn hope of evangelization, and he has no lasting qualities. The world and the church weary of him, and after the edge of his novelty is worn off he is relegated to the clown and Punch and Judy show where he belongs. Sam Jones and Sam Small have had their brief day, and the churches that introduced and backed them are ashamed of so doing. Jones had a faculty of hitting both ways, right and left. His words were boomerangs and more often came back on his friends, the clergy, than on the infidel. Small is a smaller and less reliable edition of Jones, and so we may go on down to the "cowboy preacher" who has with still less sense a more complete vocabulary of slang and profanity. But the people are readers and are becoming educated. They demand more than abusive exhortations in execrable English. The pioneers once hailed the circuit rider who was a sort of news carrier from one settlement to another, but his day is past with that of the exhorter who kept him company. Now and then, however, these slang-dealing evangelists strike a community susceptible to their methods, and reap a harvest. The outgrowth of a revival at Coloma, Mich., was a sad exhibition of fanaticism. A Mrs. Jansen became convinced that every musical tone was from the devil, and as a blow direct from the shoulder, tumbled her parlor organ into the street and made a bonfire of it. She was encouraged by a large crowd of friends. Mrs. Wilson was convinced that all articles of luxury were an abomination to the Lord, and pleasing to the devil, and to give the latter a black eye she took an ax and smashed a new buggy, purchased for special use and pleasure. Mrs. Tompkins heard the voice of God demanding that she sacrifice her babe, and had the knife uplifted when the voice again spoke and told her to desist. That story of Abraham sacrificing Isaac has a series of black crimes to answer for, and as an example of the extreme measure of obedience God demanded of man, has exerted a most deleterious influence.

The Probate Court is endeavoring to settle the question whether these women are insane. The sympathy of the people are with them, and their actions are regarded with especial favor as praiseworthy and devout.

We do not object to religion. The more true religion the better, yet it ought not to be forgotten that this is the closing years of the nineteenth century, in which the infatuated belief in literal scripture interpretation has no place. As a poet has strongly written:

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient goods uncouth,  
He must upward still and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of truth."

It is the kind of religion we find fault with, and this is of a kind the more an individual has the worse he is.

The influence of revivals, in the end is the same. From the excitement of the hour there is a reaction, which ends in moral lethargy. The revival is a fine illustration of hypnotism, or mesmerism, and the "Power of the Lord" felt on such occasions, is the united magnetisms of the audience directed by the preacher, first affecting the most sensitive, gaining power until sometimes all are influenced. Then the revival is closed, the people have time to recover from their hypnotic state, and wonder why they thought and acted so irrationally.

Thus without knowing the three women who are declared insane, but understanding the laws by which they are affected, we would say, that they are not subjects for an asylum; that all required, is time for, and relief from, the sympathetic influence of friends, to bring them back to a normal mental state.

At the same time we would hold them up with thousands of other similar cases, as a warning to those who advocate the revival as a means of extending religion. No other method is so well calculated to bring religion into disgrace, or to sink the moral sense to a lower level. At its best it is an infatuation and prolific in destroying the just balance of the mind. The churches, if they comprehend what is for their best advantage will frown on every form of revival fanaticism, as of the past and unworthy of the higher mental attainments of the present.

## Theosophy—Spiritualism.

Of late some space has been given to the discussion of the different phases of Theosophy, its relation to Spiritualism, and the schemes of Madame Blavatsky and her adherents. This has been necessary for truth's sake and in justice to Spiritualism as well as to our own work and position.

Whenever Theosophists, or any other class of persons, use their high sounding pretensions to cast a slight on Spiritualism—to make it puerile and vulgar in comparison with their professedly nobler views and aims—they must stop walking on stilts or be tumbled flat on the ground. To lift up hypothetical mahatmas above the wise denizens of the Summer Land, is an absurdity not to be passed by unnoticed. Insidious efforts to undermine the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and to belittle Spiritualism, that the cry may be, "Great is Theosophy!" must be exposed in their true aspect of darkness. Hence this discussion. Justice to a class of Theosophists of larger views and higher sense of right, has also made these statements and exposures necessary. Between these and those of the Blavatsky type a clear distinction should be made. Their right to assume what name they please, and to use all fair means to promulgate their opinions should be respected.

In fair and frank criticism a suggestion is offered to this better class: If you believe in Spiritualism, or hold it in respect, speak out and say so, never using a cloak to hide your faith. Give to the cause that needs assistance the weight of your influence.

To us Spiritualism, in its wide significance and higher aspects as a Philosophy of Life, includes all that is true in Theosophy, and also the great truths of the continuity of personal existence beyond the change called death and of spirit return,—truths which shed heavenly light on the daily path. Therefore, while in unity with the higher aims of the better sort of Theosophists, we wish all who consistently can would hold fast to the good old name and be Spiritualists. Those good people interested in matters spiritual and psychical, but who have been repelled from Spiritualism through the fraud of pseudomediums and the rank fanaticism of illy-balanced devotees, and have turned to Theosophy hoping to obtain the same knowledge through less objectionable channels, will learn by present-day developments that in endeavoring to avoid the Charybdis of commercial Spiritualism they ran straight into the Scylla of Blavatskian Theosophy. Rank as have been the delusions, frauds and corruptions in Spiritualism they are insignificant compared with those of the Blavatsky-Olcott cult, which was conceived in sin and born in iniquity. The vital truths of Spiritualism, under whatever name they are searched for, will live in all their tremendous potency. The shams and shallows will wreck only weaklings.

## A Word on Camp Meetings.

One day last week the editor took passage on the commodious and fast side-wheel steamer, "City of Detroit," for St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, two beautifully located villages sixty miles across the lake, on the Michigan shore.

Mr. D. Boynton, of Riverside, Michigan, six miles from Benton Harbor, had invited us to inspect Potawatamie Park, the location selected by him for a week's camp meeting, beginning on Saturday, August 3rd. Mr. Boynton is a farmer, a model of the class on whom rests the welfare of the country. Leading a laborious life, and one illy recompensed so far as adequate financial returns go, Bro. B. finds time to study the great problems affecting man, both spiritual and temporal; and is ever ready to enlighten and assist those less fortunate. We found Potawatamie Park a most lovely, restful, invigorating spot; a place only needing some money and care to make of it one of the finest resorts for campers, and for grove meetings. It is, however, too far from St. Joseph, and the facilities for reaching it too restricted at present, to render it desirable as a permanent location for a large camp meeting. The Park is on a well-wooded bluff nearly 100 feet above the waters of Lake Michigan, which lave the sands at its base. A pier extending into water deep enough to float large steamers would be absolutely essential were a permanent camp to be established. With such a pier the main difficulty and greatest item of expense would be met. Michigan Spiritualists desiring a camp to rival Lake Pleasant, Onset and Cassadaga in numbers, and surpass them in other essential particulars, must look for a location on the east shore of Lake Michigan, and not more than six hours by steamer from Chicago—three or four hours were better. With such a location and in the hands of a broad-minded management not afraid to put up money, and ready to carry the enterprise forward in a manner commensurate with the dignity and importance of the cause of which it would be an auxiliary; with such a location and management, a camp can be founded which will be to Spiritualists and liberal religionists what Chautauqua now is to the evangelical sects. Such a camp is needed and its success is assured from the start if only properly managed. It will be established somewhere. Shall it be in the West? Spiritualists and liberal thinkers have it in their power to answer.

The crying need of a higher intellectual culture, better scientific attainments, a more intimate knowledge of mediumship and the psychical powers of man among leaders, teachers, and mediums in Spiritualism is everywhere felt. There should be a training school for sensitives where mediumship may be intelligently developed and mediums instructed in knowledge, for the want of which so many of them now fall entirely or stumble along in gross ignorance of the commonest necessities essential to the proper use and conservation of their powers. This training school and many other activities absolutely vital to healthy and permanent progress have been steadily ignored or put in the back ground by all the camps from the beginning; but these needs will not down, and the responsibility cannot forever be shirked. The camp which first meets these

wants in an adequate way will absorb a best elements of the others or force them to rival its progressive measures. What camp will inaugurate this? Will it be Lake Pleasant, the pioneer camp, or Onset, or Cassadaga, or will it be an entirely new enterprise, free from the trammels of a traditional policy based on dollars and circumscribed by narrow selfishness? Time, and no very long time either, will answer the question. The editor of the JOURNAL is ready to co-operate heartily with any and all camps desiring to meet the demands of the times and ready to back up their desires with money, courage and endeavor.

A most lamentable state of affairs is represented as existing in Liberty County, forty miles below Savannah, Ga. For a number of weeks past a white man known as Dupont Bell has proclaimed himself as the Messiah. His pretensions were readily accepted by the colored people, hundreds of whom deserted their little growing crops, or left the plantations and turpentine farms where they were employed to flock to the standard of the new Messiah, who announced that on August 16th they should ascend with him to heaven. Planters suffered considerably from the lack of labor, and as a last resort Bell was sent to the Milledgeville Insane Asylum. The effect of his ravings still continues. A successor has appeared in Edward James, a colored man, who claims that Bell's spirit has passed into him. He preaches free love, and appears before his followers as scantily attired as Adam was in the Garden of Eden before the fall. His listeners, following his advice, throw their money away, holding that after August 16th, if they do not go directly to heaven, they will take possession of the property of the whites, who will then become as colored folks, the blacks being changed into Caucasians by the miraculous power of the blood of Bell, whom they apparently believe has been taken away for crucifixion. One day David James, a brother of the preacher, and Carter, a friend, went to the camp ground to try to persuade Edward James to give up his calling. The followers of James mobbed the two and beat Carter terribly with their fists and clubs. Both were badly injured. Carter's skull was crushed and death is certain to ensue.

A dispatch from Montreal, Canada, states that several miraculous cures are claimed to have been effected at the shrine St. Anne de Beaupre in connection with the annual Irish Catholic pilgrimage, July 20th. Nearly every parish in the city was largely represented, besides many contingents from abroad. Some of the suffering ones expressed themselves as having been greatly relieved, but at least one of those afflicted claims to have been effectually cured. Mrs. Kenney of Montreal has suffered intense agony for the last nine years from spinal diseases, lying, as it was supposed at one time, at the point of death. She devoutly assisted at all the exercises of the pilgrimage, and with the other pilgrims received holy communion one day lately at the shrine. She, however, experienced no change in her condition until she stepped on the boat on her return trip, when she immediately exclaimed that she was cured, and in support of her statement she sat down on a chair, a thing she has not been able to do during the whole time of her affliction.

Kate Field's temper hasn't been sweetened by the recent attacks of the Prohibitionists. In a letter to the *New York Tribune* she says: "There seems to be a vast difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. It is proper for Miss Frances Willard to receive a salary as President of the Female Prohibition Society and to be paid for lecturing in its behalf. It is proper for Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Foster to earn a livelihood in the same way. But it is an absolutely heinous offense for me to accept any remuneration whatever for arguing against Prohibition, which I firmly believe to be the worst form of intemperance. The most despicable creature on the face of the earth is a hypocrite. The hypocrisy of prohibition is its most loathsome characteristic."

Jerry Robinson writes as follows from the Lookout Mountain camp meeting: "Camp meeting began on July 7th. The attendance is increasing. The lecturers are doing a noble work, and the mediums are giving proof daily of spirit return. The meeting is being carried on in perfect harmony, and every one is made welcome. The hotel, presided over by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller and wife, is a model of comfort and pleasure to the guests. We extend an invitation to all Spiritualists to join us at the feast of knowledge given by our gifted lecturers. The JOURNAL is enjoyed by all."

The authorities at Warsaw, Ind., have taken into their custody Mrs. Martha Danks, charged with murder, and her husband, Daniel, as an accessory. Danks recently became a crank on the theme of religion, and it is said, compelled his wife to strangle their fifteen-month-old child as a sacrifice, claiming the Almighty had promised to resurrect the child on the third day. When Danks was arrested he had been carrying the dead infant in his arms for two days. Dr. Talmage will probably forget to mention this and other cases of aberration caused by his religion.

It is said that at 4 o'clock on the morning of July 27th a prominent citizen of Eau Claire, Wis., expelled his wife and daughter from his house, and they took refuge with relatives in a neighboring city. The cause was trouble over a female faith cure physician whom the prominent citizen had brought from Chicago to attend him in his house.



## GENERAL ITEMS.

duced rates to Delphos, Spiritualist Camp Meeting on all roads within the State of Kansas.

The Chicago Harmonical Society has suspended its meetings until the first Sunday in September, when it will be resumed, it is expected, with Rev. James De Buchananne, Ph. D., of Bonne Terre, Mo., as speaker, every Sunday at three and eight P. M.

A. Y. Lee, C. E., of Pittsburgh, Pa., has gotten out an excellent lithograph,—"A Bird's Eye View" of Conemaugh Valley from Ninevah to the Lake, showing the topography of the Pennsylvania railroad for twenty miles through the devastated district.

Roman Catholicism is not faring well in Italy. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament in Turin was jeered and once stoned, and for the first time the military did not present arms, an honor which is always paid by the troops of the Ottoman Empire.

Inventor Edison has just given the public an interesting recipe for making mummies. By running an electric current of 1,050 volts through a human body for five or six minutes, he said, the moisture would all be removed and the subject would look like a near relative of Ramesses II.

Ann Saloman, alias Madame Dis De Barr is reported to have entered a convent in Brooklyn, having been deserted by her dupes and being unable longer to acrete wealth by her nefarious bewilderments. She should be sent over to London and harnessed up with Blavatsky; together they would make a team of which Lucifer would be proud.

Sam. Jones says that sixteen years ago he consecrated all his time and talent to the Lord. The following illustrates the "exalted" nature of the man, and shows how far he is from that religion expounded by Christ: A few days ago some wealthy Minneapolis men offered him \$6,000 a year and a fine tabernacle to preach in. He said: "Do you take me for a fool? I am now preaching to 3,000,000 people every year and they pay me \$25,000. It aint scriptural to preach for nothing."

Judge Field of the Circuit, Court, Kansas City, Mo., in a decision, July 27th, declared the statute allowing religious associations to be incorporated unconstitutional. The decision was rendered on the application of Reyerston Riche for the incorporation of the Reformed Methodist Episcopal Church. The reason for this decision the judge found in a section of the State Constitution, which provides that no religious society can be incorporated except by virtue of some law providing for such incorporation, to be passed by the legislature. Such a law was never passed.

Ex-President Cleveland is peculiar as a fisherman. Not only does he possess both patience and luck, but he has gained remarkable skill in manipulating a rod and line. But the strange feature of his piscatorial pursuits lies in the fact that he is superstitious. He never permits his left hand to rest in front of his right on the rod. Furthermore, he never expects to catch fish if he has seen the new moon over his left shoulder the night before. He was equally superstitious regarding his political luck, and never began an important message or speech on Friday.—*Tribune*.

Mary Shelton Woodhead is spending the summer in the East where she adds to her laurels each time she sings. At Buffalo and Toronto she received quite an ovation, and of her appearance in Brooklyn, the *Eagle* says: "Mary Shelton Woodhead, the well known ballad singer of Chicago, on Wednesday night gave an informal recital at the residence of Dr. E. P. Thwing, 156 St. Mark's avenue, of a choice selection of songs in German, Italian, Irish and Scotch; in the latter especially eliciting, as every where, hearty enthusiasm. She sings with purity and strength of tone and with a passionate fervor and naturalness that are captivating. She has arranged for winter concerts in this vicinity."

The Tempest as put on the stage at McVicker's Theatre is an exhibition of dramatic art such as is rarely seen in America. The lavish expenditure necessary in producing the weird stage effects would have restrained a less generous manager, or one less devoted to his art than McVicker. The liberal patronage the play has received in its extended presentation is a credit to the city and must be gratifying to the management. After next week The Tempest will be withdrawn to give place to other attractions; and those who have not witnessed the play should avail themselves of an opportunity during the brief remaining period.

At the earnest request of a few earthly and many spirit friends, as well as in realization of the urgent demands of the time, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten proposes to publish a short work compiled by her in 1879, in Australia, in obedience to the strong desire of a party of learned and eminent Melbourne gentlemen, who wished to possess a manual of reference, and such authorities as would enable them to verify a certain course of lectures given there by her during several consecutive Sunday nights in the Grand Opera House, on the subject of "The origin of Ancient Faiths and their relation to Christianity." It was deemed that the statements contained in these lectures were so astonishing and so utterly subversive of the general ideas concerning the divine origin of Christianity that complete manual of reference and a list of all the authorities that could be cited

on so vast a subject was imperatively demanded. It was in answer to this demand that "Faiths, Facts and Frauds," was written, and published by Robertson & Co., and copies to the number of ten thousand widely distributed. For the matter contained in that book, the author, at the time of publication, challenged all the learning of the age to refute her statements, and, notwithstanding the fact, that they proved the ruling theology of the age to be a mass of unmitigated frauds, that challenge remains open still. To cover the inevitable expense of this publication, and advertise it as it will require, Mrs. Britten asks for promises of support from those who will take one or more copies at the accessible price of three shillings, postage three pence. Subscriptions, orders, or promises of support, to be sent to the author, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, The Lindens, Humphrey street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

A riot in embryo was among the diversions in the constitutional convention at Olympia, W. T., last Monday. One Turner wanted the words "profoundly grateful to Almighty God," etc., substituted for "we the people of the State of Washington," etc., with which the committee on a constitution had begun their document. This was opposed solely as being unnecessary and proposed as a bit of sentimentality. Some feared it might be construed to mean a union of Church and State. Mr. Sullivan declared that though a good church member himself, he believed it all buncombe, and intimated quite plainly that Turner was a hypocrite. Bro. Turner came back at Bro. Sullivan with an implied threat that he would wipe up the floor with any Christian who impugned his piety. To preserve the peace an adjournment was hurriedly taken, and after dinner the preamble was hastily referred back to the committee to report a new one.

## NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The past week has been uneventful. The regular advertised meetings and speakers have been fully appreciated. Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson spoke on Tuesday and Saturday before a good audience, and in her usual elegant and earnest manner, each lecture being followed by Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the platform-test medium. The conference meetings have been well attended, and the exhortations have been many and upon many subjects, each seeming to have his or her special theme to ventilate. How nice it is to have an hour set apart where all those pent-up thoughts can spring forth before the people and do their work, for good or ill, as the case may be; yet it would be well for us all to remember that thoughts are things, and sometimes hit hard as they go forth upon their mission of love or malice.

The second day of the series took place in the Temple Saturday evening, the Middleboro band furnishing the music, and Mrs. Eva Cassell and her corps of lady assistants acting as floor managers. The attendance was large considering the powerful rain that had prevailed all day.

Sunday, the 21st, the clouds had cleared away, old Sol appeared in all his glory from morn until close of day. The Onset Street Railway from Onset Station met every train on the Old Colony Railroad and delivered its passengers in quick time at the center of the grove. The farming community for miles about the camp began to arrive as early as 9 o'clock A. M. To spend a day at a Spiritualist camp-meeting has lost most of its curiosity, and the people come to listen to the burning words of truth pertaining to the soul's possibilities. Many mothers have heard the blessed fact of life beyond the grave as demonstrated by our platform test mediums in the form of loving messages, and they return to their homes, happier and wiser.

The Island Home brought another large party from New Bedford, and during the day made a trip to accommodate parties at the grove with a sail upon old Mother Ocean. The morning services began with a concert by the Middleboro Band, which is always enjoyed. At 10:30 Chairman Fairchild called the meeting to order and gave his budget of notices for the coming week, and then introduced Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes as the speaker of the day. She announced the subject to be, "Preaching and Practicing." The lecture was replete with practical thoughts upon the duties of the day and hour, eloquently delivered, and heartily applauded. The afternoon lecture was upon the often repeated subject, "Spiritualism." This time Spiritualism was stripped of some of its fancy coverings and held up to view something after the manner in which Jesus is said to have rebuked the money changers when he found them selling doves in the temple and drove them out with strong cords. She said the séance room had been made a house of merchandise, and mediumship had been sold too long. She said she would have the séance room as sacred as the house of prayer in all its purity. The speaker was heartily applauded for her noble utterances during the afternoon's lecture. Both lectures were followed with platform scenes by E. W. Emerson.

Sunday, August 4th, the veteran traveler and able speaker, J. J. Morse, of England, will be the speaker for the day; August 11th, Mrs. Amanda Spence, of New York.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake has a large percentage of the sick list to care for at Onset, and is

meeting with splendid success. The Stansbury and Whitney exhibitions advertised to appear in the Temple every Sunday evening subsided, far enough to allow Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing and Mrs. G. W. Kates to hold a test séance in the Temple Sunday evening, the 21st instant. About 200 availed themselves of the opportunity, and were entertained by Ichabod and Fleetfoot. Among the registered are Mrs. R. S. Stevens, Topeka, Kan.; E. Byfield, Toronto, Canada; Miss Jennie Wood, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. L. Allen, New York; Mrs. S. S. Buddington, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Flora B. Cabell, and Capt. S. G. Cabell, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Albright, Philadelphia, Pa.; Julius Carroll, Providence, R. I.; A. S. Hayward, Magnetic Physician, Boston, Mass.; C. E. Langdon and Wife, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. T. P. Beals, Portland, Me.; Mrs. M. L. Clancy, Chicago; The Veteran Dr. J. V. Mansfield; Miss Phebe Hull, New York; Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y.; Louis I. Huber and family; B. W. Cohen and wife; E. E. Zimmerman; Mrs. E. Terry; William Kempton; Miss Mary and Miss Laura Kempton, New York; Miss Maggie Gaulle, Test Medium, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates. Onset, Mass., July 22, 1889.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The Gazette-Journal building at Hastings, Neb., was burned. Loss, \$59,000.—Charlie Stout, aged 10 years, fell from a horse at Morton, Ill., and was killed.—Immense forest fires have been burning on the mountains near Gunnison, Col., for several days.—Major Alexander Sharp, paymaster in the United States Army, has been placed on the retired list.—Earnest Condwick, aged 3 years, was killed at Wichita, Kan., by becoming entangled in an electric-light wire.—The grand jury at Liberty, Va., has exonerated the Norfolk & Western railroad company from blame for the recent disaster at Thaxton.—The grand lodge of the Theatrical Mechanics' association at Washington elected to the office of grand president Thomas Bent of Chicago.—The Galena, Guthrie & Gulf railway has been chartered in Kansas, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000.—Cornwall, N. Y., is to be the site of a monument to E. P. Roe, the novelist.—A London journal records the fact that society people of that city seek the company of Belva Lockwood "on account of her extreme originality."—The business of the Eiffel tower is immense. M. Eiffel calculated that the tower would bring in \$5,000 a day, but the daily receipts of the big structure are really twice that amount—\$10,000.—There is some talk of putting up a statue of Wendell Phillips in Boston.—The acknowledged organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, says that if the pope should be forced to exile himself from Italy he would not ask a sovereignty from any power, but would merely request a temporary hospitality, as he would certainly return to Rome before long.—The youngest college professor occupying an important chair in an American school is said to be W. H. Bocock, who is now in his 25th year, and has just been elected to the chairs of both Greek and Latin in the University of Georgia.

The attention of our readers is called to the "Dutcher's Fly-Killer" advertisement that appears in another column of this paper. Mr. Dutcher has without question one of the most effective fly-destroyers placed upon the market, and we do not hesitate in recommending his goods to all who may be inimical to flies.

What is probably the most important *pro* and *con* discussion that has ever appeared in print of the great question regarding religious instruction in the public schools is published in Public Opinion of Washington, D. C. Cardinal Gibbons opens the controversy in a most remarkable paper. The other writers are ex-President Hill, of Harvard; Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, and Prof. Wm. T. Harris, editor of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy. Public Opinion has long since taken its rank among the great periodicals of America, and has added another good feature in opening its columns for original discussion of timely topics by leaders of the various lines of thought.

Many industries have been established in the South, particularly at the rapidly growing city of Florence, Ala. The Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad (Evansville Route) has decided to run five personally conducted excursions as follows: August 6th and 10th, September 10th and 24th, and October 6th. All the railroads in the North-west have agreed to sell for these dates excursion tickets to points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning 30 days.

Persons desiring to join these excursions can obtain full particulars by writing to J. B. Morrell, Traveling Agent, C. & E. I. R., 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago, or to William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will please remember that \$150 will pay for a thorough course in the Commercial Department of Belvidere Seminary, hearing and washing included. This department embraces Typewriting, Stenography, Book-keeping, and all business forms. For circulars address Principals of Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, New Jersey.

## Excursion to Colorado.

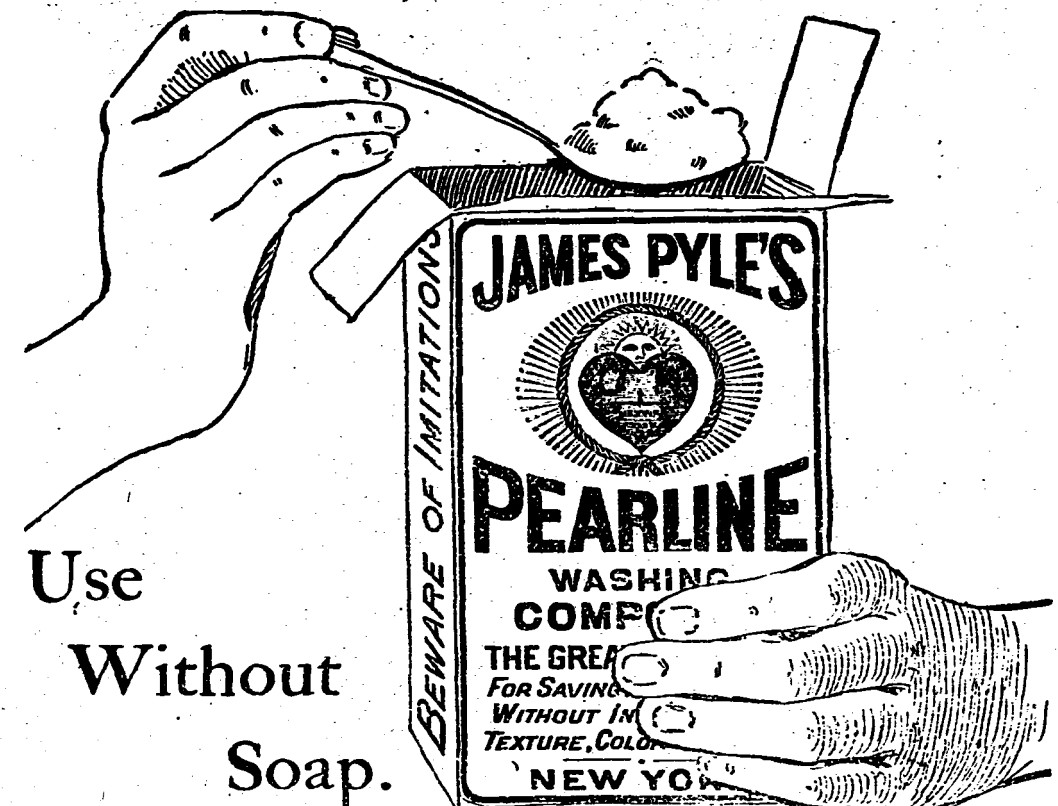
An excursion to Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, and Trinidad can be made over the Santa Fe Route all day this summer. The most desirable facilities are offered for reaching all of the Rocky Mountain resorts at excursion rates. Write to or call upon James Wallace at 212 Clark Street, Chicago, if you think of going.

## Half Fare Excursions.

On Tuesdays, August 6 and 26, September 10 and 24 and October 8, 1889, the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railroad will sell Half Fare Excursion tickets to all points in southern Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and Nebraska, exclusive of the Missouri River gateways, and all points in the Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Dakota; also to principal points in Northwestern Iowa and Minnesota, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. Tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip and will be good returning thirty days from date of sale.

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Member of the National Academy of Sciences; of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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BETWEEN

EL. V. Wilson, Spiritualist;

AND

ELD. T. M. Harris, Christian.

SUBJECT DISCUSSED:

Resolved, That the Bible, King James' version, sustain the Teachings, the Phases and the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

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The First Society of Spiritualists, of Delphos, Kan., will hold their 10th Annual Camp Meeting, commencing August 10th and continuing 17 days. Parties attending from abroad will find the camp a beautiful place wherein to rest and recuperate, as well as an instructive field for truth in the great light of Modern Spiritualism. For full information address the Secy., L. N. RICHARDSON, Delphos, Kansas.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Nature's Vesper Hymn.

BELLIE BUSH.

Hear the twittering of the birds,  
The merry, mellow twittering of the birds;  
Was ever music heard  
That made such sweet accord  
With the sound of loving words  
As the merry, mellow twittering of the birds  
Singing themselves to rest?

There's the robin in his nest,  
With the strain upon his breast  
That the dear Lord gave to him;  
Ah! hear his vesper hymn.  
He is saying, "Let me rest,  
I have loved my guest,  
And surely I would not  
In my duty waver rest  
With so fair and sweet a guest!"

Where the purple shadows swim  
O'er the heaven that sister him  
In the dewy twilight dim  
Hear the robin's vesper hymn—  
How it rises, how it floats,  
Till the softly warbled notes  
Seem to mingle in one gush  
Of the wildest, sweetest sound.  
Then there comes a sudden hush,  
And a stillness most profound,  
Shows the robin in his nest,  
He has found the truest rest,  
And the sweetest, fairest guest  
Lies asleep upon his breast.

Hear the twittering of the birds,  
Ah! the merry, mellow twittering of the birds  
In the early twilight dim;  
How soft the air is stirred  
By the twittering of the birds,  
By the merry, mellow twittering of the birds,  
Singing themselves to rest.

There's the blue-bird in his nest,  
With the diamond on his breast,  
That a star beam gives to him;  
Oh! hear his vesper hymn—  
He is saying, "Let me rest,  
I have loved my guest,  
And truly I should rest  
In my soft and downy nest  
With so fair and sweet a guest."

Every bird that folds its wings  
In the early gloaming sings,  
Till through arches vast and dim,  
Rises Nature's vesper hymn;  
Far and near it wakes and floats,  
Far and near it falls and floats,  
Till the softly echoing notes  
Seem one silvery stream of song  
Rolling on with joyous sound,  
Then, with rapturous strains and long,  
Sinking into deep profound,  
Thus the world in stillness rests—  
Weary hands and troubled breasts  
Find at last the truest rest,  
And through her an angel guest.

Oh! the twittering of the birds,  
Oh! the merry, mellow twittering of the birds;  
Whoever music heard  
That made such sweet accord  
With the sound of loving words,  
As the merry, mellow music of the birds  
Singing themselves to rest?

Belvidere, N. J.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE WINGED ANGEL.

Oh! winged angel, fly away  
To the land of the angel thought,  
Where "yes" would be the ideal caught.  
Or wings will do,  
See beyond their motive power;  
A suppler force by far than they  
Will bear us in that future hour.

When we, denuded of our flesh,  
Shall rise through strata dense and rare,  
Perceiving then the radiant forms  
Of active life, divine and fair.

—D. M.

## The Situation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To any one who without wishing to lay claim to deep learning, has yet been able to give some time to reading and thought, the claim to a monopoly of "Divine Wisdom" and "Universal Truth" made by Madame Blavatsky and her adherents, seems most absurd. If you can "believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of man's soul, even as all thinkers in all ages have devoutly read it there," you will see that to all these "thinkers" (who have looked aspiringly upward toward the light) have come prophetic wisdom and illumination. Theosophy is not a thing of this age only, nor can those who wish to use it as a veil under which to carry out their own selfish and unscrupulous ends, claim to have invented it, or be able to keep it for their own small uses. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Serious and earnest seekers and poets, have in all times found and handed on the golden thread of clue, and to each one it has come in a triumphant flood of light, revealing a great "desire for perception." "Divine moment, when over the tempest-tossed soul, as once over the wild, weltering chaos, it is spoken, 'Let there be Light!'" That the fountain of "living water" should be choked up, and be kept open for all pure and aspiring souls; that the beautiful truths and objects of this inspired religion and ethical philosophy should be rescued and kept undecorated, is the desire of many of those who are advanced enough in evolution to climb into the citadel of lofty thought, and aspiration, that towers above the passions and follies and selfishness that rage on the earth level to-day. From these towers sound the bugle calls of those who fervently wish to open the eyes of mankind to the divine possibilities in themselves, and the unlimited promises of the evolution of the race, to be worked for, hoped for, and believed in.

The JOURNAL has taken a brave and decided stand against all fraud, unfolding a banner under which all who desire to see a true and pure Theosophy can rally. There are new crusades coming on, and to those who feel the stir of the awakening of the "inner senses," the appeal is made to put on the armor of purity and go forth as soldiers and fearless laymen by all personal differences, "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," joining in the advance that is called all along the lines of thought.

No two people even can see details in just the same way; there must be individuality; but there are a few great principles, a few grand simple rules of action that can be united on. Those who have been drawn to Theosophy by admiration of those great truths, and who see here an opportunity for all who will, should meet and work together in a "universal brotherhood," leaving the differences in belief, that have been the cause of such horrors in the past, behind. The present situation is one to be deplored, except it be a fermentation that shall separate the dregs from the pure elixir, a drink for immortals. Are we not immortal, "spirits wearing the flesh as a garment," standing in the center of immensities, the confusers of eternities? Is not the longing for a "drink divine," becoming universal? Is there not a "brotherhood" of infinitely yearning souls, that nothing finite can satisfy?

The name, the word "Theosophy," is tossed about, criticized and scorned by many, but "the light" for which it stands is beyond the reach of human scorn or power.

KATHARINE GREY, F. T. S.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Bank of Devil's Lake, D. T., and many of the business men in early days had in use a design for checks and letter heads which was a startling curiosity. A sheet of what stood upright, with a ribbon for a band, and on the band was inscribed: "No hard. In hoc signo vinces." Above the sheet was silver dollar resting upon its edge, the reference being to the uniform price of \$1 a bushel for wheat 130 days. Upon the dollar was presented an outline of the lake, above the lake a sailing vessel, and pointing with a spear in her hand to the exact location of the city on the lake. The motto, "Give us this day our daily bread," was inscribed on the back of the dollar. The dollar was used as a device, the bills of the

## Little Temptations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A short time ago I attended a certain church experience meeting, during which an elderly brother, a well-known farmer of the neighborhood, expressed his entire ability to fight against the big temptations that beset his path, but the "little temptations" he found tough customers to battle with.

This raised quite a smile on the faces of his brethren, as though they had heard something ludicrous. But was it not an honest confession of quite a serious nature? Is it not the little temptations against which our unwary feet are always stumbling? The big sins we can brace ourselves to guard against, especially mindful, however unconsciously, that if found out the penalty will be painfully severe. How many of us, indeed, trouble ourselves to take note of the little sins at all?

Sitting quite near to the honest confessing brother was another old farmer, whose self-satisfied smile said as plain as could be: "Don't catch me giving way to no little temptations more'n big ones. Sins is sins, let 'em be big or little." He is the good brother who holds to the comfortable belief that, once in grace, always in grace. Safe through the doors of the regular orthodox conversion he is steel-plated and copper-bottomed against every slippery tendency to retrogression; yet in the year when he sold a large bill of hay at ten dollars a ton, for delivery the following spring, and the price advanced to sixteen dollars, the temptation to pocket the extra six dollars by sale in the market, was too hard to withstand, knowing that he could dodge all penalty by a quibble. Afterwards he was free to brag of the cleverness of his sharp dealing.

Seated near him was still another smiling brother, who owned such a big farm as to be called a baron. He is one of the foremost in church work, and gives freely of his abundance to help on the cause of what he believes is the "work of the Lord." He would just as soon think to thrust his hand into glowing coals as to pick a man's pocket, or break into a house with burglarious intent; but when, in consequence of a plethora of laborers, he was enabled to hire his farm hands at less than a dollar a day and board themselves, and one turned out to be such an extraordinary worker as to be easily worth, in our farmer's own voluntary admission, "any two ordinary workmen," not once did he dream that it would be no more than common honesty to increase the man's pay to the full measure of his value, and that in receiving the double meed of labor at half price he was as certainly defrauding a brother as if he robbed it directly from his pocket.

Out of the church it is just the same. The "little temptations" are the sharp wedges that get into the weak places of our armor. The armor is blunt, the wedges are sharp. He is particular to give full weight and measure in all his regular business dealings. He can safely defy any one to say that he ever cheated a customer. He looks the community in the face and boastfully asserts: "I don't owe any man a cent." Certainly he is coated all over with the armor of honesty, and would think it disgraceful to take fraudulent advantage of any one. But when, being desired to purchase an extra fine lemon tree for ten dollars, which he learned on competent authority was worth fifty, and was on the point of closing with the offer, he suddenly checked himself. Why? Because some acquaintance chanced to whisper into his ear: "Offer him five dollars. He'll take it. He's awful hard up."

Here was a little temptation—only a paltry five dollar one—and the honest miller tumbled right before it as easily as rolling down hill.

Then there is the millionaire up in the grand house, who signed his check for five thousand to aid of the Johnstown sufferers, and who has no need to guard himself from breaking open the vault in a bank. He holds his head very high, immaculate against all the big sins. But when his stomach was almost ruined from high living, and his doctor warned him that it was no longer safe to indulge in his habit of eating, he would not part with a hard doughnut or pickle in the kitchen without thrusting them into his pocket for a future opportunity to stuff, nor resist the temptation to cut down the wages of his men the moment, as he expressed it, "Snow on both sides the road makes more laborers looking for bosses, than bosses looking for laborers." The temptation to gain a few extra dollars out of the hard necessities of the poor and helpless, is too much for him. So I think that confessing brother stumbled onto a serious truth when he said it was the "little temptations" that were such hard chaps to fight against; these trifling weak spots in our armor need the closest watching and the closest care.

W. WHITWORTH.

North Dover, Ohio.

## President John Tyler's Death Fore-shadowed by a Dream.

On leaving the White House, in 1845, ex-President John Tyler took up his residence on an estate known as "Shrewsbury Farm," near the city of Richmond, where he lived until his death, which occurred at the Exchange Hotel, in Richmond, Jan. 18, 1882. He had opposed secession at first, but afterward declared for State rights, and at the time of his death was a member of the Confederate House of Representatives. His wife, Julia Gardner Tyler, who went to the White House as a bride, was with him at his death, and died herself only a few weeks ago in the same hotel. The circumstances of her husband's death have been told her, and she declared they were all foretold to her in a dream. Mrs. Tyler had been at Brandon, on the James River, with her daughter, the daughter of her son, who was further on a visit to some friends. One night she dreamed that she saw her husband in bed. He was ill, and called to her to hold his head—it ached so badly. She was so impressed by this dream that she went straight to Richmond, making the journey with great misgivings, but on her arrival was assured by finding Mr. Tyler in bed, that her dream was true. Only a few nights later he was taken with a violent chill. In the morning he arose without awakening his wife and went to the dining-room. Sunday morning he was seized with dizziness and fell over. When helped to his room he related his wife's dream, and she declared that she had been aroused and bathed his aching head in the night.

"Her dream is true," said he, "I leave my wife and children to my God and my country." The trouble was pronounced to be a bilious attack complicated with bronchitis. The following night he had several suffocating spells and called for his wife and baby. He died at 11 o'clock, and was buried in the same tomb as his wife. The doctor, who was called, said: "Doctor, I am going."

"I hope not, sir," he murmured. These were his last articulate words. He sank rapidly, and with death came, shortly after midnight, it was said. Mrs. Tyler declared that the dream she had in her dream, and was unlike any she had in her own home.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Government and the Telegraphs.

In an article in *The North American Review* for July, Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, argues strongly in favor of Government control of the telegraph system, and says: "I believe no assertion is safer than the prediction that the purchase of telegraph lines would improve our civil service immediately, and soon lead to measures which would diminish the 'patronage' of elected office holders, such as Senators, Representatives, President. I think also that the wire-pullers appreciate this. There is not one of the worse class of 'spoils' politicians who does not oppose an extension of the business of government. The shrewdest of them must see that to make government an important business agency will mean death to 'practical politics.' In conclusion, we must ask the testimony of experience, and this in all countries where a government telegraph has been tried is unanimous in favor of public telegraph service. In none of these countries would the public even consider the subject of replacing public telegraphs by private telegraphs, and everywhere the experience of the United States is regarded as a warning against private telegraph companies. England's experience is instructive. Private companies were there tried until they proved to be intolerable; then they were purchased. Elsewhere in Europe the telegraph was from the start a public institution, and this is the result: while the estimated cost of telegraphs in all other states in Europe is 282,000,000 francs, the estimated cost to England of her telegraphs is 272,000,000 francs; in other words, owing to unsuccessful attempts to secure a good private telegraph system, England has nearly as good a public telegraph system as all the other countries in Europe put together."

A horse that ran away in West Newbury, Mass., wasn't caught until it reached a town twenty-two miles distant, six hours after.

## Excellent Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Ira Phillips of Ottumwa, Iowa, is a gentleman well known for his integrity and reliability. Mr. P. has been giving of his mediumship, but has not paid any attention to the development of the same for some years, having been engaged in superintending the mines of Phillips Coal Co., of which he is President.

Some time ago one of the workmen, who was a local preacher, inquired of Mr. Phillips what church he belonged to. Mr. P. replied that he did not belong to any church, being a Spiritualist. This aroused the man's curiosity and he became very anxious that Mr. P. should give some tests as he had never had an opportunity to examine into the phenomena of Spiritualism. The result was that two or three miners and their wives were invited to come to his room. Two or three of the sisters possessed mediumistic gifts unknown to themselves, and in a short time they obtained some wonderful physical as well as intellectual manifestations, among which were raps, table tipping, alphabetical spelling, independent writing with pencil and paper, and names of spirits pressed. A short communication was written with the point of a steel pen upon the paper, and the paper placed upon the table in presence of all, and without any of the sitters touching the paper until the message was written when loud raps would indicate that it had been written. There would be messages written to the different sitters, giving names and dates only known to each. The physical manifestations were wonderful. The table was lifted from the floor, and then held to the floor so that a strong man could not lift it. Chairs were carried around the room; a bell and violin floated above their heads—the bell rung, and the violin played upon—a watch was taken from one of the sitters and deposited upon the bed, and other strange and curious manifestations performed to the great astonishment of those who composed the séance, as most of them had never witnessed anything of the kind before. The most peculiar communication is the one I enclose you for publication. It was produced as follows: One of the sitters took the piece of paper and was writing all in respect to it to see that there was no writing upon it, folded it up and fastened the ends together with a paper holder, and placed the point of a lead pencil inside of the paper, and the following is the communication written:

"You must not measure my love by that affection with which mortals are endowed, the purest and most sacred of which is but a faint inconstant point of light in the illimitable nebulae of Divine Love. Human joy, wisdom and purity are in like comparison. We do not attempt to teach you, because our knowledge relates to things too intricate for the human mind to comprehend. It is impossible for us to possess ourselves of earthly knowledge without subjecting our spirit natures to physical conditions. We cannot exchange ideas that are superior to yours, because we have to utilize your faculties. We cannot reveal spiritual truths to you, because we are not yet advanced enough to comprehend them. These proved too much for the man, and he was lost consciousness. "Red Pat" said he thought one of his rivals was putting up a job on him, and I was sent to investigate the ghost. I went to the boarding-house and asked if any one had known the murdered man. A young fellow, strong, healthy, and good looking, said he had come from the mines with him, and thought he knew more about him than any one in the town. "Would you know his ghost?" I asked. The young fellow blanched, and I thought he would faint, but he recovered, and said he thought he would if he saw it, but hoped it would never appear to him. Then I asked him if he would stay all night in the room with me and help me on the case. He appeared disconcerted, but finally said he would, and about 10 o'clock we went to the chamber where the miner was killed. I looked toward the exact words he used as he drank a good deal of it. In an hour he seemed so drunk that he was quite helpless and fell forward on the table, where he went to sleep. I think I began to doze myself, and when I awoke some one was talking. The lamp gave out a good light, but I could not see the person whose voice I heard. Then I looked toward the exact words he used as he drank a good deal of it. 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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 10, 1889.

## Child Criminals.

The press teems with such shocking details of crimes by youths, and even children, that the impression is conveyed that wickedness is increasing and the hoped for millennium far away. This is in a measure due to the wider field of observation, as one reads to-day the events of the world of yesterday, and is made cognizant of all that transpires. Attention is called at the present moment to the class of youthful criminals, in answer to the question: not what is to be done with them, but why are they criminals, and how can their evil be prevented or cured?

The horrible details of the murder of Mag. Otto Leuth, in Cleveland, Ohio, by the boy Otto Leuth, have been dilated on by the press, showing not only the fiendish depravity of the boy, but the vitiated taste of a stratum of society which demands and is gratified by such narratives. Otto is described as being tall, slender, and as never previously having manifested any depraved instincts. The crime was committed on the spur of the moment, as though he was impelled by some irresistible will. Public curiosity had scarcely abated when it was again excited by the story from Terre Haute, Ind., of four boys having a grudge against a fifth, enticing him to a lonely spot, ostensibly to bathe, and there killing him with their pocket knives and concealing his body.

Another case, is that of the boy of a saloon-keeper in a Pennsylvania town, who had been reading of the wild west in the execrable dime novels. He armed himself with a gun he had polished, and stood in the door of the saloon. A little boy was passing on the opposite side of the street and the would-be Buffalo Bill drew up and deliberately shot him.

Two boys, ten and eleven years of age, in New York, in April last assaulted a little boy of four years, and tormented him to death. In January came the report of an affray between two boys at the church door in Charleston, and the death of one by stabbing. The list of such crimes would fill this entire page, and would disgust rather than interest the reader. These are introduced as examples to point the reflections to be drawn therefrom.

What is the meaning of such conscienceless crimes of children of Christian parents, inheriting the cumulative advantages of nineteen centuries of religious instruction? The parents of these children were not infidels or Spiritualists, but inclined to the Church, and whatever influence Christianity did give they received.

In accounting for these child criminals, it is usual to cast the blame on the blood-thunder literature, which is scattered on every hand, and with exciting illustrations takes the young mind captive. But there must be something more than this literature responsible. The large majority of those who read this trash are unaffected, or at least are not led to commit crime, and the few who become infatuated must be prepared to receive the vicious influences. This carries us one step further back, and the evolutionist is ready with his suggestion of atavism, by which term he means that principles of heredity whereby the offspring inherits qualities of some remote ancestor, as of grandfather or great grandfather. As in the red strains of domestic animals there sometimes appears a specimen reverting to original wild race, and possessing the disposition, so with man a child appearing to the savage ancestry, with

This is probably correct, but it is not the final cause; it is only a statement of the fact in other words. What is the cause of this reversion? What influences are brought to bear that gives to Christian parents a child with the disposition of a fiend?

A great deal has been said and written about pre-natal influence, and the genial Holmes, asked when he would commence to educate the child, facetiously replied, about one hundred years before it is born. We cannot retrieve the omissions of the past, but if we knew how, we might begin the education of our great grandchildren, and undoubtedly we are doing so in a blind, haphazard way, which may do more harm than good. If this reversionary tendency, whereby a constant supply of outcasts, vagabonds and criminals is produced is to be overcome, we must learn the causes and as far as possible eradicate them.

It is customary for writers on this subject to hold the mother responsible, and charge her varying moods as the cause. This responsibility of maternity may be well enough, but there is a still higher responsibility, that of paternity, and the constant reiteration of the former is of itself an activism going back even to the blaming of Eve as the cause of the expulsion from Eden.

The mother of Jesse Pomeroy was the opposite of the child, who for innate and satanic depravity has had no equal. He delighted even in infancy in torturing animals; at twelve he began torturing children, and at fourteen was guilty of murdering at least three children for the sole purpose of amusing himself by their sufferings. If the story of his mother was truthfully told, it would supply an adequate cause for his demonic disposition. It would be a tale of abuse and wrong, crystallized in her offspring. The Greeks surrounded the mother with exquisite images of heroes, gods and goddesses, in apartments set apart and sacred to her uses, and the children were born into the exquisite graces of Venus and Apollo. With the care for the external form, was also given greater attention to the prenatal moulding of the mind, and the excellence of that classic age has remained the wonder and delight of the world.

We have in mind a lady who has two sons, well-grown youths, of little more than two years difference of age. The father in a manner we need not mention, was offensive to her, and her reason nearly gave way under the tyranny she suffered. These boys when scarcely able to walk hated each other, and had to be kept strictly guarded and apart for fear they would commit injury. As they grew up, they instinctively avoided each other, and when they met fought until separated. They were in affluent circumstances, which in some directions restrained them, and in others encouraged a slothful, selfish and cruel disposition. This is only one of scores of instances we might give from personal experience, and any reader can contribute to the mass of evidence.

The Christian world has been talking about the second birth so exclusively that it has overlooked the first birth, and that it is better to be born right the first time than to receive regeneration. If born right, there will be no need of a second trial, or of a scheme of salvation. So utterly absorbed has it been in a second birth, that the first has been held of slightest moment, or of itself a sin, and today after a great deal of light has been shed on the subject, and a decided advance, there is more care bestowed on the improvement of animals than on that of children who, endowed with immortal being, are to carry to remotest time the blended personality of their parents. With these views, or want of views, it is not strange that there are children who are fiends in disposition; but it is astonishing that nature has such conservative persistency and holds so strongly to her divine model, that she produces so few reversions.

Of all other classes, Spiritualists should understand this subject in its profound depths and awful heights. The child is not the creature of an hour, to span its brief existence as the animal, and perish away. It is the resultant of creative energy, individualized for an existence which shall see the stars grow old and decay ere it has more than begun its sublime destiny.

It is true that parents cannot absolutely eliminate the ancestral taints, and with their best endeavors and under the most propitious circumstances their children may receive adverse moral and physical impressions, but if with pure lives they conform to the laws of being there will be a lessened probability of such influences, and they may be comforted by knowing that their grandchildren and great grandchildren are being fashioned as well as their children, and if these pursue the same correct course, reversion which now appears as a living witness of innate depravity, will be at last weeded out and eradicated. The Christian world has been so absorbed in the attempt to build a scheme of salvation on the divinity of a babe cradled in a manger in Palestine, 1,900 years ago, that the infinitely more important fact that every babe born in manger or palace ought to be considered as divine, has been utterly ignored. The church worships the mother of that babe, with bended knee and incense blazing from altar, while the real mothers of humanity crouch, broken with their burdens, in vain despair.

Christ has reigned 1,900 years, and now we have the dawn of a new era, wherein his divinity is broadened into the divinity of mankind. The mother is to know that she does not, according to the old theology, when she gazes on her prattling babe, hold an incarnate devil, utterly corrupt and depraved in

her arms, but a portion of Divinity, with the possibilities of an angel of light; and that the children may receive this glorious birthright. Not only must there be a divine maternity, but equally pure and holy paternity. We may take courage, for as generations pass, the brutal and savage slowly disappears; a keener consciousness of right, a broader charity, and a stronger fraternity are manifested, and when the responsibility is shifted from God, and the atonement from Christ, and the individual feels with all its awful and eternal force that he is responsible, and must become his own savior, the advancement in true morality and nobility of conduct will surpass our utmost conception.

## Universal Brotherhood.

To show the fraternal frankness of leading "Theosophists," as they call themselves, the JOURNAL ventures to give some opinions they hold of one another. R. Harte was formerly the servile thrall of Blavatsky and is now acting editor of *The Theosophist*; the oldest and most orthodox, and hence the most representative organ of the monstrosity born of the union of Blavatsky and Olcott. From India under date of June 9th in a long letter to *Light* of London,

HARTE THEOSOPHICALLY ANALYZES BLAVATSKY. "As to Madame Blavatsky herself," writes Harte, "it is to her that the Theosophical Society in reality owes its existence, and any 'occult' function that she has ever exercised as its 'Corresponding Secretary' she exercises still; but she is by nature and by training essentially an Occultist, and although no one is more deeply imbued than she is with the sentiment of the Brotherhood of Humanity, as is proved by her life and her writings, still she is necessarily, by the 'defauts de ses qualités,' out of touch in many respects with the world as it exists to-day, and her constitutional tendency to break the heads of her enemies and the hearts of her friends has been all along a terrible drawback to the proper comprehension by the public of the real nature of the Theosophical Society—a drawback which it is hoped now by all well wishers of the Society may be minimized by the late formation of the Esoteric Division, in which she reigns supreme; the only legitimate and responsible head of the Theosophical Society before the world being now the President-Founder Colonel H. S. Olcott."

Our readers will recall that in the JOURNAL of June 8th, three days before Harte penned his opinion to *Light*, we published a letter from Blavatsky which will bear repetition in this connection:

## BLAVATSKY'S OPINION OF HARTE.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1889.

"....I never knew that R. Harte, who is now at Adyar since November—ever wrote to you calling Col. Bundy a Jesuit, or other people Jesuits, or anything of the sort. Harte has a chronic disease called *cacoethes scribendi*, which has pervaded him with the silent influence of the itch all over, and he is no Harte unless he writes to somebody and makes a fool of himself over something...."

Evidently Koot Hoomi stole the first copy of the JOURNAL struck off the press and carried it straight over to Adyar, where Harte, after pondering over it for a couple of days—"K. H." could go from Chicago to Adyar and take it leisurely in a day—was afflicted with another violent exacerbation of the writing itch which could only be quieted by a letter to *Light*. Now such frankness among brothers and sisters is beautiful to behold; it fills one with yearning to be within the "sacred circle" and a partaker of the "divine mysteries."

By the way, here is a bit of brotherly affection full of that hearty Irish warmth and candor for which Bro. Judge is noted. Our office cat came across it the other day, and, hearing that General Secretary Judge was on his way to Chicago to look after the dead and secure a cemetery lot, thoughtfully dropped it on our desk. These extracts, though Greek to the heathen, will be readily grasped by the sucking doves of the Chicago Branch T. S. It was written to the President of the Gnostic T. S.

## JUDGE'S OPINION OF A SISTER.

N. Y., June 10, '88.

DEAR—I now understand your "Chicago trouble."....To day your "private secretary" M. F. W., writes to say she read my "confidential" letter and then proceeds to rake me down after confessing she wrote you about the paper Branches. I knew at the time I got yours that she was the one, but I desired written evidence and now I have it....I'll be hanged if I want any more Isle of Wight in my pie. Please put a muzzle on that party—an impossibility....Certainly such people can be used to do what may be in their capacity without wasting valuable and rare powder on them.... As ever,

(Signed) W. Q. JUDGE.

King Cat explains that the Gnostic President appointed Mrs. "M. F. W." of Chicago, Private Secretary. It would appear from his letter that Bro. Judge had his own opinion of the doings of the Gnostic Private Secretary. He must have been warned by *Vin Petrovna*, vintage of 1831, when he got off that truly, truly Irish pun on the "Isle of Wight." How the dear sister's lustrous orbs will fill with tears when she learns that the Irish-American T. S. Boss requested the President of the Gnostics to "put a muzzle on" her. Her pearly-white teeth might easily remove a superfluous tooth or more of her brother's ear about the time she learns of his universal and brotherly regard. But when she finds that Judge don't want "valuable and rare power wasted" on her, won't her tears give way to fire, though! "Wasted," indeed! If there is one thing more than an-

other essential to the complete appointment of a beautiful woman's boudoir, that thing is "valuable and rare powder." And yet this vassal of a Russian rustler would like to deprive a free-born American beauty, and a grandmother at that, of an inalienable right guaranteed her by the founders of this glorious Union and preserved in the Constitution of the U. S. Oh! we wouldn't like to be in his shoes when brother meets sister over the remains of the Blavatsky body. Judge had best arrange for the funeral without consulting the Chicago mourners in person. He'll be too tired and discouraged to relish any sort of pie, though the crust be shortened with his favorite oil (gammon), after his séance with "M. F. W."

Spare him, Sister! Spare him for the sake of Helena Petrovna. "H. P. B. is the T. S." and you are his sister!

## War on the Public Schools.

That there is a concerted, persistent, determined warfare inaugurated against the public schools, which have been considered by the best thinkers as the bulwarks of liberty, is well known to those who observe the signs of the times. The Catholics instigate the Protestants to introduce Bible reading and church doctrines, because this gives them a reason for dissenting, and establishing schools of their own. There is a flood of literature on the subject, some of which is artfully disguised. Robert Dick has issued a series of "Selah Tracts," in one of which he wants Christianity to the exclusion of all "isms" introduced by law into the public schools. He is an egotistical, superannuated clergyman, of the itinerant stripe, whose words are wholly valueless except as they voice the desires of the church party. He is bursting with the conceit of the old-time preacher, who stands for God, and against whom no man has any rights he is bound to respect. He says:

All "isms" dead and buried forever—Great America, would carry her teaching of Christianity and the worship of God into all our National Schools; and against this no one worthy of her protection would ever raise a finger; such as would are not for her, but against her; and because entitled to no voice in her affairs; as violators of their oath of allegiance to her, as taught and applied therein, let them basten from the soil they pollute. These gone, and all "isms" with them, including all agnostic trash; and common sense everywhere dominant among the people, Great America would at once spread through all her National Schools that solid, comprehensive teaching of Christian theology and ethics which she has always inculcated in all other departments of National education.

What is Christianity? Perhaps a more vague and many-sided term cannot be found! Who is to decide what Christianity is? There would come a time, if this policy were adopted, when this vital question would have to be answered. The State could not answer, and a conclave of preachers like the Rev. Dick would be convened to formulate a statement. If Christianity is being like Jesus Christ, there is not a Christian in the world to-day. The tirade of superannuated Dick is of no consequence of itself, but it shows the animus of the movement.

## An Extinct Meteor.

The rapid elevation and still more rapid decline of that feminine meteor, Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett, has been widely chronicled in the daily press. She has learned to her sorrow and most direful cost that notoriety is not reputation. She has brought disgrace upon that "Christian Science," which saved her from a life of miserable invalidism; and has caused the hot blush of shame to mantle the cheeks of her sister scientists. She bears her downfall with something which if not genuine heroism is so perfect an imitation as to dazzle the unreflecting and wring applause even from those who despise her acts and fathom the shallow sophistry of her well-trained tongue. In the language of a wealthy New York lady who is called a keen observer and a competent judge, Mrs. Plunkett is "a sincere adventuress." In her downfall she will better serve her sex by the awful lesson of the dire consequences of unbounded ambition loaded with hereditary proclivities than she ever would by a decorous and conventional life. Of the rationale and philosophy of this case we shall have more to say at some future time. The woman is possessed of excellent qualities, and has done much good in the past three years, which should be taken into consideration in dealing with her as an individual. The press seems inclined to favor Husband Plunkett and to sympathize with him. He is not entitled to it. For this cuckoo to pose at this late day as an injured husband is too ridiculous for consideration.

Horace Leland, one of the brothers who have made themselves celebrated as hotel keepers, passed to spirit life from Springfield, Illinois, last Sunday, after a long illness. As the genial head of the Leland House at Springfield, he was known to nearly everybody in Illinois, certainly to all who have had occasion to visit the State capital during the past twenty-three years. Mr. Leland was a firm and consistent Spiritualist and has often expressed his profound respect for the JOURNAL, of which he had been a constant reader for many years.

We have the authority of W. Q. Judge for the statement that "H. P. B. is rather disgusted with London, as she thought to get conditions right there for a good lot of fine phenomena, but chafed that fly in there fly right out holding their noses from the dreadful smell made by quarreling and folly." The original letter is on file in this office.

Mr. Gladstone defines his domestic policy as follows: "When my wife insists I submit; when I insist she submits."

## The World's Fair in 1892.

This will be the greatest display in the history of the world. It will celebrate the Five Hundredth Anniversary of the discovery of America, and teach in vast and varied of lessons the progress of the world. Chicago thinks there is but one place to hold such a stupendous fair, and that place, of course, is in Chicago. Although Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Omaha, Oshkosh, Joliet and St. Louis would like to capture the prize, there is but one real rival to Chicago and that is New York. But Chicago has every advantage over that city both as to location, public spirit, accessibility, transportation facilities, climate, and morals. New York has not as many railroads as Toledo or Cleveland, and can boast of but one railroad depot. Chicago has forty trunk lines piercing the heart of the city, for which eight magnificent union depots are provided and more building. It will not do to speak of the water transportation of New York in comparison with Chicago. One has only to examine statistics to find that there are many more entries and departures in a year from the port of Chicago than from New York, and this too, despite the fact that navigation is practically closed at the former port from December to April.

It is not only to the interest of Chicago that the world's exposition be held here, but of even more advantage to the country at large, especially to the great West and North-West. A stock company with \$5,000,000 has already been started and is being rapidly promoted. The people of the country should forthwith express themselves in no doubtful manner as to their choice of location. Much depends upon early and prompt action. Let Chicago be backed up in her patriotic and generous action and the whole country will be benefited, whereas if the exhibit goes to New York it will only advantage the greedy shopkeepers and traders of a little island where the traffickers having devoured one another's substance are ravenously hunting for the world's meat. Chicago only wants her legitimate share, knowing it will be ample for her needs, and is willing to divide with the country at large. By all means let the fair be in Chicago and let all the world come to the beautiful garden city where the cool breezes from the great inland ocean and the vast flower covered prairies make living a never ceasing delight; where the visitor is well cared for and finally sent home with an equivalent for his money. Within her 175 square miles Chicago's 1,200,000 people will do the royal thing by her millions of visitors in 1892.

## The Paris Congress.

On the sixth page we publish a masterly address to the forthcoming "Congress of Spiritualists, Spiritualists, Theosophists," etc., from the pen of Madame Elise Van Calcar Schiöting, the able editor of the *Journal Op De Grenzen van Twee Werelden*, The Hague, Holland. We fully endorse the address both in its argument and sentiment, and commend it to the sober consideration of our readers in all parts of the world. In a letter accompanying her manuscript Madame Schiöting most truly says: "....It is impossible to bind together outwardly what is inwardly divided. I only remind you of the efforts made in Germany to unite Calvinists and Lutherans. Instead of resolving two into one, they have got three parties." Speaking further of the root differences between Spiritualists and Spiritualists, Madame S. continues: "It is of no use at all to deny the points of difference; they are to be met courageously and to be acknowledged. Our French friends think of nothing but propagandism, and imagine they have been building the Temple of the Future from foundation to top. It is an ungrateful work to be obliged to speak out a hard truth, but, though I have a great liking for the amiable French people I cannot act in any other manner." We could name an American editor who has experienced repeatedly the sensation of iron piercing his spirit because irresistibly impelled to speak "hard truth," but like this earnest and courageous Dutch woman he "cannot act in any other manner."

Madame Schiöting has our thanks for a splendid cabinet photograph of herself. The picture shows a woman of great intuitive and reflective powers and a most logical mind, immense will power, large language; breadth of understanding, and, withal, a most kindly heart devoted to humanity. We also thank her for her beautiful chirography and well prepared manuscript, both of which surpass in these essential particulars many of our English and American correspondents.

## Theorizing Theosophists.

An outsider incidentally heard the following exchange of views between two members of the Theosophical Society in Chicago:

1st. Speaker.—"Isn't it just too awfully outrageous that even in the Esoteric Section there should be a traitor who gives Cones and Bundy all the inner instructions from the head of the Section? Have you any idea who the wretch is?"

2nd. Speaker.—"It is certainly terrible to think of, still these documents may have been mislaid and accidentally found by an outsider. Any way, it will all come out soon, for Mr. Judge is using all his psychic vision to run back on the line from the 'Religio' until he finds the leak."

1st. Speaker.—"Why, I should think the Madame would roam out in her astral and just read in the Akasian record the whole business."

2nd. Speaker.—"Well, I haven't much faith in the roaming of an astral that cannot carry its own body up and down stairs."



ing pots, pans and metals  
en delight in using...

If your grocer sends you anything in place of SAPOLIO, send it back and insist upon having just what you ordered. SAPOLIO always gives satisfaction. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. Everything shines after it, and even the children delight in using their attempts to help around the house.



# son's Eliza Ann in Trouble Again.

Mr. Henry J. Newton would do well to pause in his camp-meeting campaign as manager of Eliza Roberts's materialization show long enough to look after his last year's camp-meeting star, the notorious Eliza Ann. On the eighth page will be found a brief account which will no doubt lead Mr. Newton to conclude that the same old "Jesuit spirits" whose presence in his house got Mrs. Wells into trouble a couple of years ago are still pestering her. The Clinton Camp Management were too considerate of this incorrigible swindler in not desiring "to make public any statement which would prevent Mrs. Wells from redeeming herself elsewhere." Having found her dishonest in her mediumship and untruthful, and knowing of her previous record, it would seem as though the camp management owed it to other camps and to the public to immediately post her as a trickster and a falsifier; something they did not do until she indiscreetly forced them to it. An old citizen of high standing and a Spiritualist for half a life time writes us from Davenport of Mrs. Wells as follows: "If not insane—and her conduct is so reckless as to suggest that condition—she is the most malignant, vindictive and atrocious slanderer and falsifier I have ever known, and without enough discretion to disguise her baseness or avoid damaging herself." This is the woman whom Mr. Newton was willing to have serve as a director of his "First Society of Spiritualists," and whom he is backing up in her libel suit against us for \$20,000, because we told the truth about her. The JOURNAL's readers need waste no sympathy on us, however, nor have any fears of our being maltreated. We are prepared to prove the assertion on which Mrs. Wells brings suit, and much more beside.

It appears from the *Herald* that a wonderful exhibition of mind-reading was given a few days ago at the rooms of the Veteran Union League, in the Honore Building, by Andrew J. Seymour. The affair was impromptu and everything was done so as to completely preclude the possibility of a secret understanding between the performer and his audience.

Mr. Seymour gave a brief introductory lecture on the nature of mind-reading—on what could be accomplished by it and on its limits. He incidentally mentioned an occurrence—the finding of a lost child, a little girl, and her restoration to the mother—a feat performed by himself not long ago. The first exhibition made was as follows: A dirk knife was given to a member of the audience, Major Burst. Then Mr. Seymour left the room accompanied by a committee. During Seymour's absence Major Burst went up to Colonel Sexton and made the gesture of striking him on the back, or the left shoulder. Then he concealed the knife by showing it under the leather strap which fastened his (Burst's) wooden leg to the stump. There it was not visible to the eye at all, not even the faintest outline of it. The mind-reader was summoned, being blind-folded, and at once going to Major Burst pointed out where the weapon was hidden. Then he took Major Burst with him, and wandering here and there in the crowd, fixed on Colonel Sexton as the man who had been stabbed. Putting his hand on Sexton at the left shoulder-blade, the mind-reader said: "That's where you were hit." A more astonishing feat, however, was the following: Producing a tablet which, on a background of blue cloth, bore the letters of the alphabet in gilt, Mr. Seymour said: "If any of you have lost anything just whisper into the ear of your neighbor what it is." Major Brown did the whispering. Mr. Seymour then, blindfolded, took hold of Major Brown's hand and moved it over the golden letters of the alphabet. As the hand touched the letter "p" he cried, without a moment's hesitation: "Stop! This is the letter. You have lost a pin—a gold and diamond pin—at 92 Eighteenth street." Major Brown and his neighbor admitted the correctness of this assertion.

A number of other equally astonishing feats were performed, but as the exhibition was merely for the purpose of privately affording some pleasurable entertainment to the small audience, some of the most difficult performances of which Mr. Seymour is capable were omitted on this occasion, such, for instance, as "the driving test." In this, as in some others, Mr. Seymour is really superior to Bishop, the late wonder. Bishop always insisted on keeping, during the drive, his hand on the person who accompanied him in the carriage and knew the exact spot where the concealed object was hidden. Seymour puts one hand on the pulse and the other hand on the back of the head of the person who had done the hiding, this person meanwhile being required to think only of that object and its location. Mr. Seymour will then jump into the vehicle and drive, with his eyes tightly bandaged, past wagons and carriages and street cars, through the bustle of streets and the turmoil of business, to the very spot and find the concealed object. The most extraordinary thing he ever did in this line—not long ago—was in Detroit. The committee entrusted with the task of hiding the object went over to Canadian territory and deposited "it" there, the "it" being a bottle of champagne. When Mr. Seymour, with his companions, came to the Windsor ferry-boat he said: "The thing is over on the other shore." And he left the others behind him, went over and recovered the bottle. How thoroughly he succeeds in reading thought may be gathered from the fact that he will tell "a combination of a safe to the very man in whose mind that secret has been lodged, and he will tell the number of any

bank note in a man's pocket, always provided the man knows the number himself and is thinking of it at the time.

The well-known objections to cremation entertained by many Christian people on purely doctrinal grounds are thus dealt with by the English bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse. It was important to observe, he said, in the first place, that the practice of cremation could create for them, as Christians, no doctrinal difficulty whatever. According to the teachings of St. Paul flesh and blood could not inherit the kingdom of God, "neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." The body in which the dead would meet their Lord was not that corruptible body which they laid in the earth; it was not a natural but a spiritual body. Whether, therefore, the body of their flesh returned to dust by the natural process of decomposition or was reduced by man to ashes, as in the case of those martyrs who were burnt at the stake, they could still cherish the hope, in a Christian sense, of the resurrection of the body. The question thus was one of sentiment only. For his own part, as a matter of feeling, he desired his body to be buried in the earth according to the immemorial custom of the church of God, and he believed that if due and well-known precautions were taken burial might do no more harm to the living than burning. Still he presumed not to judge his brother if he preferred to consign the remains of his beloved to the furnace.

The agony sometimes arising from a buried foot is illustrated in the following, from Franklin, Ohio: "Seven years ago last Saturday, Harry Gillespie, a young man of this place, had his foot injured by a reaping machine so seriously as to necessitate amputation. The foot was buried on the farm where the accident happened. Mr. Gillespie has an artificial leg and foot. On Saturday afternoon he felt severe pains in his foot and applied to a doctor for relief. The pain continued to such an extent that he was compelled to quit work, and he had the appearance of a man attacked by a severe sickness. Monday morning, at the suggestion of friends, he went to the grave of his foot, and dug it up, finding nothing but the bones. Around the toes of the foot the roots of a pear tree had become entwined. Mr. Gillespie says he took them up, cleaned them off, and reburied them, and from that time the pain ceased. The young man, who seemed very much in earnest as he told his story, said he had felt no pain to speak of previous to Saturday, when his foot began hurting him, it being the seventh anniversary, almost to the minute of his receiving the injury.

A dispatch from Savannah, Ga., says: "Sheriff Smith of Liberty, brought James, the religious fanatic, to Savannah and sent him to Milledgeville under his brother's care. He will be placed in the asylum where the impostor Bell already lodges. Sheriff Smith says that King Solomon and Nebuchadnezzar are in jail. There are twelve of the riotous worshippers in prison and eighteen out on bail. The woman Walker, whom Bell beat in his exorcism has died. Three accessories to her death are in jail charged with murder. Most of the culprits are charged with assault with intent to kill. This is the fourth effort of Sheriff Smith. Three times he has destroyed the "temple" and the "ark" in spite of James' warning that whoever touched the ark would be stricken and die. The temple is a series of seats about an oak. King Solomon and Nebuchadnezzar are resting in jail. Nebuchadnezzar eats grass on all fours when an opportunity is given him to graze. Those in jail will have a hearing before the County Court."

A special from Syracuse, N. Y., says: "Mrs. Mary Calihan, an aged woman living at 4 Delhi street in this city, for some time past has been very ill, and her death was momentarily looked for all Wednesday night. She quietly passed away, to all appearances, at about 8 o'clock yesterday forenoon. The neighbors were called in by the afflicted relatives, and Mrs. Calihan's son-in-law, with whom she lived, was sent for. By 9 o'clock a large number of the friends and relatives of the family were in the house, and the usual first offices of the dead were performed. The limbs were cold and the eyes glazed. At about noon the front door flew open, and a woman came out and ran down the street. The other inmates of the house bore evidence of strongest excitement save one, Mrs. Calihan, who, as noon approached, turned over on her side and asked for her dinner. She had been in a sort of trance for more than four hours, bearing all the appearance of being dead."

**CORRECTION.**—Our correspondent from Parkersburg, West Va. ("\*\*") requests us to make a correction in an article of his—"The Need of the Hour." It occurs about the middle of the communication in the following sentence: "In a sense he is divinely personal—human—as well as impersonal—Theognotic." The latter word should be: Theognotic—reversing the sense. There are several other unimportant errors; but as our contributor writes the most execrable hand, with the exception of that of an excellent friend in New Jersey, that comes to the office, our compositors and proof-readers are excusable. Right here is a good time to caution contributors using words not found in the dictionaries, and proper names, to write them so they may be as easily read as though printed.

Dr. W. B. Clark claims that the oldest man in the world lives near Monterey, Cal. His name is Gabriel, and according to the doctor he is nearing his 150th year.

One of the ablest spiritualistic journals in the Spanish language (of which there are now very many in the Spanish-speaking countries), is *La Ilustracion Espiritista* of Mexico. It first appeared in 1888, in the city of Guadalajara, capital of the State of Jalisco; its founder, editor and proprietor being Gen. Refugio Gonzales. After a time it was removed to the City of Mexico, and ten years ago it was a regular visitor at this office, having the appearance of prosperity, as it was a well conducted periodical, full of enthusiasm for the doctrines it promulgated and a most inveterate and implacable enemy of the Romish Church, publishing from month to month with the most consummate daring facts of history that laid bare the hideous practices of popery from the past to the present, to the great consternation of the Mexican public. The *Ilustracion* has suffered three suspensions, the third of nine years being the longest, and last year it was the fourth time reincarnated and seems fast recovering its former excellence. Gen. Gonzales in a private letter to a friend in this country, says: "My being a soldier has caused it some drawbacks, but now that I am retired from service I have restored it to life in its fourth series." We heartily wish it success and long prosperity. A recent number contains the following paragraph in relation to its exchanges: "We desire to make it known, as an acknowledgment of our thankfulness, that the *Revista Espiritista* of Montevideo (of which three copies are always sent us), and the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, during the long period of our painful trial (for such was to us the suspension of the publication of our periodical) were regularly sent us, nor did we fail of receiving a single number without the contribution on our part of a single cent." The postoffice address is: Apatardo Postal Numero 717, Mexico.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

The Text Book of Astrology, vol. ii., by Alfred J. Pearce, author of "Science of the Stars," is now ready.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has, during July, given one or more lectures at the following localities in Kansas: Spring Hill, Shiloh and Salina.

I. I. Clark, an architect from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, has been visiting the principal cities in this country. He considers the City Hall of Philadelphia the finest building in the United States.

Governor James A. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, contributes to the August number of the *North American Review* a very important article on the Floods at Johnstown, dealing with the subject from a point of view which has so far been overlooked.

Mrs. Ella M. Dole will be out of the city until about October 1st. She is to spend August at Waukegan with her daughter. Mrs. Dole reports a busy and delightful summer, and much satisfactory work with her mediumship in private families.

Mrs. Janet Runtz-Rees desires the JOURNAL to announce suspension of the Kindly Club meetings in New York for the summer, and to say that in the fall they will be resumed; when it is hoped the increase of interest and membership will warrant a hall especially devoted to the use of the club.

In this issue we publish the first of a series of five papers from the pen of Mr. W. E. Coleman. We bespeak for these papers the careful, critical and sober attention of all parties interested. It may seem to some that the JOURNAL is devoting more space than is necessary to Blavatskosophy; but we feel sure that such is not the case.

Sam Jones and Sam Small are going to take the stump for prohibition in South Dakota as so much per speech. The St. Paul *Globe* is of opinion that if they can bring the temperance cause into disrepute with the same dispatch and promptness that marked their career in the religious field, they will succeed in securing a solid vote against the amendment.

Mr. James De Buchananne, a whilom orthodox preacher and a late convert to Spiritualism, will lecture each afternoon at 3 o'clock during the remaining Sundays of August at the hall number 104 Twenty second Street. In September he will begin an engagement with the Harmonical Society at 93 Peoria St. Mr. De B. is said to be an eloquent, logical and pleasing speaker by those who have heard him.

Noadiah M. Hill, an old gentleman who died near Albany a few days ago, read and understood Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldean, Samaritan, Maltese Arabic, Mogrebin Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Turkish, Hindoostan, Orenburg, Tartar, Estrangelo, Transcaucasian Tartar, Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, Flemish, Anglo-Saxon, and many other tongues.

On Wednesday evening, August 14th, Dr. Adam Miller, the well known lecturer on Memory, or Mental Gymnastics, as he is disposed to call it, will lecture before the Young People's Progressive Association, at his hall, 104 22nd street. Dr. Miller is a member of the medical profession in this city, and is over seventy-eight years of age. His lectures are not only interesting but highly instructive. The meetings are free to all. As this will be the first lecture given under the auspices of the Progressive Circle (a department of the association), it should be well attended. The lecture will begin at 7:45.

It is stated that the sleeping infant at Warren, Jo Daviess county, Ill., continues to puzzle the physicians thereabouts. The baby, Earl Leroy, only son of Leroy and Alice Gibbs, was born on the 9th of June, and weighed twelve pounds at the time of birth. He was

seemingly healthy with the exception that his eye-lids and head were so badly swollen as to feel hard to the touch. The little one kept up an incessant crying for two days and at last seemed to grow easy and dropped asleep, and from that slumber he has never awakened, nor has he cried or opened his eyes for any length of time. He is a healthy little fellow and is gaining flesh right along. He takes his food regularly, but always from a spoon.

The Light of Egypt has lately come from the press and is a work well worth a careful perusal. It is sure to create a sensation and be productive of lasting results. For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force. It will interest Spiritualists and all students of the occult. Finely illustrated with eight full page engravings. Price \$3.00.

A new edition of Rules and Advice for those desiring to form circles, together with declaration of principles and belief, and hymns and songs for circles and social singing, compiled by James H. Young, is ready, revised and enlarged. Many copies of this pamphlet have been sold, and now another edition is ready. Price 25 cents, postpaid. For sale at this office.

Charles Dawbarn has bought and fitted up a pleasant home at San Leandro, California, one hour's ride from San Francisco. He is lecturing to good and increasing audiences at Washington Hall in San Francisco, and contemplates opening Sunday afternoon meetings in Oakland. Visitors to the eastern camps will miss the genial smile, cheery greeting and thought-provoking utterances of this well-preserved, rosy-cheeked Englishman who is truly American.

The Austrian archbishops are probably the most highly paid in the world. The cardinal archbishop of Vienna has only about \$6,000 a year, but the cardinal archbishop of Olmutz has \$40,000, the cardinal archbishop of Prague has \$35,000, and the archbishop of Erirra has \$80,000; and the primate of Hungary, the cardinal archbishop of Grau, has \$30,000 a year.

At an early hour the other morning the neighborhood of the Custom-House, between Rocheblave and Borgenois streets, New Orleans, was the scene of considerable commotion, caused by the finding of a voodoo fetish. The evil-doing charm was a boiled calf's head on a large dish placed on a small ladder in a lot near the edge of the sidewalk. The head was surrounded with lighted candles, boiled corn, peaches, etc., and 15 cents in silver half-dimes was found in the calf's mouth. A negro man came along, and seeing the money took it in charge, and shortly after Officer Davis came along and kicked the fetish into the street.

A tale of woe comes from Stonington, Conn. The Baptists there recently laid the corner-stone of a new church. The usual ceremonial took place, the customary gold-piece, a copy of the local paper, the names of the president of the United States, the governor of Connecticut, and the officiating clergyman were deposited in the usual spot, the stone was cemented in its place, and other stones were cemented around and over it. After all this had been done a conscience-stricken small boy told that he had inserted among the documents placed in the stone a slip of paper bearing the question: "Do you wear pants?" The deep despair that has settled upon the town is said to be painful in the extreme. At present the chief topic of conversation there is: "What shall be done with the boy?"

Prof. T. H. Huxley says in the *Popular Science Monthly* for August: "I think that even if the creeds, from the so-called 'Apostles' to the so-called 'Athanasians,' were swept into oblivion; and even if the human race should arrive at the conclusion that whether a bishop washes a cup or leaves it unwashed, is not a matter of the least consequence, it will get on very well. The causes which have led to the development of morality in mankind, which have guided or impelled us all the way from the savage to the civilized state, will not cease to operate because a number of ecclesiastical hypotheses turn out to be baseless. And, even if the absurd notion that morality is more the child of speculation than of practical necessity and inherited instinct, had any foundation; if all the world is going to thieves, murder, and otherwise misconduct itself as soon as it discovers that certain portions of ancient history are mythical, what is the relevance of such arguments to any one who holds by the agnostic principle?"

## GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. Barney McNauley fell dead at a church door in Carthage, Ill., Sunday.—Work was begun last Monday changing the motive power of the Bloomington and Normal street railway system from animal to electricity.—The annual session of the Marion County Teacher's Institute convened at Salem last Monday. The number present exceeds 100 and will increase during the term.—While Milton Town and Ed Taggi of Olney, Ill., were shooting birds with a target gun the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball striking Taggi in the forehead, killing him instantly.—Mr. W. W. Eastwood, of Yale, Guthrie county, Ia., disappeared mysteriously last Saturday. Last spring some one sent him letters after white caps' style, and they preyed upon his mind. It is supposed he went insane.—Judge Crabtree of Galena, Ill.,

who has held the celebrated Br will case under advisement so decided that the will should stand and that the defendants should with one-quarter of the costs.—Last few days seven residents township, Ind., suspected of cow white cap outrages, have left for known. The offense charged was t. brutal whipping administered to Mrs. A. Street, and her daughter.—I oners in the jail at La Porte, Ind., et broad daylight by digging a hole th prison wall with a saw made from l of a water cask. They were awaiting tences for larceny, burglary, and Two were recaptured.—A premature sion of a blast at Coal Valley, Pa., fa jured two miners, John Stokes and Allen.—Archie and Joseph Cockbr Chris Sylvester, young men, were d Sunday near the Cliff house, ten mil of San Francisco.—A private letter i in San Francisco from King Kalahau Sandwich Islands states he has given contemplated trip abroad.—Thomas an old resident of Abilene, Kan., ptc in the cattle days, dropped dead in hi age while driving in the city.

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Old Colony, because by so doing they c  
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Superior to the Actor; Ef-  
fect of Physical Condi-  
tions on the Sensi-  
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with the possession of a material organ-  
renewed at intervals, instead of a  
-d to make use of the new

their campaign motives and campaign everywhere almost.



(Continued from First Page.)

insistence to limit the term of That should reside solely in the Reformatory. case of Dr. McDow well-illness of a better and more effective protecting society—than to de the verdict of a jury in such a early proven murder. Dr. McDow y a dangerous man to be at liber he State has every moral right to im of it. Neither community nor w are protected now from the pos sition of the crime of murder. se of community are better prepared ividualists ought to be to take the e in agitation for the abolition of murder, either by the scaffold or ty, or any less revolting mode of

# ELIZA ANN WELLS.

Editor of Bogus Materializations in Trouble—The Management unt Pleasant Camp at Clinton, Annul Their Contract with Her, Bring Her Dishonest as a Medium Untruthful as a Woman.

Is this, Mr. Henry J. Newton? More Jesuitism for you to look after!

Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A few weeks back I attended several lectures given here and in Moline, which Mrs. E. A. Wells, whose fraud materializations you have heretofore d, gave some test descriptions which I were genuine, although only a small of those attempted. Subsequently, I ed at private parlors two séances de for her benefit; first at Moline, a large ty of those present being Spiritualists; xt, the majority present being intelli ciples, here. The first, she stated at se to be a failure in consequence of per position of the company; the second ttle better.

The first time in about forty years, I was ed to be regarded as an old Spiritualist se who came to see such demonstra prove the existence of their departed Soon thereafter I was present at a con e in Moline to decide what steps to o protect the Clinton camp (at which she had been engaged for August) from nsequence, of such disgraceful failures; s attended by four officials of the including the one who had engaged or their benefit. In view of her unreli ty as a medium, and their further con n that she was destitute of veracity as man, founded—as I was credibly inform on her detection in fraudulent practice o dark séances for materialization, and discovered falsehoods in statements, it the unanimous opinion of all present t justice to the Association and to the pub required that she should be debarred from earing on the platform with the sanction s officers. Notice was given her July h, with the reasons above named fully ted, cancelling her engagement. This done by the person engaging her, after ng endorsed by the signatures of all at conference, and when presented, contain the names of the President, Vice-President e three Directors, and not fewer than five ers; all, in my opinion, qualified to act elligently and justly, and basing their s solely on the unfitness and unvaracity as supposed medium, Mrs. Wells.

As might be expected of any pretender ed in fraudulent practices, and whose dited powers disqualified her as a descrip e medium,—as I am credibly informed,— now alleges that her discharge was on ount of adverse criticisms she had made eaning wholly false as applied to the writ er, and in belief, founded on long knowl e of all but one of the signers, equally untrue s to the rest; the assigned reasons, easily roved, being ample justification.

An old and thorough believer in Spiritualism and its beneficent aims, I agree with you hat it is the duty of all lovers of truth to un mask and disarm by publicity whoever, for greed or vanity, traffics on the holiest eelings of those who desire proof that their up posed dead still live, and I consider it an honor to the managers of the Clinton camp, of which association I am not a member, that they promptly corrected their mistake, and at whatever pecuniary risk, barred their platform against the desecration of such an incompetent and unworthy occupant.

WM. H. HOLMES.

Davenport, Iowa, July 30.

The above is corroborated by the following communication from the Managers of the Camp to the Clinton (Iowa) Herald:

Editor Clinton Herald:—Your issue of Saturday, the 27th, contains an article relating to a "séance" as you call it at Mt. Pleasant Park, in which ungentlemanly language was used by a member of the executive committee toward a certain lady at the gate. Your reporter was not correctly informed, as no such language was used, neither was she threatened with arrest or declared a nuisance. But she was informed that when she became a nuisance by remaining at the gate, as she stated she would do, that the authorities would be notified and she would be taken care of.

The lady referred to, Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York, was engaged by the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association as public test medium to assist at the present camp meeting. A written notice of dismissal, signed by five officials of the Association and several others who concurred with them, was personally delivered to her on July 19th; the notice of discharge was reluctantly given, and only after the signers had personal proof of the dishonest character of her mediumship and lack of veracity as a truthful woman. Exclusion from the grounds was deemed necessary by the management for the best interest of the society.

It was not designed to make public any statement which would prevent Mrs. Wells from redeeming herself elsewhere, but since she has forced the issue it is the members of the M. V. S. A. and their friends that the facts should be given and her statement declared false. If she will furnish for publication the letter of discharge which gives the specific reason therefor, she will prevent any further misunderstanding of the case.

As to the legal pecuniary issue involved that may be decided in the future, but we fer to incur any risk rather than sacrifice lity to principle by sustaining her before

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

M. V. A. S.

## The Saloon and the Christian Church.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the remarks of L. A. Maynard extracted from the *Observer* into the New York *Pioneer*, a prohibition paper, of May 31st, I find the following: "The saloon and the Christian church represent two forces between which there must ever be a fierce and irreconcilable conflict. . . . One or the other must conquer and reign at last over all lands and nations, a supreme and sovereign power. And who that believes in a just and holy God, in a loving and mighty Redeemer, can doubt to which of these forces the final triumph shall be given."

Now, Mr. Editor, these remarks appear to be of a character representing the crude ill advised thoughts of a great many deceived persons in these piping days of fanatical temperance and saloon prohibition—of Christian Temperance Unions, of Young Men's Christian Associations (i. e., Protestant Jesuits) of "Christian Science," "Christian Missions," "Christianity" this and "Christianity" that. Why! what is to hinder the saloonists from getting up "Christian Saloons" wherein no stronger intoxicants need be had than the wine made by Jesus (from water) at the marriage feast, or that which the apostle of the Gentiles prescribed for Timothy?

Where is the historic propriety these weak-heads can show for placing the Christian Church and the saloon in such inveterate and exclusive opposition?—no powers in the world but they, forsooth! Did not the Romish Christian Church "reign as a supreme and sovereign power" for hundreds of years over a very considerable portion of the earth, yet without taking marked steps to prohibit the drinking of intoxicants? Was the use of strong drink an element of contention having any decided influence in Luther's Reformation, whereby the governments of Europe were torn by internal dissensions, their fair fields drenched in blood through long years of war and carnage, their prisons cursed by the groans of the inquisitor's victims? Was a "Supreme Christian Church" such a sovereign power for good in those dark and terrible days, that the people of the "United States of America" intend to install as a sovereign other churches offshoots of the old—building upon the same superstitious foundations—praying to the same miracle performing, murder-ordaining God of Moses, bought by the same fictitious atoning blood?

I row they do not so intend. No! not even for the sake of the evil of intemperance. Such a church would be no guarantee against evil, since no theocratic organization ever yet attained to power that did not itself grow corrupt and foul in the exercise of religious despotism. Go to! ye goody-goody worshipers of you know not what!—that have little conception of a divine government by and through laws of progressive development, "without variableness or shadow of turning." What is the matter with your fabulous "just and holy God" that he does not, were it for the best, at once put your church into "sovereign power" and wipe out the saloons? What ails your "mighty (?) Redeemer," that after nearly two thousand years of effort his name has not yet been heard by a large proportion of the sons of men? We mean the question seriously: What ails him unless it be that he lacks either the will or the power?

We believe in a "just and holy God," in a loving and mighty Redeemer," but he is not your God of the "Christian Church," and neither by our leave, nor, we think, by the votes of the people of the United States of America, shall any Christian theocracy ever reign supreme in our beloved country. Yet we propose (contrary to some of the recorded precepts of your reputed Savior) that we will resist the evil of intemperance in all its forms, by methods that seem unto us wise and judicious, in the lines of growth, education and restraint, looking towards that hopeful and better day when every one shall become a law unto himself in the avoidance of all intemperance crime and wrong incident to this unperfected life. But let us never be found aiding an absurd and superstitious sacerdotalism to ride into power on the fanatical wave of "constitutional prohibition," or any other ism or organization which relies for its strength on the hereditary worship of any false and fading religious theories, traditions or dogmas.

J. G. JACKSON.

## The Use of Leisure.

Many Englishmen prominent in affairs have wonderfully versatile minds. Gladstone's phenomenal activity in different directions has been a marvel. Occupied with parliamentary affairs of the deepest moment, even while guiding the ship of state through turbulent waters, the grand old man is sure to send to one of the reviews a carefully studied article touching a question of art or letters, of controversial theology or historic philology, or some topic still more remote from the domain of his life's specialty. English statesmen are rarely satisfied with one sort of mental activity. The majority of the contributors in English reviews are not, strictly speaking, men of letters, but men who find in letters repose from other fields of labor. The sudden appearance of some famous Englishman in a department of learning or research where he was not supposed to ever wander is a constant surprise us.

The name of Justin McCarthy, member of parliament, historian, traveler, poet, and scholar, is now appended to a new and very beautiful prose version of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, the old Persian poet, who has taken such vital hold of modern hearts through Fitzgerald's wonderful poetic interpretation of the oriental quatrains for English readers. Having read and loved Fitzgerald's poem, and desiring to know more of the old astronomer poets, Mr. McCarthy, "plunged into Persian for Omar's sake." Nothing daunted by a thousand duties and difficulties he "struggled with the strange script of the East," possessed himself of various texts of the "Rubaiyat," with which, "in such leisure as he could find, and at long intervals, I grappled." The result is a volume which serves to amplify Fitzgerald's version, giving about 450, instead of 101 of the "Rubaiyat." It brings us even nearer to the Persian's thought and feeling, and enables us to understand how, from that rich treasury of jewels locked away for centuries in a foreign tongue, the English poet was enabled to select and string together in modern form verses which will endure forever as one of the glories of English literature.

There is a brave spirit in this attack of the English parliamentarian upon a difficult language for the sake of a poet he loved and wished to know better. "Mr. Persian of today is at the best but beggarly," Mr. McCarthy modestly writes in his preface, "but such as it is it has given me infinite pleasure." Unquestionably Every brave effort is its own reward. Every fresh ascent, to a higher point

climbed for, but the whole vast plain of human effort, every realm of human activity.

That man is narrow who is entirely devoted to one kind of labor. He becomes absorbed in his specialty until he underestimates the importance of other departments of effort. He loses that mental perspective which gives their proper value to all systems of thought and forms of labor, and thus weakens his mastery of even his own department. The influences are strong in this country toward specialized education and there is much truth in the reasoning which urges our schools and colleges to fit a student for the battle of life by giving him an outfit of practical, marketable knowledge. But our young people must be reminded that every new conquest a man makes in the sphere of general culture strengthens his hold upon the specialty by which he makes his bread. That statesman has broader views of statecraft who carefully studies Greek poetry. This lawyer is more able in his profession for his comprehension of modern art; an architect who loves music designs more beautiful and harmonious buildings; the musician who studies philosophy thereby deepens the meaning of his melodies. And so on through all the professions and trades. All departments of knowledge are allied with each other, reciprocally helpful to each other. To explore only one is to deny one's self a true and deep comprehension of it; to be forever rolling this stone up-hill and never reaching the top.—*Chicago Times*.

## NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

During the past week the regular routine work of the camp has been attended to. Séances for almost every phase of known mediumship are represented at this time, from the purely inspirational intelligence from the higher life down through all the intermediate phases of intercommunication with loved ones gone before—down, down, until the darkness of darkened rooms with black cabinets, ruled and controlled by the fraternity of wonder workers, step in to ply their art upon the credulous and unwary, an admixture that time and honesty of purpose in the better natures of humanity alone can obliterate.

On Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, July 23rd and 27th, Mrs. Shelhamer Longley delivered two fine lectures,—conference meetings taking part of the time on the other days, while yachting, fishing, bathing and boating were freely indulged in on the bay. Saturday morning the storm clouds put in an appearance. The winds blew, the rain fell in torrents, and the bright hopes of the many who spend the hot Sundays at the several watering places on the shores of Cape Cod were decidedly dampened, so much so that the arrivals at all the places were very much less than they otherwise would have been Sunday.

The storm had abated, but a cold, damp uncomfortable day was with us; very few people on the street. The Sunday trains on the Old Colony began to arrive and the people came in unexpected numbers for such a day. The steamer Island Home brought up a few hundred, so that at the hour of meeting the great Temple made with hands was well packed to listen first to a concert by the Middleboro Band, and then a lecture by the reformed or reconstructed Methodist divine, the Hon. Sidney Dean, of Rhode Island, who takes pleasure in preaching the gospel of Spiritualism as he has found it in his personal investigations during a period of some ten years. Mr. Dean's power of elucidating his experiences when he leaves his manuscript upon the desk and steps out before his audience to say something, because he has got something to say, is grand, clear, lucid and to the point, and we can understand what he says and what he intends to convey.

In describing an incident in his slate-writing investigations, Mr. Dean said that he, his legal friend and the medium were in his own library in broad day light. After sitting a little while, the medium said, "Mr. Dean, wash two slates quickly," which he proceeded to do. Then he said, "Tie them together." As he started to do so the medium dropped a bit of pencil between them and then he tied them together. Then the medium said, "Hold them up." Mr. D. swung the slates in mid air with his right hand as far behind him as he could in a perpendicular position, knowing that gravitation would place that bit of pencil at the bottom of the slates, and if there was any writing it must be at that point. He heard the writing, and when he opened the slates the communication began at the top in the plain well cut letters of a young person. It was one of the sweetest communications of all his experiences, and was signed by the person's full name. He looked at it, and thought the devil was in it. "That is a naughty word," said he, "but I cannot help it." The speaker then returned to his desk and to his manuscript.

Among the late arrivals are Luther Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton; Mrs. Etta Roberts, and J. W. Roberts, New York; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Morse, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. Rothchild, Cairn, Bairn, England; Mrs. A. G. and Ella Walcott, New York.

Arrangements have been perfected whereby Sunday meetings will be continued until the first Sunday in September.

Memorial services, will be held, Wednesday afternoon, August 7th.

Sunday, August 11th, Amanda Spence, of New York, will be the speaker.

Onset, Mass., July 29, 1889.

## Notes from Cassadaga.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Yesterday, July 30, was my first visit to Cassadaga this season. The attendance was fair and interest good. Conference was lively and interesting. Walter Howell made a spicy speech, in which he said criticism is our best helper; but when the inflated egotism and ignorance of novices attack the cause to misrepresent and disparage its eternal verities, we have a right to be jealous and resist the attack. He claimed (and truly I think) that Spiritualism in all its diversities of ways and means, has done more to inaugurate and carry forward all the great reforms of the past forty years than all other influences combined. Mental healing, Christian Science and all the branches of limited growth had not advanced a single proposition that had not been iterated and reiterated in one form and another from the spiritualistic rostrum for the last forty years. To which sentiment there was a hearty response and endorsement from the audience. Mrs. Lily spoke pleasantly and with becoming grace, giving an interesting experience which shows how spirits manipulate in many ways, the thinking bodies and leading representatives of religious thought, and direct the thoughts and utterances from pulpit, press and

platform and was a tonic to all who need bracing.

The grounds have been much improved, and the mounds of flowers scattered around the pavilion add much to the charms of the scene. A. G. Purple has a news stand where he dispenses visible gospel in the form of spiritual papers, etc. Mr. Josh. Ramsdell is preparing a souvenir of Cassadaga in the form of illustrations of his own work and historical and biographical sketches and pictures of the workers and speakers and mediums identified with the camp and its history. He is a competent artist and practical newspaper man. Rev. Solon Lauer (Grapho), was taking views of the grounds. Wm. A. Mansfield is there and others of note. It was my pleasure to meet the Rev. E. F. Adams of Dunkirk, who famous church trial ten years ago created public excitement. He outgrew the Presbyterian creed in some of its abominable travesities on the character of God, and had the manly courage to avow his convictions. He is in better standing with the dominant influences of the church than ten years ago, yet he has grown more and more away from the old horrors, and I think accepts the cardinal idea of Spiritualism (perhaps somewhat modified by his education). He is a thinker and a scholar.

T. J. Skidmore and his helpful wife are a tonic and a restful balm to all comers. I expect to start for Lake Pleasant Saturday, the 3rd.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Fredonia, N. Y., July 31.

A Dead Open and Shut Letter to Dr. J. D. Buck.

DEAR SIR:—The article, "Mark Time, Theosophists!" to which your "Open Letter" replies, defines my position fully, and also covers the only real point you raise. The rest of what you say is simply the impertinence of a coward who deserves to be a slave. Mark time, now! To your own music, not mine! Face your former opinion of your present self, then—

"...I will not sign away my liberty of conscience and right of judgment and free action. The man who mortgages these is a coward and a fool, and deserves to be a slave...."

For these are the very words with which, in a letter to me dated Nov. 30th, 1886, you describe the very things you have since done and become. I would have thrown the charitable mantle of silence over the sad fact; but you have insisted on advertising yourself as a sucking-dove with a collar on, in your "Fatuous Fakes" article of June 29th, and now again "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land" in your "Open Letter," as a "damnable iteration" of the damatory fact. If you are satisfied I cannot complain. But you must not expect any weight to be attached to your present views on such subjects.

Whenever you come to your sober senses, and break from the disreputable New York ring with which you are now linked, you will be welcomed back with open arms by all true Theosophists; and by none more cordially than by

Your unflexibly surgical friend,  
ELLIOTT COUES, F. T. S.  
1726 N street, Washington, D. C., July 29.

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## THE SUMMER TOURIST

Should in his preparations, avail himself of the full and detailed information given in the Michigan Central Summer Tourist Rate Book, which will be sent to any address upon application. The summer reports of the East are fully described and illustrated in a new book, entitled, "A Modern Pilgrimage," 32 cents postage, and "The Island of Mackinac," postage four cents. Address, enclosing stamps, Mr. O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Many industries have been established in the South, particularly at the rapidly growing city of Florence, Ala., and Chicago & East Indian Territory (Evansville Route) has decided to run five personally conducted excursions as follows: August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. All the railroads in the North-west have agreed to sell for those dates excursion tickets to point in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning 30 days.

Persons desiring to join these excursions can obtain full particulars by writing to J. B. Morrell, Traveling Agent C. & E. I. R. R. 501 First National Bank Building, Chicago, or to William Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

## Half Fare Excursions.

On Tuesday, August 26, and September 10 and 24 and October 8, 1889, the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway will sell Harvest and Excursion tickets to all points in southern Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas and Nebraska, exclusive of the Missouri River, Gateway, and all points on the Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Arizona and Dakota; also to principal points in Northwestern Iowa and Minnesota, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi. Tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip and will be good returning thirty days from date of departure.

For full particulars call on ticket agents of the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

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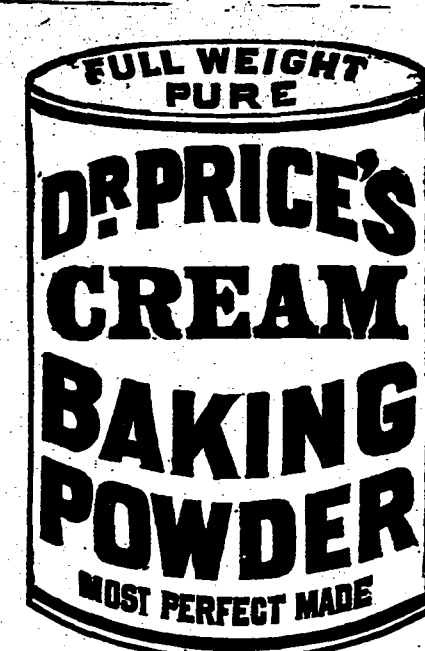
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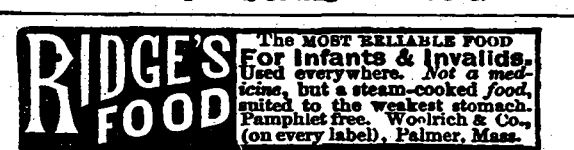


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They are losing all their power.  
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Wake and help to fill the hour.  
Now the Christ at last has risen;  
And the way that leads to heaven  
Is not choked by sectarian wars.  
Now we have no blood-stained altars,  
Sacrifices have no part;  
All the sacrifices now needed  
Is the "humble, contrite heart."  
We are coming, and the angels  
Now may act the angelic part,  
Moving on as true evangelists  
But to purify the heart.  
Now the kingdom that is coming  
Is to be within the soul,  
And the will that must be doing  
Is to keep a wise control.  
Now the charge we have in keeping  
Is to roll away the stone,  
And to wake the millions sleeping  
We have made the work our own.  
Listen! Let the inner longing  
Make new heaven and new earth,  
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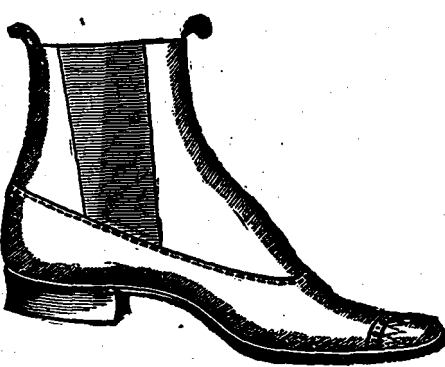
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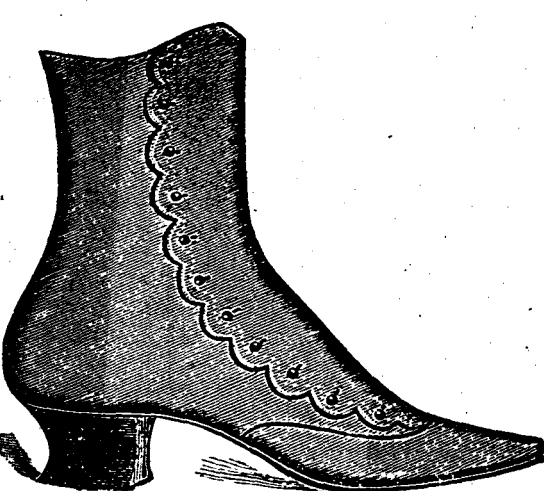
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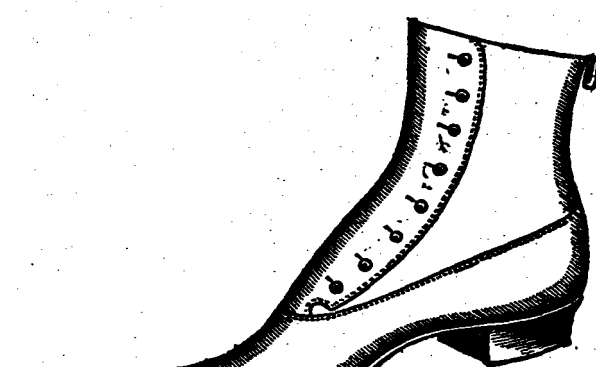
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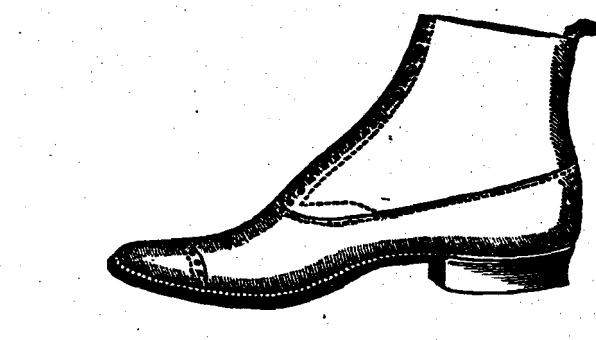


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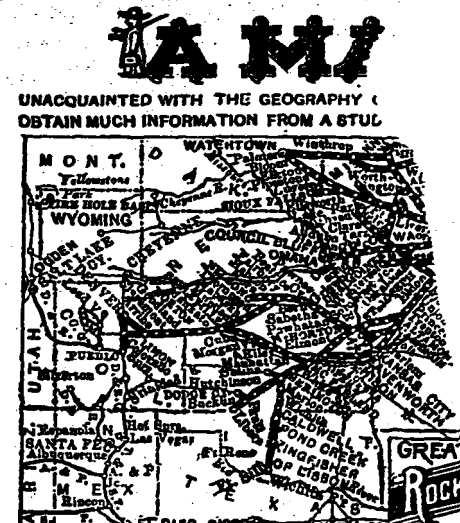
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## PREFACE.

The reasons which have induced the writer to undertake the responsibility of presenting a purely occult view of the world, are briefly as follows:

For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult forces, the results of these mystical labors were considered to great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to publish, as far as practicable, the general results of the searches into a series of lessons for private occultists. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspect of occult lore as seen and realized in the soul and the external world, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of Egypt and Chaldea, and thus giving a brief epitome of Hermetic philosophy. (The term Hermetic is here used in its true sense of sealed or secret.)

Having served their original purpose, external circumstances have compelled their preparation for a much wider circle of minds. The chief reason urging to this step was the strenuous efforts now being systematically put forth to poison the budding spirituality of the western mind, and fasten upon its mediumistic mentality, the subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation, as taught by the sacerdotalists of the decaying Orient.

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that the work is issued with a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true spiritual connection between God and man, and the soul and the stars, and to reveal the real truths of Karma and Reincarnation as they actually exist in nature, stripped of all priestly interpretation. The definite statements made in regard to these subjects are absolute facts, so far as embodied man can understand them through symbolism of human language, and the writer defies contradiction by any living authority who possesses the spirit right to say, "I know."

During the twenty years of personal intercourse with the exalted minds of those who constitute the brethren light, the fact was revealed that long ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul as well as the real secrets of its own occultism. As a race they have been, and still are, travelling the descending arc of their racial cycle, whereas the western race have been slowly working their way upward through matter upon the ascending arc. Already it has reached the equator of its mental and spiritual development. Therefore the writer does not fear the ultimate results of the occult knowledge put forth in the present work, during this, the great moment of crisis of the race.

Having explained the actual causes which impelled the writer to undertake this responsibility, it is also necessary to state most emphatically that he does not wish to convey the impression to the reader's mind that the Orient is destitute of spiritual truth. On the contrary, every genuine student of occult lore is justly proud of the snow white locks of old Hindustan, and thoroughly appreciates the wondrous stores of mystical knowledge concealed within the astral vortexes of the Hindu branch of the Aryan race. In India, probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study. But alas! it is not a progressive study. The descending arc of their spiritual force keeps them bound to the dogmas, traditions and externalisms of the decaying past, whose real secrets they can not now penetrate. The ever living truths concealed beneath the symbols in the astral light are hidden from their view by the setting sun of their spiritual cycle. Therefore, the writer only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind, the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhist Theosophy (esoteric so called), that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the western race. It is the elusive Oriental esotericism against which his efforts are directed, and not the real nor the mediumistic individuals who uphold and support them; for "omnia vincit veritas" is the motto of

THE AUTHOR.

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BY JOHN C. BUNDY.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 17, 1890.

## What the Devil has Done?

According to the orthodox church belief, the Devil has been the most active being in the universe. After God had created the world and pronounced it "good," a single shrewd move on the part of the Prince of Darkness aborted all his plans, and sent the race of beings created after God's own image on the swift road to sin and death, only prevented by the Son of God, or God himself, dying on the cross, and then only a possible moiety saved from eternal fire! And from that vigorous start in the beginning there has been no cessation of devilish activity. A very new idea introduced into the world, many inventions, and nearly every step taken in advance of preconceived notions, has been credited to the Devil. To be wiser than one's time, was, not so long ago, to be possessed of the Devil. It was the Devil who instilled into the mind of Copernicus a knowledge of planetary laws, and ground the lens of the telescope by which the orthodox idea of the earth being flat, square, and supported on the waters beneath the firmament, was dissipated. It was the Devil who impressed geologists with the notion of unfolding the strata of the earth's crust, and reading there the history of age after age of eons length before the appearance of man. Especially was Darwin influenced to plan a scheme of evolution whereby the story of the six days of creation and origin of man was shown to be an idle myth of a childish race.

Spiritualism was the latest work in which the Prince of Evil exhibited his perverse disposition. He came in the garb of near and dear angelic friends to lead the unwary astray! He has succeeded most alarmingly, and millions follow this path, which apparently is pleasant beyond compare, and glorious with the light of thought, but leads to the regions of despair, if this theory be true.

Theatres receive especial condemnation as being the work of the evil one. As a distinguished English divine says: "The theatre in its essence came from the Devil... and is a gift of paganism." Paganism and the Devil are here blended in a confusing manner. If Christianity itself would eliminate all it has imbibed from paganism it would not have even a husk left. Hence if paganism is of the Devil, Christianity, as derived in the main from paganism, must have the same origin. Had not the Devil instigated Judas to betray his master, even a second time the scheme of the Creator would have miscarried, for the only manner possible for the crucifixion to have taken place, was by the interposition of Satan. Hence to him must be referred all the good as well as evil that has flowed from that event.

Just now the Sunday cranks are vehemently declaring that the "desecration of the Sabbath is among the most diabolical of acts." This Sunday desecration according to Rev. Dr. Campbell, in a speech before the Minnesota State Sabbath Union, is "Paganism.... True, a very polite Paganism but none the less Paganism pure and simple. You'll find the lower side of it in a Sunday saloon, the Sunday theater and Sunday prize fight. The upper side you'll find in the Sunday excursion, the Sunday newspaper, and Sunday drive; but both are as pagan as anything you will find among the Hottentots." Observing instead of Saturday for the Sabbath, true, is "Paganism, pure and simple."

There is not a line or word in the bible mentioning Sunday as the Sabbath or commanding or recommending its observance. If there is any plous necessity of keeping the Sabbath, they who keep Sunday gain nothing by doing, and their vain belief in that day is

one of the machinations of the Evil One to gather them all in at last for having pinned their hope of salvation on a falsehood.

Paganism gave the world a feebly explosive gun powder, the spear, and arrow; Christianity improved these and made the terrible dynamite and nitroglycerine, the cannon, and repeating rifle, that hurl storms of lead and iron into the quivering flesh of contending armies, and make war wholesale murder. It is Christianity that in its nineteenth century of mission work has confronted the nations of Europe, armed to their last man, *cap a pie*, and made war the business, the pleasure, the source of honor and fame of these Christian nations. No more brutal condition ever prevailed among the Pagan nations of ancient times, or the barbarous tribes of America or Africa; the more intensely brutal as the refinement of intelligence contrasts with and intensifies the shameful condition.

When one looks over the Christian portion of the earth, with its contending armies, its plethoric few, its starving, ignorant many, its unblushing crime, its countless jails, prisons, dungeons, work-houses, and hospitals for the cure of unmentionable crimes against nature, there is a vague consciousness of the acceptance of the idea so constantly paraded that the Devil really does have a controlling interest in the affairs of the world.

Is the Devil the strongest? Is the profoundly interesting question. Will the forces of evil triumph over the good? Is the Devil really the omnipotent one? Were we by some fatality transferred to the church point of view, we should become extremely pessimistic, and wait out in despair. It now seems to us, that if we should be thus transformed and believed without doubt the doctrines taught in the evangelical creeds, as their adherents claim they do, our reason would succumb before the terrible future. To the praise of the consciousness in every human soul of right and justice, such belief can never become more than a confession of the lips. The inner consciousness utters constant protest against the degrading and infamous doctrines, which have made the ages of the past a nightmare of demonology. Yet while it constantly leads upward to self-assertion, that the individual is superior to everything else, there is a constant reversion to the old faith as affording the most ready explanation of difficulties growing out of a want of breadth of comprehension of the laws of creation and existence.

This is well seen in the presence of great calamities, when the attempt is made to reconcile the goodness of God with the cruelty of the results. Talmage, for instance, explains the Conemagh flood by calling in the aid of "the demons of the pit," as though these demons had broken loose from the leash of God, or been set free purposely by him. If such explanations be allowed there is no end to the difficulties which arise, and there are but two horns to the dilemma: Either the demons (devils) are stronger than God, or God is not infinitely good. In that valley were scores of churches, where many times each week prayers were offered to the throne of grace for protection, yet not one of these prayers was answered. While Talmage prefers charges against the "demons of the pit," Rev. Joseph Madden boldly refers the flood to God. In a speech before W. C. T. U., on the 9th of June, in Pittsburgh, he said:

"I was in Johnstown when the flood occurred but managed, through my own energy and perseverance to escape. Those who had not done so, let a warning six hours old go unheeded and waited, were drowned, and went to hell!" The murmur of disapprobation which followed the utterance of this horrid sentiment shook the building and the greater part of the audience left the room and held an indignation meeting outside. Rev. Madden explained that his remarks were only applicable to the rum sellers. It appears that God had intended to sacrifice Madden, but the latter by his "own energy and perseverance escaped!" To punish the saloon-keepers, God destroyed thousands of innocent women and children whose every instinct was in favor of temperance, and spared not even his own places of worship! What words of execration ought we to use against a doctrine which makes a Rev. Madden of a human being?

In a beautiful village in Northern Ohio there was a fine congregational church, the members of which for more than half a century prided themselves on the solidity and height of its steeple, the exceptional tone of its bell, and their own godliness and staid conservatism. They had recently celebrated with prayer and thanksgiving their half-century of existence, and happily started toward their centennial. A fire was kindled in some old buildings in the town, and soon became a sweeping conflagration only arrested by a wide vacant space. Beyond this were rickety livery barns, sheds and outbuildings, which seemed to invite a floating spark, but the fire touched them not, and the anxious watchers saw the great gilded ball on the church-spire far beyond these, shine like a lamp and then burst into a blaze. It was so high, water could not be thrown to it, and the burning embers fell on the dome of the steeple and the roof of the church which were rapidly wrapped in flames. Afterwards it was remembered that a woodpecker had been observed to bore a hole and build its nest in the ball, and in the tinder box thus provided the drifting spark had caught.

Now the question arises, who instigated that woodpecker to build its nest in such an unusual place,—God or the Devil? It is not credible that the former would desire the destruction of his own house, one which the members heavily taxed to maintain their

meetings could so illy spare. If the building had been a saloon, or kept for any immoral purpose, such an interposition of Providence would have been consonant with prevailing church ideas, but how is it reconcilable with the facts?

Recently the people of a town in Indiana were assembled to dedicate a new church and crowded the building to suffocation. While a Rev. Myers, a prominent evangelist, was in the midst of his fervent sermon, a small rain-cloud passed over, discharging a single bolt of lightning which struck the church chimney, destroying it, and then ran down the stove pipes tearing the stoves to pieces and the floor beneath and around them. All the congregation were affected, many seriously. One branch of the bolt descended the pulpit chandelier, under which the preacher stood. He sprang into the air and turning a somersault came down heavily on his face. It was half an hour before he showed signs of life. On the back of his head there was a seared spot and his face was badly burned and his eye sight gone.

Was it a judgment of God on this congregation that had by great effort built a house to the Lord? If so, he ought to intimate in some way what his "judgment" is for, or ordinary mortals might draw the mistaken conclusion that such dedications, and especially evangelical preachers, were distasteful to him. And, on the other hand, if the proceedings were to his pleasure, if the Devil sent the bolt of lightning to destroy the building and harm the people right in the sanctuary, why did not God prevent him? If God is all powerful, the permitting of such acts is identical with doing them himself.

Every day facts like these force themselves on the attention, and they need not be multiplied here to make clear the difficulties which surround the theological view of the origin and destiny of man. It is scarcely worth while to review the matter in argument, for while still lingering unchanged in the various creeds, it is being silently by tacit consent allowed to moulder and gather dust which already conceals its more revolting features. Yet it is well to hold in mind the facts and arguments bearing on the subject which every now and then reappears, like gibbering ghosts among the living thoughts of the present.

The evolution of intelligence has relegated the conception of evil as a personal being to the fancies of savage races, and cast grave doubts over the existence of positive evil as a principle.

Not the final triumph of Omnipotent God, but its own constant and eternal triumph, is the hope and salvation of mankind.

## Physician, Heal Thyself.

In the late unhappy scandal connected with Mrs. Plunkett alias Worthington, there are several points worthy of consideration. A woman before the public as a teacher of Christian Science, with a claim that her school puts orthodox Christianity into the shade, deliberately leaves her husband without the formality of a legal separation, but with his assent, and, in defiance of law takes another man as husband and "soul-mate." This is not an unknown procedure. A few men and women in all grades of society go through the same process of swapping partners. But it is not often they give it a high-sounding name, especially when posing as teachers of morality. When they do, the world is apt to give it another, and term it free love. Some prominent samples are only too fresh in the memory of our readers. In this case there are complications not often seen. The gay gallant is a genius in his line and has played the leading villain with distinguished success.

Eleven coiffing women have called him husband, Mrs. Plunkett, so far as heard from being the eleventh. The majority of these, perhaps all, he has stripped of all they possessed. One poor victim he deserted last January, leaving her in a delicate situation, to the charity of strangers within a month of the day he met the eleventh "soul-mate" in New York. Elegant, fascinating, persuasive, oily, tender, the modern Lothario charmed away dollars as well as hearts.

Success rendered him too bold. The last affinity proved his ruin—and, it is to be feared, hers. At last he has come to grief, though, if the extracts from his forthcoming article in the *International Magazine*, the organ of Mrs. Plunkett's school, can be believed, he has not come to repentance. These extracts, read to the *World* reporter by his pseudo wife, are only a series of tirades on the hypocrisy of people in general. They have a familiar sound. Liars think all men false; adulterers disbelieve in purity; Worthington justifies his character; the shameless see a reflection of their own natures in all they meet. But by what subtle process of reasoning does Mrs. Plunkett justify herself? How dared she to hope that a step from rectitude and common decency would be tolerated in that Christian world in which she has lately figured as a star of the first magnitude? What inferences are to be drawn from her rashness?

Every appearance indicates Mrs. Plunkett to be a woman of extraordinary energy and will, an excellent business manager, plausible, insinuating and with an enthusiasm for her version of Christian science. With a towering ambition and a great love of luxury and power, united with large social qualities and desire to do good, there is found in her a complex character. She is animated by mixed motives; sometimes one motive rules, sometimes an other. Her husband and her herself, by their own public confession, long since ceased to love one another, but they still lived together.

Now appears upon the scene the elegant villain ready for fresh conquests. At first sight, she states, he and she know they are one and one forever. This man of the world and woman of the world, she the mother of two children, both in middle life, recognize each other as kin, and know they shall be united through all time. It is the same old story! the travesty of that profound and sacred attachment which comes through intimate knowledge of one another's highest and holiest natures. Very likely each did find a kind of counterpart of the other, and that each exercised over the other an influence both physical and psychical. When each is largely endowed upon the sensuous and the psychical plane and ready to radiate that influence upon a desired object, the other cannot but respond.

Here, the teacher saw before her a man capable of helping in her towering scheme of college building and leadership in a great movement. He just filled the bill, and such a showy person with large business capacities would be a splendid ally in those plans, partially unselfish, which contemplated a wonderfully successful future. She felt, too, the powerful magnetic attraction which had won so many other women, and, abetted by ambition, weakly yielded to that influence, concerning which he had no scruples. No considerations of duty hindered either a single moment. No chaste and dignified motherhood and motherhood on the one hand, nor woman-respecting manhood on the other deterred from a mutual confession upon immediate opportunity. Of his rottenness all the world knows; of her what shall be said?

What can be thought but that when that gentle modesty which surrounds every true woman like an invisible shield is once brushed away, she forgets the purity and sanctity which should make of her an inspiration to all that is best and noblest in man, which should disarm and rebuke the passionate element and be to him a revelation of sweetness and purity? Any other course makes all good women suffer with shame and sorrow that the high ideal, the pure and lofty capabilities innate in all, is thus trailed in the dust; that woman should be participant in grovelling passion instead of inciting to noblest affections.

The whole theory of such a union is false. When soul governs sense, both can wait for fitting time and place ere coming together. To such, time and space are nothing; soul communes with soul and every real need will find consummation at last. Such is the very doctrine of Christian Science of which Mrs. Plunkett is expounder,—the belief of all high-minded persons who have culture, self-discipline and trained wills. Such is not the doctrine of free-lovers, whether known by that name or not.

As a teacher, Mrs. Plunkett should not have been ignorant of this. Shall she guide others who cannot take care of self? Like every other fatal example of passion attraction, this is dignified by high-sounding phrases while showing the veriest senseless selfishness. According to the reporter whose account she has not contradicted, Mrs. Plunkett was shown the picture of a pretty child, the daughter of a wife whom she had not heard about till that very moment. "How lovely!" she exclaimed, "There are his dear eyes! She looks so much like him!" and not one word of the sufferings of the mother, the shame of the child and the desertion of both by the husband and father. In fact, the callousness shown by her toward those sister women whose lives have been wrecked by Worthington is something hard to understand. It shows a want of feeling that is simply monstrous. "If they only knew how I love him they would let him alone!" she said,—and that is all concerning the enormity of offences which are worse than murder of the body. Can senseless selfishness be carried farther than that?

A true love, while clinging to the beloved object, humbles itself to the dust before wrongs such as these. It would strip itself of gaude and jewels for the sake of those injured sisters who had become mothers of his children. It would not rest until he had felt true repentance and, as far as possible, made reparation. It would have taken him by the hand and said: "Come, let us go out into the world and work in obscurity and silence, until you have made all amends that is in your power. Inasmuch as you have trampled upon womanhood and rendered to my sisters every indignity in the power of a man to render, therefore you must retrace your steps and spend your life in undoing the evil you have wrought. In crucifying them you have also crucified me. When you have redeemed yourself, made reparation and lived a true, honest life, then we will stand before God and man and show that justice has had its way."

That Mrs. Plunkett does not in the least realize the gravity of his wrong doing shows that she is psychologized by his magnetic influence, and that she has not developed out of the direct and most senseless selfishness.

All who hold such views and practices are dangerous teachers and guides. Sentimentalists are caught by her sophistry, as well as old blazé stagers who know no duty but passion. Sympathetic, gushing creatures will weep over the blighted affections of the pair, the public will have its biting jest, the Spiritualist will rejoice that both disclaim his belief, but the thoughtful observer must declare that the path of life at best is perilous and that only they who have kept clear of great pitfalls should attempt to lead others.

In Burmah it is believed that the ruby ripens like fruit. The natives say that a ruby in its crude state is colorless, and as it grows older turns yellow, then green, then blue, and lastly a brilliant red.

## "Has Fairly Won"

The Chicago correspondent of the *Daily Times* in a letter published August 5th refers to Mrs. E. A. Wells against Mr. Bundy. Viewing the matter this correspondent says: "Few, probably, even of the Spiritualists realize the tremendous fight Col. Bundy has carried on for the last dozen years, in exposing the numberless frauds who claimed to 'materialize' mediums. He has done hero's work, against great odds. First, against a disposition, on the part of half the Spiritualists and the general public, to swallow the grossest frauds; and this was all easier with those Spiritualists who had tried and proved the actual possibility of spirit existence and return, and so were less watchful, suspicious and searching than the would otherwise have been, in their examinations—they gave small encouragement to the courageous RELIGIO in its crusade against frauds. Then the arts and devices of the tricksters were almost beyond belief in some cases, rendering detection difficult; and too much 'aid and comfort' to the frauds was given by the Boston Spiritualist organ, Boston, especially, even more than Chicago, was all full of these trick cabinet women—who had men on hand to help them, if it came to a rough and tumble grab game and exposure.

"But Bundy has fairly won the battle. He has done much to clear out Boston, New York and Chicago of the frauds. He deserves the wide encouragement he is getting, and his paper is gaining in circulation. He hopes to establish a great central book publishing joint stock concern, and has secured a good many handsome subscriptions. The idea is to publish American and European works presenting the more elevated and striking facts and arguments of Spiritualism, but to make it no sectarian affair.

"This New York trial will develop some things of public interest. This Mrs. Wells has roped in great numbers, like her predecessor in the business, Mrs. Williams. None of them seem to be able to stand Bundy's exposures. They are shutting up, one after another, the establishments in the great cities where they have coined money by these shameful and wicked frauds; and it begins to look as if Col. Bundy might soon be able to cease the necessary work of demolition, and begin the needed work of construction, by expounding the facts and principles of the great Philosophy of which he is a prominent exponent."

Unquestionably the JOURNAL has fairly won the battle. It has been a long and hot fight, but it is practically over; and nothing now remains but to give a finishing stroke to the scattering remnants of the vanquished and demoralized host. Constructive work is the main purpose and hope of the JOURNAL; and because of this, has it been thorough and vigorous in clearing away the debris and pumping out the quicksand, that the foundation might be equal to sustaining the splendid structure yet to be built. The *Times* correspondent is unknown at the JOURNAL office but a call from him will be duly appreciated.

## A Case for Psychic Societies.

A. H. Barlow contributes to the *National Tribune* the following case: "A lady living in Alleghany county, Michigan, the mother of a soldier in a Michigan regiment, was engaged in picking currants at home on the 2nd of July, 1863, when the battle of Gettysburg was on. Her husband, the father of the soldier, was at work near by, when he heard his wife shriek and wail, as if in terrible distress. He flew quickly to the spot, found her lying on the ground, moaning, 'My son is killed; he is shot through the head, here [putting her hand to her head to indicate the place]. I just saw him fall and heard him cry, 'O mother.' He is dead; my poor son is dead.' As she was picking currants a vision of her son's fall flashed vividly upon her mind, and she refused to be comforted, insisting that he was killed. A few days afterwards a letter was received from a comrade of her son, detailing the account of her son's death at Gettysburg, at the exact hour that her vision of his fall occurred many hundreds of miles distant. It is certain that she saw her son fall and heard his dying words, 'O mother.' This will be substantiated beyond the shadow of a doubt if it is desired." We have made no effort to verify this account, but it seems truthful, and is in accord with facts which lead us to believe it probable.

## Olcott in Japan.

The *Missionary Herald*, Boston, for August, contains a letter from Rev. J. H. Pottee, dated at Okayama, Japan, and devoted largely to an account of the visit of Col. Olcott, the "American Buddhist," as the writer terms him. Mr. Pottee says ten thousand tickets to Olcott's lectures were sold at three cents a piece, and that he spoke twice to audiences of four thousand. Olcott "created sensation ending in disappointment."

Mr. Pottee continues: "Priests of two leading sects long at enmity had united for the occasion, Pilate and Herod-like, but one side privately sold thousands of spurious tickets as a speculation, and the war is on once more, priestly stock being at a lower figure than ever. The spectacular exhibition which included a long line of eating stands, lottery shows and monkey performances, leading to the temple, probably made some impression on the ignorant in favor of Buddhism. This will be followed up by hundreds of priests, who by misquoting Olcott will deceive many, but the lectures themselves, as a whole, fell perfectly flat on the educated part of the au-



nselfs are the most dishe city."

to his correspondent of the Herald, free-thinking students the pupil of Blavatsky character: "Mr. Olcott is an adventurer." Olcott said very little about Buddhism very much about himself." Olcott ned to India.

Flavius Josephus Cook's Latest.

respondent at La Grange, Indiana, late of August 6th writes:

Friday the Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston ed his lecture, "Does Death End All?" nd Park, Noble county, Ind., a western aqua. He said he was not a Spiritu- that Spiritualism was nine-tenths and humbug and the other tenth of levil (Great cheering). He then said he believed the germ of the spirit body w and already in our physical bodies, ave illustrations to show that at the nt of death the spirit shines through ytical body and becomes radiant and mes visible to those present with the ; and that the dying give evidence of g those who have gone on before. He of the aura surrounding the head of ing, and compared it to the illumina- of the head of Jesus, Moses and Elias in Bible. If I understand the teachings of ritualism, the reverend gentleman after ving roundly denounced it, finished up his ture with sound spiritual doctrine.

Flavius Josephus Cook—that is the name th which he was christened, and by which was known to us at Phillips Academy, lover, Mass., in 1857—knows full well e truth of the central claim of Spiritual- i, and this he knows from experimental owledge. When he says Spiritualism is e-tenths fraud and the other tenth of the il, he knows he is lying, and catering to prejudices and superstitions of those ose money he pockets. Josephus was a at lubber as an academy boy and is a still ger lubber as a preacher.

The seventh day Adventists have been con- ecting a camp meeting at Belleville, Mich., nd notwithstanding the hot weather have een preaching a much hotter future for ose who reject the seventh day. These eetings have been attended by large num- ers, and the excitement wrought up has been tense. Mrs. Frank, a prominent member of a Methodist Church, was seized with the ower "at one of these meetings, and she e become a raving maniac. She bewails e loss of her soul, and has so frequently eated suicide that it has been necessa- y to take her to the asylum. Other converts e roaming through the streets, warning e people of the wrath to come, and point- ng to the recent floods as evidence that the rials of wrath are being emptied. There is uch feeling among other Christians against e Adventists. Rev. R. L. Hemson of the Methodist Church, from his pulpit denounced e proselyting preachers, and some of the Methodist laity are even more threatening eir language.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

The Theosophist, Madras, India, for July, is received. Among the principal articles are Universal Brotherhood, The Karma Doctrine, A Ghost Story from the Russian, The Hidden Life, and Hindu Priests. Price fifty cents.

Inquiries come in about Carrie M. Sawyer. The JOURNAL having repeatedly exposed the crookedness of this disreputable creature has no more space to devote to her. If people will be fools enough to pay her a dollar a show for her exhibit, there is no way but to let them pay for their folly.

Buchanan's Journal of Man for August is received. This issue is largely made up of choice selected matter worthy of being rescued from the daily flow and preserved in the more durable magazine form. There is as much skill needed in making judicious selections from print as from manuscript. Price twenty cents.

Coleman's painstaking papers may seem rather laborious reading for hot weather, but they cover ground that the average reader has neither time nor facilities for exploring at first hand, and this seems the fitting time—regardless of temperature—in which to publish them. They will prove invaluable for reference and should be preserved. It is high time the Blavatsky nonsense had ceased to muddle people. These papers will help to clear the spiritual atmosphere.

Mrs. Wilda Buckman, Secretary, writes us from East Portland, Oregon: "The third annual camp meeting of the Oregon State Spiritual Society, will convene at New Era, Clackamas county, Or., September 6th, 1899, and continue ten days. All members are requested to be present, and all friends of the cause are invited. There will be good accommodations, and reduced rates on O. & C. railroad. Good speakers and mediums are expected.

The Light of Egypt has lately come from the press and is a work well worth a careful perusal. It is sure to create a sensation and be productive of lasting results. For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force. It will interest Spiritualists and all students of the occult. Finely illustrated with eight full page engravings. Price \$3.00.

A new edition of Rules and Advice for those desiring to form circles, together with declaration of principles and belief, and hymns and songs for circles and social singing, compiled by James H. Young, is ready, revised and enlarged. Many copies of this pamphlet have been sold, and now another edition is ready. Price 25 cents, postpaid. For sale at

#### INVOCATION ODE.

To Be Chanted at the Opening of Each "Arcane" (Late "Esoteric") Lodge, T. S.

All sucking doves are requested to join in the chorus, and let the loud anthem roll:

#### NEARER TO SHE.

[Adapted and Dedicated to all Pledged Theosophists, By Billieus Fudge, F. T. S.]

I.  
Nearer to H. P. B.,  
Nearer to Shel,  
Even though it be a fraud  
That payeth me,  
Still all my howls shall be,  
Nearer to H. P. B.,  
Nearer to Shel.

II.  
Tho', like a psychic squab,  
On toast done brown,  
Blowflies be over me,  
Pinfeathers gone;  
Ye, in the soup I'd be,  
Nearer to H. P. B.,  
Nearer to Shel!

III.  
Thus let the fake go on,  
Koot Hoomie Heaven;  
All that he sendeth me,  
For dollars given!  
Fakirs to beckon me,  
Nearer to H. P. B.,  
Nearer to Shel!

#### NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

On Sunday evening, July 28th, Mrs. Jennie P. Bicker opened her parlors in Bayside cottage, South Boulevard, and entertained many of her friends with a musicale of a high order, as the following participants will indicate: Mr. George Hoemer, violinist; Miss Alice Sinclair, soloist, vocal; Mr. Smith, flute; Prof. Frank E. Crane, pianist; Mr. Packard and Prof. S. P. Longley, vocalists; Mrs. E. S. Varney, readings; Mrs. Shelhamer Longley, short address, under control of spirit John Pierpont. Each artist was heartily applauded and the good time was only too short.

Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., has been stopping at Onset the past week. Mr. Henry J. Newton and Mrs. Etta Roberts of New York gave a séance for materialization Sunday evening, July 28th, to some twenty invited guests, Mrs. Beste furnishing apartments.

The Eddy mediums, William, Horatio and Mary, have been holding sances in the Pavilion. Miss Carrie Straub has returned to her home, Hammon, New Jersey.

Tuesday afternoon, July 30th, chairman E. B. Fairchild was the regular speaker, taking for his subject, "The Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity." Mr. Fairchild spoke again on Saturday upon the subject of "Dogmatism." Saturday afternoon, the 3rd inst., J. J. Morse and Joseph D. Stiles arrived, looking happy as usual in the continuance of their life work in the spiritual field.

The Temple was again well filled with the lovers of the terpsichorean art on Saturday evening, Aug. 3rd, to enjoy the social hop, after the music of Carter's quadrille band.

#### RESOLUTION.

At a representative meeting held at Onset, Aug. 3rd, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That whereas the Massachusetts Medical Society in its convention held in Boston, June 12th, 1899, advocated the passage of a State law by the incoming legislature, that would, if enacted, deprive the people of the privilege of employing any or all practitioners except those who have been educated at some legalized medical college, and have received a diploma from the same; therefore, we, citizens of Massachusetts assembled at Onset, protest against this movement of said society, on the grounds that the present laws protect the people and punish the guilty in any and all misdemeanors connected with medical practice; also believing that many remarkable cures have been effected upon individuals who have been pronounced incurable by the so-called regulars, those persons performing the cure having never obtained a medical education or a diploma from a medical college, depending in their practice upon natural gifts of healing to perform these cures—such gifts being an inheritance, and not taught or recognized by medical colleges, thus far no diploma could be obtained from such sources. Having no sympathy with any such movement that will create a medical monopoly and enslave the people in this regard, believing that the spirit of the constitution of the United States guarantees to any citizen a right to use any mode of treatment or practice in which he or she has confidence when affected by disease, we feel it a duty to call upon all citizens of the State who wish to retain this constitutional right in medical matters, to use all their endeavors to see to it, that their freedom is not taken from them by the legislation proposed by the Massachusetts Medical Society.

Chairman E. B. Fairchild performed a marriage ceremony at the Marcy cottage Tuesday morning, Miss Jennie T. Marcy and Mr. Clifford D. Black of Boston being the happy couple. The couple left on the noon train for Canada, where they will pass their honeymoon. On their return they will reside in Boston.

Prof. Elliott Cones, M. D., and Mrs. Cones are taking a rest at the Pratt cottage, Pleasant Avenue.

President Wm. D. Crockett spent Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 3rd and 4th, at the grove. Four years ago to-day, August 4th, J. J. Morse arrived at Onset, direct from his native clime, and delivered his first lecture as the commencement of his four years' work in the United States before an Onset audience. From that date up to the present, Mr. Morse

has been one of Onset's and esteemed platform speakers, always commanding his full share of time, and audiences have not diminished. To-day, as comes back to fill his last engagement for the Association before going back to his English home and people. Mr. Morse has other lecture engagements to fill during the present month of August, and will return to Onset and close his public work in America, at least for the present, on Sunday, August 25th, before the Ladies Industrial Union, upon the Association's platform, leaving on Sunday evening train to meet his wife and daughter, who await him in New York. He will sail on the following Thursday for Scotland where he is engaged to commence his public work upon the other side of the Atlantic.

After seven days of almost continuous rain, this Sunday morning opens bright and fair, and we hail its beautiful splendor with joy and delight. At 10:30 the Middleboro band concluded another of its fine concerts at the grand stand, and after congregational singing, led by Miss Sinclair, with Prof. Crane, organist, chairman Fairchild introduced J. J. Morse of England as the speaker of the day. Mr. Morse then arose under control, and offered a brief invocation. He took for his subject the following: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" The speaker gave a short orthodox view of creation, with man included; also beautiful word-painting of this planet and its surroundings upon a natural basis, not forgetting the beautiful mountain scenery, the lakes and rivers, ocean and rivulet, bird and beast, fish and reptiles, everything upon so magnificent and scientific a scale that no scientist has ever thought of a chance for improvement—everything perfectly right except mankind. Then he took the planet as we found it, with man upon it, in its prehistoric conditions, and traced the wonderful progress that has been made, recounting the fact that at one time there was no means of communication between distant points, whereas we now have the telephone and telegraph, with a fair prospect of being able to sit in an office in New York and by touching an electric bell, shake hands, as it were, with a friend in St. Petersburg, and say, "How are you, my good fellow." The lecture was replete with fine points and sound argument, and was heartily applauded.

The subject of Mr. Morse's afternoon lecture was: "Ghosts, Holy and Unholy." This lecture was a plea for a better understanding of Spiritualism, a dividing of the spiritual from the material, the cutting loose from the materialities that are using the cloak of Spiritualism to cover up their heathen work of stimulation. Mr. Morse's description of Holy Ghosts in the form of our loved in the spirit land, who unmistakably demonstrate their continuity of life, was sublimely grand. He paid his respects to Theosophists and Christian scientists who use spirit powers under another name to suit their selfish purposes. The speaker claimed that a pure Spiritualism, divested of selfishness and devilish incarnate, was what we need to place before the people.

Joseph D. Stiles, the lightning test medium, followed both lectures with a séance, reporting a large number of names, nearly all of which were recognized.

Prof. Cadwell, the mesmerist, arrived at the grove Sunday morning, the 4th.

The Onset Street Railway are meeting all trains on the Old Colony Road at Onset Station, carrying the people to the grove, free from dust, in about four minutes (distance one mile) by the use of the Baldwin Steam Motor.

Extra copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL were distributed at the grand stand on Sunday, August 4th, the people coming to the platform by scores to secure a copy. I know those farmers and working people are having solid comfort in reading and re-reading these pages, and discussing the thoughts with their neighbors. The Sunday meetings at Onset will continue into September.

W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 4th, 1899.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

Three prisoners awaiting trial for burglary escaped from jail at Paw Paw, Mich., Sunday night.—The African Methodist closed an eight days' camp meeting at Shelbyville, Ill., Sunday. Three thousand people were present.—Dr. Bayless of the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, is dying at Bay View, Mich., of diabetes and a carbuncle on his neck.—Frederick Schniel of Baltimore, Md., whose wife died ten days ago, went out to her grave in Trinity cemetery and shot himself through the heart.—Atanson Wells of Peoria committed suicide by blowing his left side out with a shotgun. The cause was probably the pain he suffered from a carbuncle on his neck.—The Macon County (Ill.) Teachers' institute began last Monday with 200 teachers enrolled.—A. B. Mickley of Fort Wayne, Ind., is arranging to build a large pork packing establishment in that city.—James Phillips, a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy flagman, was run over by a train at Galesburg and killed.—William Shurts, a wealthy farmer living near Washington, N. J., was held up by masked men and robbed of \$3,500.—Jesse Phelps killed William Rott of Evans Falls Pa., with a monkey wrench in a drunken quarrel at Tunkhannock, Pa.—Henry J. Higgins of Boston is charged with robbing H. W. Tilton, his late partner in stock broking, of \$6,000. Higgins has fled to Montreal, it is supposed.—Gov. Francis of Missouri has offered \$300 reward for the arrest and conviction of the train-robbers who robbed the Wabash train near Kansas City on the night of August 3d.—Receiver Gray of the North River Sugar Refining company has applied to the Supreme court for an order to restrain the Sugar Refineries company sugar trust from declaring or paying any further dividends. The court granted a preliminary injunction.

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In Hon. A. B. Richmond's letter from Cassadaga camp, published last week, there occurs an annoying as well as amusing typographical error in the 14th line, where society is substituted for science by a careless compositor and overlooked by the machine proof-reader. The scalps of both offenders have been shipped by express to the Meadville lawyer, and we trust he will be sufficiently propitiated, although we admit that a brace of scalps is hardly enough for making him speak of spirits visiting the camp as "unseen intelligences unknown to society."

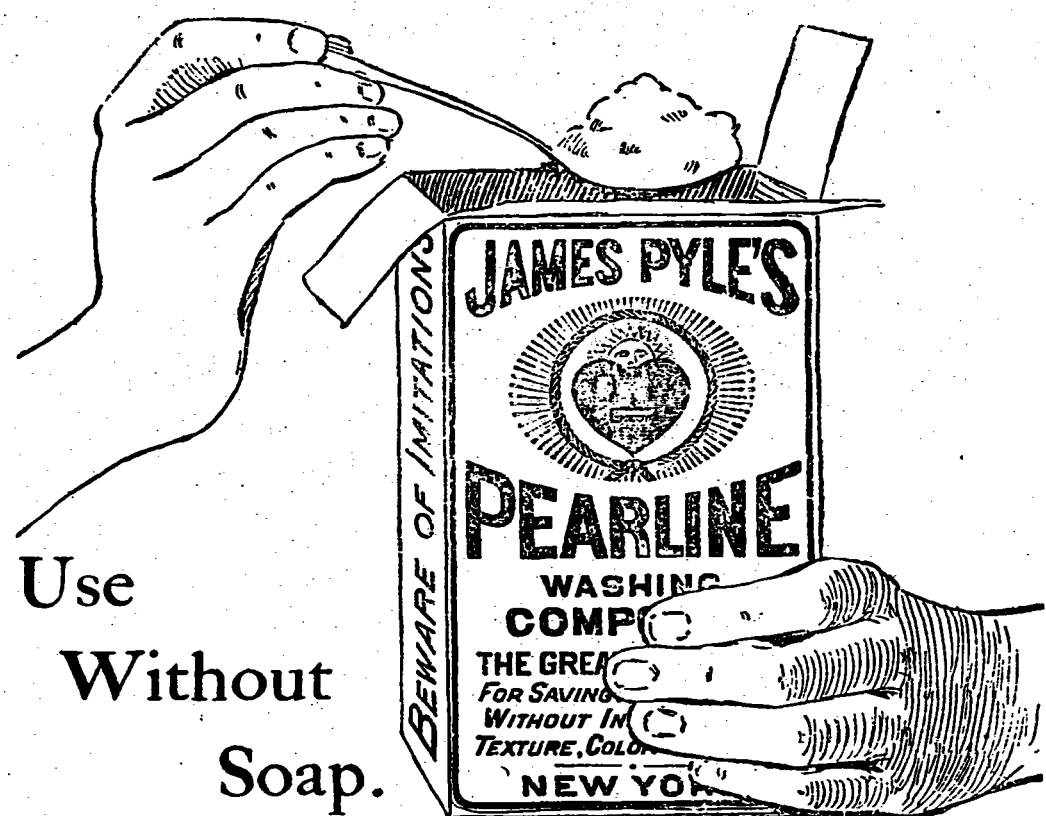
The various lines of railroad centering in Minneapolis will make a very low rate to the Minneapolis exposition this year, opening August 21st, a fact which promises a great deal for the success of the superb North Western Institution. The management this season has secured a large number of very attractive exhibits, and this, coupled with the features such as the Japanese Village, Capt. Paul Boyton, the numerous concerts, the famous band, and the magnificent art display, render it absolutely certain that visi-

itors to the exposition this season will enjoy a greater treat than ever before.

The Minneapolis exposition this year will contain a greater number of attractive exhibits than ever. At a recent meeting of prominent Minneapolis manufacturers, it was decided to put in very elaborate displays, and in order to add interest to them, it was decided that they should be movable in character. Manufacturers from abroad are showing much interest this year owing to the recent admission to the sisterhood of States of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington, and as a result are bringing forward their finest goods for exhibition at Minneapolis. The silk crop of Japan is increasing every year. The industry pays well, and the government is fostering it as much as possible.

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life, July 24th, Mary A. Jewett from her home in Lyons, Mich. Her devoted husband, J. R. Jewett, says: "My chief consolation in my bereavement is that she is relieved from pain and protracted suffering to a brighter and fairer realm, where the good and earnest worker will receive compensation for all the ills and sufferings here." J. R. J. Lyons, Mich.



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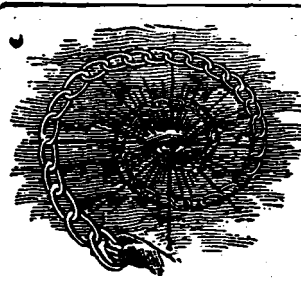
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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
Time's River.

HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

Ever onward sweep the surges  
Of Time's restless tide;  
Onward with the march of ages,  
Its rushing waters glide.

Richly its bosom freighted  
With life-barques on onward bound,  
To that realm on whose calm waters  
No wrecks are ever found.

Tones of wailing from these life-barques,  
Out o'er the waves doth swell,  
For some life-boat launched in darkness  
And wrecked where errors dwell.

Or, perhaps, despair is brooding  
O'er lives too fraught with life;  
Heed they not the Master's teaching:  
"He doeth all things well."

But not all are sounds of sorrow,  
For tones of joy are well,  
Come with songs and silvery laughter,  
Clear o'er the waters swell;

And from lives so wreathed with beauty,  
That let whatever beddie,  
Their pure thoughts with Time's deep river  
In harmony will glide.

Then as onward sweep the surges  
Of Time's restless tide;  
Beating us along green meadows  
That bound Life's river-side;

If we knew that with us always  
Necessity must ride;  
Thou' our boat may touch the quick-sand,  
And thro' the tempest glide;

Knowing that beyond the shadows,  
There is a brighter side,  
We can calmly watch the breakers,  
As trustfully the tide.

Rochelle, Ill.

## The Mountains in the West.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Everybody can not go to the mountains in the West, nor even to a camp meeting in the East; but after being prostrate with the heat for days in sunny Kansas, pocketbooks get more liberal—anyway, there is a hope of saving doctors' fees—so here we are, the little ones and my weary self, away out in Manitou, Col. Pike's Peak with its crest of snow, looks very refreshing, although I never hope to gain such heights, until the spirit soars beyond to mountains unseen. There are hills and dales, mountain streams, dashing onward and downward in their rocky beds, springs of living water, so pure, they seem the fountains of the life eternal, and other springs whose effervescent waters make the most delightful drink, and contain a balm, we are told, for all physical ills. With our "Soda Springs" contain a natural tonic for prostrated and worn out nerves, and my habitation while here will be so close that every draught shall be fresh from its cold and bubbling depths.

Our arrival found us very tired, but a little rest, and a warm dinner, which we enjoyed after hurried lunching, and we were able to go to a picnic to home and friends, while the children scamper away, up the mountain side, to view this new and varied scenery; their pulses bounding with delight at every step. Two hours quickly pass, and I go out to discover their whereabouts. I begin to fear they are lost, but am told that no one ever gets lost here; while the children are playing on the foot and in full view. Soon I see the wanderers away up the mountain side, sitting under a tree, and looking like babies, so small they seem and far away. I wave my hand, and know they see the signal, for a streak of blue comes dashing down the hillside, followed by the boy in grey and soon Edith panting at my side with, "O mamma, I was so afraid up there and Russle tried to push me off," which assertion is stoutly denied a moment later by my fun-loving boy, who looks his disgust at the idea of a girl being afraid of falling off a mountain; and next morning at six o'clock, finds him on the top of "Red Mountain" all alone, with no girl to spoil his fun. He comes back, however, a very tired and hungry boy and climbs no more mountains that day.

For two days we walk about the place, drink the water and enjoy everything. But, ah! and alas! for poor weak physical nature, all unused to such sublimity. The spirit soars with no girl to spoil his fun, and my third day finds me prostrated from the effects of the high altitude. A whole day in bed, in a little stuffy room, so unlike home—home. What would I not give for two hours of rest in my own airy room. But no, when one is off on a jaunt, in quest of health, one must expect every inconvenience and fix it up on one's own side of the planet. Through the distance—the star of health—so far away I only catch the faintest glimmer, and must exercise the utmost faith and patience or darkness will envelop its shining rays.

Five o'clock comes, and human nature can endure no more of this. With a mighty effort, of will venture as far as "Soda Spring." It is the rule that what goes up, must come down again; but I descend that wretched hill, knowing the rule must be reversed, for when I go down, I know full well I must go up again. My step is feeble, my head reels like a drunken man, and my heart—yes, I find I have one—nearly things would not take each. I am certain, of its abiding place, but give thanks that it is all over me at once. I get my drink at last, and so anxious am I to know if I shall ever again get up that hill, that I dare not stop for even a brief rest. A short path takes us out onto a street. We hasten on, and now a pain takes sudden hold of me and that heart of mine lets me see its abiding place.

O the dreary thoughts that came when I felt myself in mortal peril. "Must I fall here in the street, and shall I die and leave the little ones alone so far from home and friends?" But behold a sign—it is not in the heavens, but on a gate post, and it is not sprinkled with blood that I shall pass it by. It reads "Physician." We do pass by, however, and get a glimpse of kindly faces within. I feel that there is help. A moment, and we are back, and within the room, and I ask, "Is this Dr. — and will you be kind enough to advise me to take the next train for home?" For answer, my hands are quickly grasped. I am seated in a room, and I hear the doctor's question when I have put enough life into your nerves to enable you to take that next train, which you will have no need of doing—but Madame, you would have gone much farther; you are better and not the ghost you were when you came in." I feel the blood coursing through my veins, and I glow all through my side in place of the pain, soon I go back with strength renewed, feeling I can defy this sublime altitude for a time at least.

we resolve to have a good time. Visit the den of the Gods, "The Cave of the Winds," by Cavern, "Rainbow," Fair, climb to Helen Jackson's grave on "Cheyenne Mountain" and entertain a hope of Pike's Peak itself if we stay enough, and can find a donkey dole enough. But again, alas! for "best laid plans of men gang aft a glee." No sooner am I for battle than the altitude strikes another boy is fighting bravely with his enemy, the

more climbing now, and my wits are taxed to utmost to find amusement for the restless spirits confined now mostly indoors. The coolers must be entirely passed within, for our asthma must be petted and coaxed into submission. I hear in pleading tones, "Mamma, did you say something to read to us?" I think over for stock, for I came not to read, but to rest and grow strong. Yes, I have the loved one copy, but nothing in that for children's copy of the *Better Way* and in that with better success; for I and a story with ending or end; the second chapter of a story, which is made quite interesting by guess the first part, and using our imagination the third! As the sequel is to be a reprint life, we can make it as real as we to do Heaven and there we leave it. The "at we find entertainment in Hudson who to tolerance." I am re-reading it to my fifth says, "Please read us that nice ex-

perience in the back of that book, mamma, I heard you read it at home and I heard the spirit wife and mother comes back to earth to find her place supplanted by another. I close the book, too tired to read further. Clamoring voices say, "Go on, go on, do not stop there," but I say "no," and so another evening ends the pretty story—all too short, and also releases me from the bondage. Three days and nights have exhausted the diseases, and my strength as well as its own, but the enemy loses its grip at last, we rest and again cry glory, and away we go, only this time we are more modest and take a bus, a lunch and a day, for "Iron Springs," a journey we ought to take on foot, only a mile away, but we have lost faith in ourselves. That tonic drink helped me up many a climb that day, and Edith, I see her yet, the merriest of us all, her curls tossing in the mountain breeze, now here, now there, and always running back to me with some odd flower or specimen, usually to be cast away as worthless, or too bulky to carry. How I wish that "Spring" could be spirited away to Yankton, Kan. They could keep all the rest and welcome—and what a Godsend it would be—no more need of a boom. One taste of that elixir of life and all would exclaim with one breath, "There's millions in it!"

But our day at "Iron Springs" came to an end and all went well until Edith tried to raise her golden head next morning, and then I hear—"O mamma, I am so dizzy." I saw the altitude had stricken another, and although nose-bleed is awfully common, it took gigantic proportions with her and reduced her strength enough to keep her in bed half a day. The following morning we had the same experience and even now, on the 10th day of our sojourn, she is still trying to get acclimated, and, poor child, thinks if she could only go home and see papa and her kitty, she would be well.

A day or two more will decide whether we shall stay our six weeks among these glorious (?) mountains, or fly back to our sunny home and roast the season through.

Do not, dear readers, let me frighten away one who may be contemplating a trip to this beautiful health resort. Thousands come and go and have naught to say but in its praise. I believe it somewhat risky for very nervous people, when prostrated as I have been; and it has shown me very plainly what I may expect of my children in after years if they are not well schooled in all of nature's laws.

A little more time and we shall all begin to improve, so they tell us; but we are so tired out with our dream journey that not two weeks more at most will find us home again.

What bright and happy thoughts I had in anticipation before I came, and what letters of love and friendship I resolved to write, and even meditated climbing to some shady nook away up the mountain side and from there send greeting to all the dear friends and acquaintances. I hoped I might, maybe, make you feel in imagination, the cooling breezes, see the snowy banks from old Pike's Peak and to hear the roaring, rushing torrent of sparkling waters as they tumble away, down the mountain side, gleaming in the heart of the forest, and to feel the steady banks. Only a few days have sufficed to take all the romance out of Cheyenne Mountain, for Manitou natives say it was a sham burial that was held upon that mountain top, and that Helen H. Jackson's body lies mouldering with her kindred elsewhere. But the thousands who climb the rugged steep, to place a stone upon the grave, are in blissful ignorance of what I strongly suspect is a fact.

And thus her monument grows, so fitting, too, for in life she wrote many of her best works from that very spot, and who knows, maybe her spirit hovers off over the place she loved and chose for her body's eternal rest.

And now with kind greetings to you all, and the promise of another letter, if we go, while here, beyond this beautiful canyon and view the other wonders of this strange weird place, I bid you a kind adieu.

Mrs. A. M. MÜNGER.

Manitou, Col.

## San Francisco Jottings.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The people of San Francisco have been recently favored with a series of fine lectures from Mr. Charles Dawbarn. During the late camp meeting he was one of the principal speakers, and his termination of the camp meeting exercises he has been lecturing every Sunday evening for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, in Washington Hall. His audiences have been uniformly large, and they are constantly increasing in numbers. Mr. Dawbarn's lectures have been well received, and they are exciting considerable interest both among Spiritualists and other classes of progressive thinkers. Freshness and novelty in ideas, power and effectiveness in presentation, felicity in illustration, and undoubted sincerity in the speaker, are leading characteristics in Bro. Dawbarn's addresses. Next Sunday Mr. Dawbarn appears beginning a series of afternoon lectures on "The Life of Jesus Christ," at the residence of Mrs. E. L. Watson, where he has purchased land and erected a commodious residence.

Mrs. E. L. Watson, being on a brief visit to San Francisco this week, a reception was given her on Monday evening, July 25th, at the residence of Mrs. E. L. Robinson. A large number of her friends assembled to greet her, and it was unanimously resolved that a similar gathering be held in four weeks from that night, at which, if conditions be favorable, Mrs. Watson will answer such questions as the friends may be moved to propound. Mrs. Watson is improved in health; and having emerged from the storm-clouds of grief and anguish which everlastingly wrapped her, consequently upon the loss of her beloved son, she seems now prepared for active work in the cause of spiritual truth with increased power, efficiency and zeal.

An article in the *Golden Gate*, of this city, of July 24, speaks of Mrs. J. J. Whitney as California's favorite medium. "A large number of her friends requested to deny the truth of this statement. While such may be the opinion of the writer of the statement, and perhaps of a few others in San Francisco, it is not correct to assert that Mrs. Whitney is generally regarded in California as the favorite among mediums. Mr. John Slater thoroughly eclipsed her during his last visit to this city. She held a number of platform test meetings in this city while Mr. Slater was holding similar meetings, but with disastrous results. Her meetings were so slimly attended that after a few weeks' trial she was compelled to discontinue them, and they have not since been resumed. On the other hand, Mr. Slater was drawing overflowing audiences during the time Mrs. Whitney was holding Sunday meetings, and for a term of months since that time, if at this time any one is entitled to be called "California's favorite medium," it is Mr. Slater, not Mrs. Whitney. In addition, while no one, so far as I know, among Spiritualists, doubts the possession by Mrs. Whitney of extraordinary powers, a number of leading Spiritualists, myself included, doubt strongly the genuineness of Mrs. Whitney's alleged mediumistic "marvels." It is possible that she may have some slight psychic power, though I doubt it; but even if she has, many Spiritualists in San Francisco and Oakland have received a wealth of evidence substantiating the grandeur of character of much if not all of her so-called "tests." San Francisco, Cal. WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## A Spirit Seeks to Right a Wrong.

A lady who was a widow, and whose husband had been defrauded by his partner, came down to breakfast one morning looking strangely disturbed. Her husband's partner had been a man well known in this city, but at this time he had given up his residence here and was living in the State of Maine. It may be, says the *Boston Courier*, which reports the case, that his removal had been in part at least brought about by the public indignation which was felt at his crooked dealing with his late partner, and with the woman whom he had defrauded in the most high-handed fashion, although not in ways which made legal redress possible.

On the morning in question, continues the account, the lady stated that she had passed a most troubled night. "All night," she said, "I was pursued by X, who kept declaring that he wanted to make reparation to me for the wrong he had done, and that he could have no peace until he had done so."

The family made various comments upon this, none of which were complimentary to X, or to the tenaciousness of his conscience; but the dream, if dream it were, was fixed in their minds and made memorable when that afternoon's papers contained a telegram announcing the death of X. on the night before. — *Banner of Light*.

J. H. Walter, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: I am a regular subscriber here of the *JOURNAL* and would not be without it for five times its cost.

## Fight or Rationalism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

William Emmette Coleman or the astute author of the "Light of Egypt" may be able to make a guess as to where the fight against priestcraft and Spiritualism began in this world; but it would be difficult for even them to estimate the time within some thousands of years, and the immense number of lives that have been sacrificed in the fight for liberty of conscience and against the dogmas upheld by the priesthood.

While the fight is on in all the denominations of the professed followers of Christ it seems to be raging most severely just now among the Universalists, the most liberal of any which recognizes a creed for its foundation.

It is singular to one brought up and educated a Universalist, and who has seen the advances made during the past fifty years in every direction to read the labored articles of some of the conservative writers of the denomination in their efforts to stop them from all directions towards accepting the rational explanations of Spiritualists for every operation not readily recognized as having been done under the operations of known laws. One is reminded strongly of the distributives of those who used to quote this from the eighteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Isaiah: "And they shall be taught to re-translate and improve the reading of some portions of the Bible: 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.' And yet we have seen the Bible translated and many things changed therein by a commission of the English church, supposed to be one of the most conservative in Christendom."

When Zollner, the German scientist, saw things done in the presence of the world-renowned medium, Henry Slade, which could not be accounted for under any known laws, he said there was a fourth dimension of space, of which science had not yet made any account, and accepted what these astute theologians claim to be miracles performed outside of law, or having been done under a law which he did not understand.

The rationalist leaves seems to have well entered into the minds of the scientific men of the day, and the clergyman are not quite ready to accept the leadership of Rev. Dr. W. G. Crowe, the pastor of the Newark, New Jersey, Universalist Society, they are quite restive regarding the efforts of Rev. Dr. Atwood, of St. Lawrence Divinity School, to drive Dr. Crowe out of the University of Chicago.

Leading some of the articles in favor of miracles and the miraculous, published in the *Christian Leader*, the Universalist organ, I am inclined to say with Paul (Acts 17-22): "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

The sooner people acknowledge that this world is governed by law in every respect, and that nothing can be done except by, and in accordance with, law, the better it will be for all.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. E. J. J. HULING.

## Laura Bridgman's Occupations.

Many ladies learned the finger alphabet simply to be able to talk with her, and she wrote and received many letters. Her room had a window facing south, and she often headed her letters "Sunny Home." She took pleasure in arranging her room and read a great deal. You know that quite a number of books have been printed in raised letters for the blind. The letters must be large and are printed on a card of the size of a page only. It takes six large volumes to print the Bible in this way. Most blind persons cultivate one finger for reading until it is very sensitive and can feel the letters very rapidly, but, of course, not so rapidly as we can read with our eyes.

Laura Bridgman became quite an author, too. Almost from the time she learned to write she began to keep daily journals. Those she wrote during her first five years in Boston form quite a large pack, and are full of many interesting things. She recorded all her little daily doings, and in going through them from the earliest to the latest entries you can see the growth of her mind, and how she grew, and began to use capitals, and wrote more clearly. She had also written a few poems. These have no rhyme, of course, because that depends on the sound. What she says in her poems is in great part taken or imitated from the Bible.

She wrote a treatise on knitting, sewing, crocheting lace and mats, and talking. I have a very pretty crocheted mat which she made in one evening. Though her life was generally a peaceful and happy one, it had also its severe trials. Several of her teachers, to whom she was much attached, died; and she was left without a constant companion, who was eyes, ears, and tongue for her. Her teachers naturally learned to sympathize with her condition more than others could, and the loss of one of these dear friends was a great affliction. She even had to endure the loss of her benefactor, Dr. Howe. He had lived to see her grow up into what the world would always have come when he took her from her home in Hanover. His death occurred in 1876, and affected Miss Bridgman so seriously that she was very ill and weak for a long time afterward.

So she lived her quiet life, so the days grew into months, and the months into years, and so, also, quietly and peacefully she passed away on the 24th of May, 1889.

Laura Bridgman's days of darkness are over. Many persons will for a long time to come think of her, and will often speak of the patience she showed in her affliction and the earnestness with which she labored to make the most of her life. From *The Story of Laura Bridgman*, by Joseph Jastrow, Ph. D., in St. Nicholas for August.

## Which Weighs the Most?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Who is responsible for the "gas" contained in that paragraph of the *JOURNAL* of July 13th, wherein it is asked, "which weighs the most a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?" Whoever is, then Brother Tuttle's "Philosopher of Hockessin" is glad to catch him for once in a mistake. We are an infallible "Standard" we are.

The question does not seem to be stated with critical clearness—"frank proof," but as we presume it is designed to be taken. "The pound of feathers will weigh the most," "honest Ingen."

Scientifically put, the query should be stated thus: Which will weigh the greatest quantity of matter—4.2. Which will weigh the most a pound of lead, or a pound of lead as weighed in the matter in the air? The proper answer is made plain thus: All fluids exert a floating or lifting force on every body of matter that is immersed in them, equal in each respective case to the weight of the bulk of fluid displaced by the immersed body. Of course a pound of feathers will displace a much larger bulk of air than a pound of lead, and will be buoyed up in air by a proportionally greater force than the lead. If, therefore, a piece of lead in one scale be made to balance a piece of cork in the opposite scale, and then be placed under the cork, the cork will sink as the air becomes exhausted and its floating force diminishes; because the floating force, of which the cork is relieved, being in proportion to its bulk is greater than that of which the lead is relieved, and the cork being freed from the floating power of the air is able to exhibit its greater weight. — *QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.*

Of course you will naturally suppose the question predicated on the customary "pound of lead," or cork or feathers as bought of a merchant weighed in air. The body of least specific gravity will inevitably gain the most; that is become the heaviest when weighed in "vacuo," which gives the real weight.

Mr. Jerry Robinson writes under date of August 5th, from Mount Pleasant Camp: "Yesterday closed the first month of this camp meeting, and our speakers now take their departure for Northern camps. There is much interest manifested and we have good audiences. Many mediums are daily giving tests of spirit return to seekers. Our meetings have been a success. The *JOURNAL* is looked for and read with pleasure and by many who never before had any idea of the philosophy it so ably expounds."

Dr. J. Beale, President of Lake Pleasant Camp, under date of Aug. 5th, writes: "We have been camping on the ground, yesterday was a beautiful day, and the crowd of very good attendance at our two meetings, and the people were greatly interested in the lectures by Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne. All phases of mediumship are represented here, and we see many new faces. Every one seems pleased with the appearance of the camp."

## Death by Electricity.

The details of the processes to be used in the execution of New York's murderer show that they are far more complicated than those in use in the ordinary methods. In the one employed at present the victim is strapped at the elbows and the ankles, and the electric current is passed over his face. He is placed upon the platform, the rope is adjusted, a lever is moved, and the person drops a short distance, and is dead within a brief period.

The other system is infinitely more complex. Shoes with electric attachments will be placed on his feet before he leaves the cell; his arms will be tied together in front, a cap with electric connections will be placed on his head, and a belt with snaps and things will be buckled around his body. While he is being thus trussed operators in another room will be experimenting on him with a current of electricity to discover the strength of his resistance, after which, with great care, he is taken into another room, he is laid on a reclining chair to which he is fastened by the belt around his body. The feet are put on a foot-rest, a black cap is put over the face of the condemned, a couple of wires will be attached, one to the head and the other to his heels; then the engineer will turn on the current, and—the man is dead.

It would seem as if the preliminaries to this death are much more extended and, as a consequence, much more painful, than in the hasty process. The agony of expectation will increase in geometrical ratio to its duration. In respect to this feature, the electrical mode is less preferable than the use of the rope. It will, however, be much more decent than the old style. The thronging mob will be absent; the alcoholic breaths of the political friends of the officials will not taint the atmosphere; the ribaldry, the indecency, the maudlin desire for a gratification of diseased appetites for the horrible, will not be present.

The majesty of the mob admitted to a hanging usually stimulates to the point of intoxication before it enters the scene, and after the performance get drunk to remove the unpleasant flavor from its palate. The electric process will at least rid the performance of the brutish who solicit permission to force the strangling of a human being. The condemned will be killed just the same as with the noose, with perhaps a little more delay in bringing about the final catastrophe. — *Chicago Herald*.

## Queer Mental Phenomenon.

Under the above heading the current number of the *Register* publishes an interesting summary of an account recently communicated to the *Société de Biologie* by M. Fere, and in which are embodied some of his experiences of the effect of ether on persons at the point of death. It is a well-known fact that the dying are often able to see the principal facts of their lives, which otherwise have been forgotten, the strangling of a human being. The condemned will be killed just the same as with the noose, with perhaps a little more delay in bringing about the final catastrophe. — *Chicago Herald*.

In another case the patient was dying of lung disease. He had fainted several times, and no longer replied to any questions put to him; his pulse was all but gone; but after an injection of ether he revived, and told his wife, saying rapidly: "You will not find the pin, for all the floor has been remade," which was an allusion to an incident of eighteen years ago. After uttering these words breathing ceased. — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

## An Appreciative Reader.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Doubtless the bravest, most self-reliant leaders sometimes need to know that their labors are duly appreciated. As one of those called to consult upon the propriety of launching the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as a Western exponent of our then new departure, a religion for this life based on ascertainable facts, which proved another, to which this should be a stepping-stone—not a ladder, but a rope of sand—I feel it due to you to commend the present management of the JOURNAL, and to express my approval of its breadth and liberality in the publication of such able editorials and essays, not only from our own ranks, but for giving us the well-expressed views of those still in doubt as to a future life, and a stepping-stone to the higher spiritual world, yet still looking backward to, or beyond, Buddha—a great enlightener in his age—instead of questioning their own souls and the higher philosophy of this time rather than to grope in the mysticism of an unscientific past. Besides the high order of letters and addresses of modern spiritual speakers, I thank you for publishing the discourses of such persons as Wiehe, Reed, Stuart, M. J. Savage and others, who, while not technically Spiritualists, are highly imbued with its philosophy, if not cognizant of its basic facts. Such liberality proves your disposition to spread truth and light, under whatever name, and deserves the support of liberal men of whatever creed, or no creed, who should be ready to listen to any teacher who advocates freedom—not license—and appeals to nature, reason, justice and benevolence in their efforts to lead toward a higher, nobler life, here and now, as the best possible preparation for the next step in the hereafter.

Davenport, Iowa. WM. H. HOLMES.

## Heaven Revised in England.

The *Two Worlds* (Manchester, England) Miss Emma Hardinge Britten, editor, quotes extended extracts from Mrs. Duffey's admirable story, "Heaven Revised," introducing the quotations as follows:

The substance of the work has appeared from time to time in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the style is so pure, so free at once from pedantry, or the least tendency to exaggeration, that its readers will be pleased to receive it as a consecutive work rather than in fugitive chapters. The medium for the production of this charming brochure is an old-fashioned, but not a commonplace, and a somewhat modest, and distrust of her own claims to inspiration from very high spirits, scarcely does justice to the beauty, pathos, and exalted strain of good in which she writes. The language is her own, the scenes depict the progress of a spirit through the first stages of life beyond the grave, and the subjects treated of, by this spirit's influence, are Death, The Resurrection, Day of Judgment, As the Angels, Into the Depths, Work, Knowledge and Wisdom, The Pure in Heart, A Great Multitude, Temples for Spirits, The Field is the World. The lesson taught is that we make our own heaven, gravitate to the sphere or place for which we are fitted; are tried, judged, and sentenced by our own acts, and not by any arbitrary power. Sowing and reaping are clearly set forth; our relations with other personalities explained; the grand work of lifting those unfortunate who are below us to higher planes, even as we are also lifted and inspired by those still more exalted than ourselves, is treated in a comprehensive manner.

We are from time to time called upon to descend so largely on the doctrines of Re-incarnation and its coarse materialities, that it will be some relief to the reader to turn to a few excerpts from the narrative of a new born spirit into the real soul world beyond the grave.

Mrs. J. W. Hanks, in renewing her subscription says: "It is not true that many Mormon women get drunk; some may, but I do not know of one in this settlement that does."

Miss Bole, the pretty girl blacksmith who is said to be making quite a pile of money in "Frisco," has already a rival in Alida Wilder, a tall and not unattractive brunette, who makes her creditable homesickness in a little shop under an elm tree in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Miss Wilder is twenty-six years old, and has dark, Oriental looking eyes, and short, curly dark hair. Her form is slender but well-knit, and she has been accustomed to help her father in the smithy ever since she was a child.

Notes and Extracts  
Subject

A woman at Trenton, Kan., seized of her neighbors' children for debt. It is said that an excellent quality of made from the sunflower plant.

The Russian government is reported to have contributed \$100,000 in aid of Russia Japan.

A muster camp at Uniontown, Pa., was by a swarm of bees disturbed by its merits.

Students who use tobacco in any form: admission to the University of the Pacific Cal.

During the recent commencement season to colleges and other educational institutions ed to nearly \$3,000,000.

A Florida party of three alligator hunters have killed more than one hundred saurians in one day.

James Tunny, of Boston, is one hundred years old and in the full possession of all his faculties. He was born in Ireland.

You don't look for notes in the eye of a summer girl; you look for the beams.—*La American*.

There were five white men in Yankton w Sioux moved out in July, 1889. There was a house. The first white woman arrived in it of 1880.

A Hindoo lecturer in England says that the have degraded India and her people to the beasts, and that tens of thousands die yearly, and all reports are suppressed.

Shark fins are considered a great dainty by Chinese, and a brisk trade in them is carried on San Francisco. They bring ten cents a pound, make as fine soup as that from edible birds' nest.

Pricking with a bunch of fresh nettles as a for anæsthesia, neuralgia and numerous other cases, has long been practiced by the Russian people, and a native doctor speaks highly of its efficacy.

The judge and chief of the Puyallup Indian dead. He was known as Tommy Thompson, forty-four years old, very intelligent, and respected by all the Indians. He died at the reservation Tacoma, W. T.

An old church in Chahokia, Ill., that was built 1864 of cedar logs, was torn down a few days ago, and the lumber was used for a more modern building. There were only two churches in America—at St. Augustine, Santa Fe—that were older.

The unusual sight of a rat up a tree and see birds after it, was seen in a Xenia door-yard recently. The birds chased the rat up a high limb, where it sprang upon the roof of the house and lost from the sight of those watching.

Lightkeeper Elliott, of Gasparilla Isle, Fla., to a 100-pound bombshell on the island the other day, and proceeded to open it with a chisel. When succeeded and saw that it was filled with perfect good powder his hair fairly stood on end. One snap of fire from the chisel as he chipped the shell off, have necessitated the appointment of a new light house keeper.

Twenty-one days from Japan to New York is good record that has been made this week. It is a record that has been made by the steamer, which completed the trip from Yokohama to New York, where a day was lost in transferring the cargo to the freight cars, which brought it from Vancouver to this city in eight days. It cannot be said that record beats any other ever made, but it is a record.

The fourteen year old son of George Knott, of (umbria, Ind., swallowed a brass door pin more than a year ago, but suffered no inconvenience, and the matter soon escaped his mind. About seven months ago he began to decline rapidly in health and small eruptions appeared on various parts of his body. The peculiar disease baffled the skill of physicians, and all hope of the patient's recovery was given up, when unexpected relief came. The boy felt a pricking sensation on his abdomen, at upon feeling the spot with his hand drew out a rust pin.

A Rutland paper credits Vermont with having the smallest town in the United States. "It is Balmton, perched on the side of Hawk's Mountain, and is composed mostly of rocks and knolls. Years ago it was a part of the Caledonians, situated on the other side of the mountains, but voters had to go fifteen miles cast their ballots; so a petition was circulated at the town of Balmton, so a petition was set off. The population in 1880 was seventy-six, and there were not enough voters to fill the town offices. The voting list numbers scarcely a dozen, and there are twenty offices to fill."

There is a remarkable sunflower plant at Asheville, N. C. It is nine feet high, and from the ground to the top has thrown out lateral branches, diminishing in length as it ascends until a pyramidal shape has been formed. Every branch has thrown out from four to six flowers. There are not less than sixty-five, probably seventy-five, full and perfect blossoms, with a diameter of each flower of from eight to twelve inches. The leaves are large, from twelve to sixteen inches across, and of rich dark green; and the bright sun resting on its foil of green makes a striking picture.

A citizen of Irwinton, Ga., had a dream that some one had entered his kitchen to rob the house. He rose from his slumber, as he imagined, took his gun from the rack, and on going to the back door, fired at the robber, who was expected to escape from the kitchen over the banister, leaving blood on the floor and banister. After this he returned to his bed of repose, and on rising next morning, thinking of his dream, he went to the spot where he imagined the man made his escape the night before, and to his surprise, a lot of blood was found on the floor and banister at the same place where he had dreamed of doing the shooting.

The Cincinnati saloonkeepers should take a trip to London and see how the law about closing drinking places at certain hours is enforced there. If a resort of that kind does not have its shutters up as the clock strikes the hour appointed, the policeman approaches and closes the saloon, and the saloonkeeper is notified that he will be summoned. In the large and fashionable cafes and drinking saloons in London on Saturday night, when the law is to close at 12, the proprietors will not serve suppers after 11:30, so fearful are they of being led into transgression of the law. The law is always on hand, carefully supervising everything.

Haunted houses in China must be desirable places of residence. The Tientsin Shihpo reports that not long ago a man named Yang moved into a haunted house which nobody dared to live in, he being ignorant of its character. During the first two weeks a ghost, terrible in appearance, made himself visible in the night. Yang being a professional man of bravery and having learned the professional way of taming devils, did not care for



The former fact is of little moment to mankind in general, except as a matter of curiosity, and it is probably owing to the too great thought given to the phenomena in themselves, and not for what they teach, that the tendency to lose sight of God is developed. The immortality of the human soul depends, however, on the existence of the Universal Soul, the Great Being who is immanent in nature, and hence the phenomena of Spiritualism should be regarded as completing the evidence of that existence supplied by the presence of man on the globe. The definition of Spiritualism to be derived from Miss Fuller's confession of faith (?) does not include any reference to such a Being, and thus confirms the view that it should not be looked upon as a religion. It is an aid to faith and not the faith itself, and it would be much better to let it retain its place as such than to provide it with "the essential articles of religious belief," whatever these may be. This would be merely to create another sect, and it would be much better to let the churches come to the realization, through the action of their spiritualistic members, of the importance of the phenomena in question in their bearing on religion. There is one point connected with the phenomena of Spiritualism I should like to draw attention to. It has always appeared to me that its supporters are too ready to ascribe them to the agency of spirits, or entities outside of themselves or the medium. When formerly I was interested in these phenomena, it occurred to me that, assuming the truth of certain experiences, nearly every recorded incident could be explained without calling into action any external agent, and I embodied my views on the subject in a paper which was read before the London Anthropological Society. The power, which certain mediums are accredited with, of being able to temporarily dissociate body and soul would be sufficient in itself to explain numerous very important phenomena. That the soul does sometimes leave the body during sleep may I think be regarded as certain. If we are to believe the remarkable story, related some time ago, on the authority of Prof. Tholouch Halle University, in *The Open Grate*, of the appearance to the well-known biblical critic, Dr. DeWette, of his own double, which "saved his life, I do not see how we well, in our present state of knowledge, can set any bounds to our own unbounded action, and therefore not to that of them, in phenomena which are now described, and probably rightly so, to many of other entities. Imagination, or, may quite unconsciously, play an important part in some experiences. Many phenomena which are looked upon as spirit warnings are perhaps in reality some mysterious activity of the sleeping mind. In the interests of Occultism generally I would suggest that all phenomena of Spiritualism should be classified, so that those which can reasonably be referred to other than that of dwellers in this exterior element. Such a classification appears to be proposed by Dr. Hodgson, and it is to be hoped that successful in obtaining reliable information for the purpose.

Philadelphia, Aug., 1889.

## Woman's Department.

### WOMEN WORKERS.

The New York *Mail and Express* gives the following interesting review of "Women Workers."

"Perhaps the last business in which you would expect to find a woman is blacksmithing, and yet Miss Bole, the pretty girl blacksmith, who is said to be making quite a pile of money in 'Frisco, has already a rival in Alide Wilder, a tall and not unattractive brunette, who makes very creditable horse-shoes in a little shop under an elm tree in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Miss Wilder is 26 years old, probably, and has dark, Oriental-looking eyes, and short curly dark hair. Her form is slender, but well knit, and she has been accustomed to help her father in the smithy in preference to doing household duties ever since she was a child. One secret of the attraction which the occupation has for her is her love for horses, the most restive brute submitting quietly to her control. Captain Mary Miller, of Louisiana, who runs a steamboat on the Lower Mississippi, has also her parallel in a woman who is engineer while her husband is master of a trading steamer on the Columbia River, Washington Territory. Mrs. Dow, of Dover, N. H., has proved that a woman can manage a horse railroad company. That she can successfully control manufacturing corporation is shown by Miss Elizabeth E. Hogan, a shoe manufacturer of Newark, who has paid within a few months past over \$40,000 to the creditors of her father, which those who received it could have had no hopes of getting.

The west boasts its ranch women and farmers, but the largest farm in Queens County, Long Island, is managed by Mrs. Sarah A. Barnum, who, in spite of the burden of her 73 years, runs 2,000 acres for dollars and cents and furnishes occupation according to the season to from forty to one hundred men. Mrs. Barnum's husband conducts a clothing business in New York, but the farm in Hempstead was inherited by her from her first husband and is under her undisputed control. The large estate is purely a stock farm, and Mrs. Barnum boasts that she has never received less than \$500 for a colt born on her premises. Many have brought \$1,500 or more. Two hundred horses is an average number to be found at one time in the roomy box stalls. Other notable women farmers are Miss Hinman and Miss Amos, who raise fruit in South Pasadena, Cal., can it and ship their goods to New York and Chicago. The largest chicken farm in the country is managed by a woman. A seventeen-acre flower farm in West Seneca, N. Y., yields an income of \$2,500 to a woman.

The undertaker's business might not be supposed to present attractions to women, but Mrs. R. Cuddey is a round, plump little creature who swings to and fro in a low rocker in an establishment on Broadway, Brooklyn, with a grape-covered coffin to the right of her and a pile of rosewood caskets, surmounted by a baby's coffin in white to the left. Her husband was the original undertaker of the family. He became first crippled with rheumatism, leaving the control of things in her hands as assistant, and then died. She had learned the business and continues it.

A group of bright women who have found that the insurance business will yield a good living have organized an insurance company in New York, and Mrs. E. E. Atwood is a quiet, capable little body who conducts a fire and life insurance agency in the most systematic and methodical manner in the Equitable Building, Boston. Miss Annette Whitney conducts a successful insurance business in Ossage, Iowa, and the number of

women is constantly on the increase who, left widows, become insurance agents taking over their husband's clientele. Miss Mary Murphy, real estate agent of New York City, is also a fire insurance agent fully empowered to write policies for the different companies.

The Southern women, so many of whom have been thrown on their own resources since the war, have developed wonderful energy as farmers, fruit canners, managers of cotton, sugar and rice plantations, etc., some of them, as, for instance, Mrs. E. G. Woelper, formerly Miss Estelle Gustine, of New Orleans, now a Boston real estate broker, making enviable reputations in other sections of the country. Miss Maria Chotard, of Natchez, Miss., is ravishing New Orleans this summer with a new bonbon, manufactured from the flowers of the sweet olive tree, and making a small fortune out of a table delicacy in the shape of a clear syrup brewed from the same posies. Two sisters in New Orleans have gone into the dairy business on a large scale, and Mrs. Alexander Delmas, in recognition of her successful management of a large sugar plantation in the heart of the beautiful Teche country has been elected a member of the Louisiana Sugar Planters' Association. Another New Orleans woman, Mary E. Farnham, has shown herself possessed of some practical gifts by taking out recently a patent for a new car starter.

Carpentry is not considered an especially feminine occupation, but the New Century Guild of Philadelphia recently offered prizes for the best nail driving and sawing, which were won by Miss J. R. Baker and Miss J. Altman, respectively. One lady member of the guild claimed to have built fences, another to have a friend who had roofed her own house, and a third to know a woman who had built a house out and out. Meantime the trade of cabinet-making is successfully followed by Mrs. M. J. Cullen, of Ninth avenue, New York, and by a number of women in Boston, while fresco painting from a scaffold is by no means the most difficult part of the work of Miss Mary Tillinghast, the well-known New York decorator, who, also, in the capacity of architect, minutely superintends the erection of important buildings.

There are any number of lady physicians, yet the appointment of Dr. Sophia Fendler Unger as Sanitary Inspector for the New York Board of Health for the months of July and August is accepted as a token of their advance in popular consideration. There are not many women druggists, but Mrs. R. S. Brunner and Miss de Socarras graduated with honors from the New York College of Pharmacy last year, and Mrs. Brunner at once went into business with her husband in Brooklyn. Mme. Rudoff, of New Orleans, who drives a brick trade in the Crescent City, is Secretary of the Louisiana State Pharmaceutical Association. There are not many women dentists, but Dr. Olga Neyman now fills teeth on Madison avenue, has two fellow practitioners of her own sex in New York and in Brooklyn, while several graduates of the different dental colleges are establishing themselves in different cities of the country.

One of the brightest business women in New York is Mrs. Sallie McDonald, the granddaughter of the noted Tom Corwin, who is an energetic and successful advertising solicitor and gets a handsome income. She is remarkably even tempered, keen, and full of ideas and is considered the best collector of money in the advertising business. Mrs. Janet Runtz-Rees, the President of the Kindly Club, has made a success of writing advertisements, a line of work which several women have gone into, one being employed by a New York firm at a salary of \$3,000 a year. Mrs. Emma Yewdall is making money out of a lively stable in the annexed district of New York City. She accumulated some little money as a successful milliner, inherited a little more, and, desiring an active life and being fond of horses, she went into the business of letting them. Mrs. Louise Brooks, of Concord, Mass., is another woman who lets teams by the hour. Women barbers do not thrive at least hereabouts. Mrs. Lewis Green, the wife of the religious crank known as "Lewis the Light," is left with a razor, but has lately been compelled to move from Brooklyn to New York for lack of patronage. Brooklyn and New York have several women butchers, especially in the Jewish quarters. There are also several women opticians, in which latter business the Misses Bradley do well in Philadelphia. Everybody knows that one member of the big dry goods firm of the Riddleys is a woman, while another woman is the responsible cashier of Macy's great establishment. Mrs. Adolph Heller and Miss Duffy manage dry goods stores in Philadelphia. The jewelry buyer for one of the largest houses in Brooklyn is feminine, while a hardware store, a coffee house and a coal yard in New York are represented by women. Women make notably good hotel-keepers, several of the best on the Jersey coast being run by them this season. Mrs. La Fetra has just opened a temperance hotel of 100 rooms on H street, Washington.

A Woman's Silk Culture Association has been formed in Massachusetts, with Mrs. Marion McBride, of Boston, as president. That women understand the benefits of co-operation as shown by the co-operative laundry in Bond street, New York, officered and managed by working girls, with Miss Kate Foley as superintendent. The colored women of Little Rock have organized a Washer-woman's Association.

An unusual business for a woman is that conducted by Mrs. Christina F. Haley, who has made a comfortable fortune out of the examination of inventions and patent claims. Mrs. Haley was chairman of the business woman's committee of Sorosis until the recent election of Mrs. Ella Hitchcock, a successful telegraph operator. Mrs. Allen, of One Hundred and Twenty-second street, has discovered a new vocation, and acts as a guide for tourists shopping in New York. Women constables, deputy sheriffs, etc., are not unknown in the West, even outside of the woman-managed Kansas towns, Mrs. C. O. Winger being constable of Herman, Minn., and Miss Knowles deputy constable in Montana.

Girls are usually credited with precocity, and the fifteen little waitresses, only 10 years old, who uniform themselves in gray wool gowns, duffy aprons, snowy bakers' caps, cardinal stockings, and red ribbons to serve the customers of a good-sized restaurant in Grand street, New York, make a staff as novel as youthful. Kentucky discounts the boy preachers with Mary Semons, 10 years of age, who has delivered sermons in Falmonth, and converted sinners. Maud Hutchingson, of Duell County, Dakota, drove a team, and did a full share of the work in stacking 500 acres of hay when only 7. Arizona brags of a girl mining expert on whose judgment the men bet when the ore was taken out of the Tucson mines when she was 17. Little Reimer carries mail in Kansas, and there are numberless instances of strength and endurance on the part of girls to prove that under a different system of physical education more vigor would be developed by women. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi thinks that women

ought to be letter carriers, but enough has been said to show that the necessity of self-support is leading them to push their way into new avenues of labor every year.

**BOOK REVIEWS.**

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or by order, through, the office of the BURLINGTON ROUTE.]

**THE PATH TO FAME.** By Edward Ruben. New York: Oscar Lauckner. 16 mo; 352 pp; cloth. Price, \$1.00.

This is a story for those who have an aim in life, for the author endeavors to urge the necessity of supplementing all practical efforts in life with some aim outside and above either selfish or conventional duties, and with this in view an entertaining narrative is introduced upon the attributes of genius. The hero, Clarence Oliver, an orphan, early thrown upon his own resources and with a decided taste for painting, struggles for eight or nine years in a way quite extraordinary. The various chapters carry the reader through many digressions in a manner that increases the interest of those who care for something above and beyond the usual love story. Though at times dwelling upon the darker side of life, even to the verge of pessimism, it eventually comes out into the open and freer air of optimism, and expresses a hopefulness which stands undaunted by the worst inflections. The story is undoubtedly the product of an earnest worker in the field of moral culture. The author says: "I would not feel justified in introducing this subject in a novel, if circumstances had not directed my attention to a close personal observation of one of the most extraordinary cases of sacrifice."

**SUMMERLAND SONGS AND HYMNS.** By B. M. Lawrence. M. D. New York: The Author, 345 Fifth Avenue. Price, 25 cents.

This choice collection of new, original and selected music and words is well adapted to all public gatherings, and our readers who are looking for new and original music will find it to their advantage to send 25 cents to the author and publisher and get a copy.

**Magazines for August not Before Mentioned.**

The Century. (New York.) The Stream of Pleasure—the River Thames—by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell opens the mid-summer number of this excellent monthly. Afternoon at a Ranch has a pleasant air. Dr. Weir Mitchell's article on The Poison of Serpents is the line of inquiry wherein he has made important discoveries. An Outing With the Cheyennes is described by pen and pencil. The Lincoln History increases in interest, and an exciting chapter in the Kennan series describes State Criminals at the Kara Mines. George W. Cable and Edward Bellamy contribute papers. There are also notes, poems and reviews.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The opening paper for August, by Frederick Harrison, is an interesting analysis of what was accomplished for good and evil by the revolution of 1789. A writer shows up The Vitality of Protectionist Fallacies, and the causes for it. Dr. Robson Roose has something to say on the art of prolonging life. The Wit and Wisdom of Southern Literature is an interesting descriptive paper. Archibald Forbes gives an account of Bill Beresford and his Victoria Cross. Sant' Ilario, and Better Man are continued. Out-Door Paris is a characteristic sketch. Charles Dickens as an Editor is accompanied by introductory notes by his son, Charles Dickens, Jun.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) The frontispiece for August is from the painting of Nicolas Poussin, entitled The Card Players. Aston Hall, finely illustrated, makes an interesting descriptive paper. Archibald Forbes gives an account of Bill Beresford and his Victoria Cross. Sant' Ilario, and Better Man are continued. Out-Door Paris is a characteristic sketch. Charles Dickens as an Editor is accompanied by introductory notes by his son, Charles Dickens, Jun.

The Home Maker. (New York.) An attractive and varied table of contents is given. The readers of this popular monthly for August. Marion Harland as editor is as successful as she has been in her literary work heretofore. The articles are short and to the point and women generally should give this magazine their support.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) Horace J. Smith has an article on Postal Savings Banks, and W. H. Van Ornum on Labor, Capital and Land. Woman Suffrage is ably handled by Alice Stone Blackwell.

Golden Days. (Philadelphia.) The usual amount of good stories for boys and girls fill each week's issue of this popular magazine for the young.

The Season. (New York.) A very attractive number is out.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) An excellent table of contents is given the reader for August.

Also:

The Sideral Messenger, Northfield, Minn.

International Magazine of Christian Science, New York.

Phrenological Journal, New York.

Sphinx, Bavaria.

**BURLINGTON ROUTE.**

**Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points**

On and after August 11, 1889, the C., B. & Q. R. E. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. from Hannibal a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Tex. without change, thus making a new short, daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's fast train "Elmer" at 8:45 p. m. daily, connect with C. B. & Q. train leaving Peoria at 8:20 p. m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of Ticket Agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. E., Chicago.

The Modern Science Essayist, The New Ideal Publishing Co., Boston, for July and August—numbers 9 and 10, contains Evolution of Society by James A. Skelton, and Evolution of Theology, by C. Sidney Sampson. This monthly aims at publishing popular essays and lectures on Evolution. Price 10 cents a number or \$1.50 for the series of fifteen numbers.

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100 Doses  
One Dollar

**FLY KILLER.**  
At once. No time to fly away. They fly, drink, die. Use freely. Promote peace. F. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

**\$230 A MONTH.** Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address 427 BROOKSON, Detroit, Mich.

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**DANIEL AMBROSE,**  
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45 Randolph St., Chicago.

## PUEBLO, COLORADO.

### TEN REASONS WHY PUEBLO WILL MAKE A GREAT CITY!

**FIRST**—It is the natural ore center for the great mining camps of Colorado, Utah, the San Juan country, New Mexico, Arizona and is already the greatest smelting point in America.

**SECOND**—Vast beds of coaling coal lie near the city.

**THIRD**—Inexhaustible beds of iron are found near by, from which steel rails, nails, spikes, iron piping, merchant iron, castings, etc., are manufactured here. In its iron manufacture it is conceded that it will be the PITTSBURGH OF THE WEST.

**FOURTH**—An excellent quality of oil is found near the city in sufficient quantities to supply the entire West, and which, by piping a short distance, would be the improved process, furnish fuel for hundreds of works.

**FIFTH**—The Water supply is the greatest on the eastern slope, the Arkansas River flowing through the city.

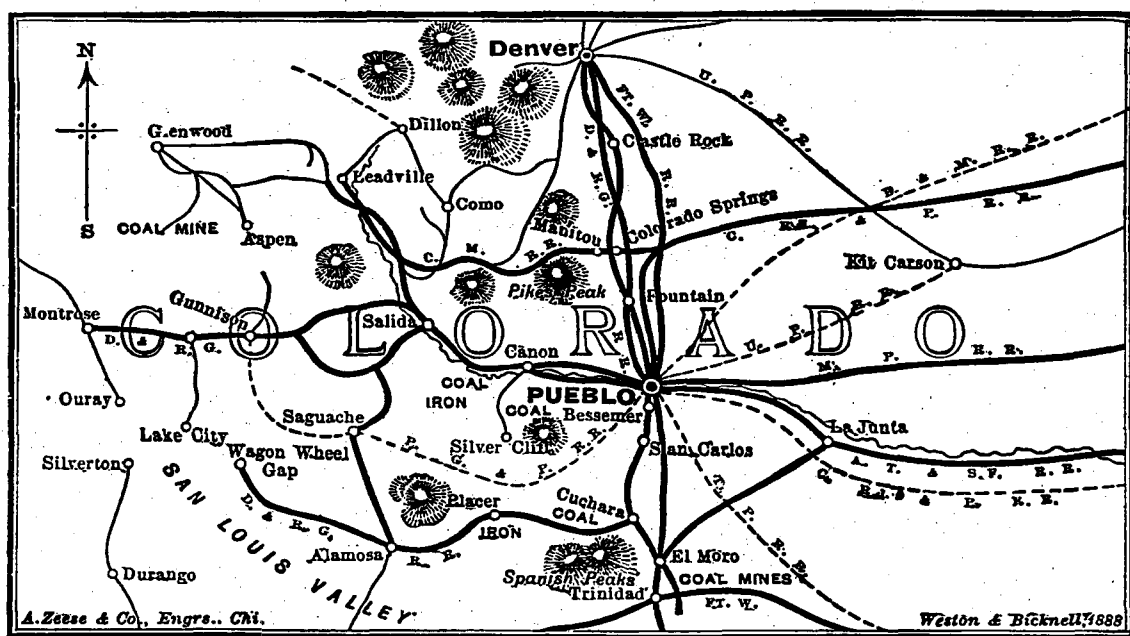
**SIXTH**—It is the center of a vast grazing and cattle country, and is the entrepot for the great San Luis Valley, with its 2,000,000 acres of farming land.

**SEVENTH**—On a count of its comparatively low altitude it has a most delightful winter climate—warm, very little snow, and almost perpetual sunshine.

**EIGHTH**—Ten lines of railways under five great systems, radiate from the city, with five more lines proposed.

**NINTH**—The Gulf road makes Pueblo only about 100 miles further from the seaboard than Chicago, and 117 miles nearer than any of its rivals.

**TENTH**—No other city of the West can combine one half these advantages.



This map shows the situation in a nutshell. Everything tributary and down hill to Pueblo.

## IT WILL BE A METROPOLIS!

The prices that now prevail on property in Pueblo are but little above those of country towns. — and will be made there in real estate. We have the exclusive sale of many good things in and around Pueblo. Following are a few of them:

Eighty acres near MANHATTAN PARK and the great Teller Reservoir. \$175 per acre. We think it will sell for \$500 within two years.

Forty acres, half a mile north of MANHATTAN PARK, beautiful ground, gently sloping toward and in full view of the city; \$150 per acre. We think it will sell for \$250 before the end of the year.

Forty or eighty acres cornering with MANHATTAN PARK on the northeast; \$200 per acre.

Ten acre tracts adjoining MANHATTAN PARK; \$225 per acre. Would sell now at \$850, if platted into building lots. The above will prove unusually profitable as an investment.

In addition property we have the exclusive selling of Manhattan Park, which is importantly and delightfully located in the northwestern portion of the city, in the line of the greatest and best building growth. It occupies a commanding position of high ground well above the smoke and dust of the city, and is between the business center of Pueblo and the site of the great Teller Reservoir—which is to cover 840 acres and will be one of the greatest attractions in Southern Colorado. The motor line, which is to connect this great artificial lake with the center of Pueblo, will traverse the entire length of Manhattan Park, and the fashionable drive of Pueblo will be in this direction.

A little over one-third of the blocks in Manhattan Park have been sold during the last six months. We expect the remainder to sell in ninety days, and look for the prices to double before the close of the year.

Prices for Blocks of 46 Lots, \$1,500  
Half Blocks of 23 Lots, 750

In smaller quantities \$40 per lot. No less than five lots will be sold, which includes one corner. Terms, one-third cash, balance 6 and 12 months equal payments at 7 per cent interest; or one-fourth cash, balance 4 and 12 months equal payments at 7 per cent. Nothing as desirable can be had except at much greater prices. Full particulars, with maps, furnished free on application.

We also have for sale business lots and blocks, residences in all localities, and warehouse and manufacturing sites.

We are agents for the property of the following corporations of Pueblo:  
The Irving Investment Company.  
The Fairmont Investment Company.  
The La Veta Park Company.  
The Mountain View Land Company and  
The Pueblo Land Investment Company.  
The Home Purchase and Investment Co.,  
The Highland Site Company.

We have sold over \$500,000 worth of Pueblo property mostly to non-residents. In the last eight months, and every purchaser who has not sold could take a handsome profit on his purchase. Some have refunded 150 per cent. We take pleasure in selecting the very best of everything for non-residents, who entrust us with their purchasing.

All correspondence carefully answered.

We refer to the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Pueblo, Colo., and the STOCK-GROWERS' NATIONAL BANK, Pueblo, Colo.

**ROUND TRIP 30-DAY TICKETS TO PUEBLO AND RETURN**  
On all roads and from all points west of the Ohio river, will be sold on Aug. 28th, Sept. 16th and 24th, and on Oct. 8th, at one fare for the round trip. Come and see for yourself.

**HARD & McCLEES, Real Estate and Investment Agents,**

G. H. HARD, NELSON O. McCLEES. Grand Hotel Bld'g, Pueblo, Colo.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility; as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 24, 1889.

## "Mediums and Money."

Under this heading on another page our learned friend Dr. Westbrook does some very plain talking. We don't object to plain speaking; in fact we rather think it the best method. But in considering so important a theme as mediums, and especially in co-ordinating therewith money, one needs to look at both sides in order to fully master the question. Mediums did not invent the vocation of mediumship; in very many cases they have been forced into it by the vociferous demands of acquaintances, when once the germs of medial power have been discovered. Drawn from the avocations incident to domestic life in order to gratify un-

ceasing is for exhibitions of medial power, women too poor to hire help to fill their places are driven from sheer necessity and self-preservation to adopt the calling as a vocation, and to exact a fee. They often deplore this necessity and would prefer to give their services freely when inspired to exercise their powers, and to be let alone at other times, but eager friends and a rapacious public render this impossible. That very many women, and men, too,—more is the shame—eagerly welcome the first feeble signs of mediumship because it promises a source of revenue, is true. Such persons always come to misery and disgrace in the long run, but their sins and weaknesses should not be shouldered on to the conscientious and altruistic class of mediums, and the distinction should always be made.

Some of the sweetest, purest, noblest, most self-sacrificing souls we have ever been blessed with knowing, were or are following the vocation of public mediumship. Only that it might seem invidious we would gladly name these angels in disguise who are helping to make heaven here and now; and doing their duty despite the wearisome, exhausting demands upon them and the keen sense of shame they feel at being classed with charlatans and dishonest mediums. God speed the day when the public and especially the Spiritualist public will intelligently and sharply discriminate these classes. Whatever of blame there may be—and it is much—for the opprobrium resting upon mediums as a class should be placed where it belongs, to-wit: (1) upon Spiritualists themselves, and (2) upon idle curiosity-seekers and self-hunters who from unworthy motives seek mediums. Though in the last analysis it will be found that avarice and selfish ignorance with which the world is saturated is the primary cause in all this medium-hunting, medium-spoiling and pseudo-medium business.

We can name rich men, living in elegance, with wives who have nothing to do from morning until night, who will for an evening's diversion, or for purely business purposes, take their richly attired companion and seek some poor medium whose brain is reeling from exhaustion after a day passed almost wholly in the abnormal state of trance, and, against the protestations of the sensitive, insist on a seance. When all is over and the rich sinner comes to pay the fee, he grudgingly offers a half dollar, with the remark: "You know I send you a great many customers and my influence is worth a great deal to you. I ought not really to pay you anything but I will give you half price." The poor medium is then expected to go into ecstasies of gratitude to the "influential" sinner who quite likely never turned a dollar in her direction. This is no imaginary bit of writing, and some day we shall publish the names of these very respectable and "influential" citizens, most of whom belong to the same popular church.

Dr. Westbrook suggests the purchase of sewing machines on the installment plan, and says "there is always remunerative work for willing and skillful hands." That this assertion is too sweeping needs no argument to prove to those familiar with the condition of the working classes; and, alas! even if wholly true, how rarely is a poor woman skillful at anything, how seldom has she had the least show of a chance to become skillful!

The Doctor also thinks few care to pay for attending the noisome gatherings where darkness and twaddle predominate. We wish from the bottom of our heart he were correct in this supposition. But, unfortunately for the welfare of true Spiritualism and for the good sense of the well-to-do class, such is not the case, to the extent it should be. Otherwise sensible and refined people visit such psychic cesspools as Dr. Westbrook depicts, with eagerness. That little but evil can come from such gatherings every experienced person knows, and yet the demoralizing farce goes on, and the patrons of it are responsible, not the medium. There is no law, moral or statutory, obliging them to attend, and without their support there would be no dark seances.

We sincerely wish mediums could live without taking toll from those to whom they minister; but the cold fact is they cannot, any more than can the "minister of the Gospel." "The laborer is worthy of his hire" was well said, and no one has a right to demand of another the exercise of psychic power without pay, any more than one has the right to demand physical services without reciprocating. That the world cries loudly for mediums and that the demand so far exceeds the supply as to make the opportunity for hordes of tricksters, is a notorious fact. The remedy for all this is more easily stated than applied.

We are not traversing Dr. Westbrook's statements as a whole; for, as a whole, we very largely agree therewith. Our aim is to portray correlative facts. We deprecate the existence of paid mediumship, as we do that of a paid ministry; but so long as the ministers of God must "teach for hire" the mediums of spirits must "divine for money." When that happy time shall come wherein all men have reached the devoutly-to-be-wished-for condition attained by our good friend Dr. Westbrook, and so well described by him in his closing sentence, then will there be no more need either of ministers or mediums.

## International Magnetic Congress.

This Congress, for the Study of the Applications of Human Magnetism for the Relief and Healing of Diseases, will sit in Paris from the 21st to the 27th of October. The most powerful means possessed by humanity for the relief and healing of its ills, is human magnetism. The knowledge and use of it are but little diffused. To further extend it would be to diminish the amount of suffering which presses so heavily here below upon all, and would retard for more than one the moment of death, and dry up the flow of tears from their very source. Such is the end proposed by the organizers of the Congress, and to attain this they ask the attendance:

1. Of magnetizers of all nations.
2. Of patients who, having themselves experienced the benefits of magnetism, could not better pay their debt of gratitude than in aiding others to a knowledge of the same.
3. Of all those who are not indifferent to the ills of the human race.

## CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION.

The subscription price of admission for members of the Congress is fixed at ten francs. Every member will have the right:

1. To be present at every session.
2. To present his views and to take part in all discussions under the direction of the bureau.
3. To receive a copy of the proceedings of the Congress.

## PROGRAMME.

The history of magnetism—should it be confounded with hypnotism?

Magnetic procedure. The laying on of hands. Passes. Insufflation. Action of the will without any exterior motion. Action at a distance.

Magnetized objects. Magnetized water. Therapeutic applications. Acute maladies—can they be eradicated from the starting point even in the gravest cases? Chronic maladies. Duration of treatment.

The relief and healing which supervene after magnetic treatment,—are they attributable in most cases to anything else than suggestion? Are they produced very frequently in other than hysterical disorders; and consequently do they differ from those ameliorations more or less unexpected, that are observed in cases of hysteria.

Magnetic sleep,—should it be confounded with a hypnotic condition? Is there danger in it? Is it necessary for treatment? Should it be induced?

Somnambulic lucidness,—its varieties, degrees and advantages.

Suggestions,—its immediate and remote effects. Therapeutic applications; possible abuses. Are all subjects receptive to suggestion? Is it true, as has been pretended, that suggestion destroys free will?

Lethargy, catalepsy, fascination and other curious effects of magnetic sleep. Can the magnetizer allow experiments to be made upon his patients relative to these different effects?

Public seances with experiments, are they useful or damaging to the cause of curative magnetism?

Magnetic fluid, discussion as to its exist-

ence. Does the reality of magnetic healing depend upon it?

Polarity—its history. Are we agreed as to its distribution in the living human system? Degree of practical utility.

## Automagnetization.

Electro-magnetism. Can we successfully combine the action of electricity with that of human magnetism?

Magnetism and the medical fraternity. Have there always been, at least since Mesmer, physicians who have regarded magnetism as a curative agent of most marvellous power? Why have such physicians not been more numerous?

Professional practice of curative magnetism, the facilities or obstacles it meets with in different countries. Reports in connection with legislation and especially in France with the law of the 19th of Ventose year XI. Is it desirable that this law should be modified? What shall we think of a law that would interdict the practice of magnetism by any one who is not an M. D. or health officer?

The present programme is not at all restrictive and any matter pertaining to the object the Congress has in view, or even outside of the questions herein stated will be thankfully received.

Members of the Congress are particularly invited to send to the general secretary accounts of all remarkable cases of healing which may not already have been published.

No paper will be discussed in Congress unless it shall have been submitted to the Bureau before the 1st of October and accepted by the same.

Notices of adherence, memorials, testimonials and other documents should be addressed to M. Millien, Secrétaire général du Congrès, place de la Nation, 13, Paris.

## The Strange Story of Harry Munzer—Sane and Insane.

The daily papers report the case of Mr. Harry Munzer, who voluntarily came before the court in this city for the purpose of being pronounced insane and cared for, and thus protected from himself. The case presents so many points of interest to the student of psychic science, and shows so clearly the utter inadequacy of the old methods to explain or deal with it, that we quote at some length the report:

Munzer is about twenty-seven years old and has been of exceptional habits. His face is not unhandsome, and his features bear a decidedly innocent but intelligent expression. The change he underwent during the hearing was remarkable. His story itself was not so very different from what one might expect to hear from a man who felt himself becoming insane. What terrified the jurors was the complete change in his features as he proceeded. From an innocent, harmless expression at the beginning, they changed to one of extreme cunning and malignity. As he proceeded deep lines appeared on his cheeks beside the nose. The eyebrows contracted darkly and the corners of the mouth drew down. His forehead wrinkled up as an old man's, and his voice actually changed so that a listener might have supposed that a man of forty-five were talking. The words came from deep down in his chest, and in fact, the entire aspect of the man was changed. He bent forward in his chair, his shoulders stooped, and his eyes became watery. When the narrator reached that portion of his recital where he spoke of killing, the jury gazed upon the face of a man about to commit murder.

For four years he had acted as entry clerk for Edison, and his manipulation of figures was considered something wonderful. He had been subject to gloomy spells at periods about two years apart, during which he would become a recluse for weeks at a time. He spoke of the spells, saying: "I feel something approaching heavily, but I can take care of myself. Beads of perspiration stood on his brow, but he displayed no nervousness. 'The queer sickness came on me again about a year ago,' said he, 'and this time I became much alarmed at the developments. It seemed to be approaching a state altogether different from the natural one. An ague-like feeling crept over me, beginning first in my brain. I was then living at my father's house, on West Lake St. My mind did not seem to grow weaker, but to be altering its functions materially. Presently the sight of a tool or anything with a blade would start every fibre and nerve in me to tingling and I became afraid of myself—afraid for my friends. I felt an impulse growing upon me to harm or kill. I knew what I was about.'

"I recognized the faces of my friends, I had a cool control of my mental faculties. I was not out of my head in the least, but there was a desire which seemed to be muscular as well as mental, and wholly apart from my natural volitions. My father saw the danger, and I dared not explain to him the complete revolution in my being. He sent me to Lake Geneva to be treated in a private institution there, and now for seven months I have been there under the constant care of several experienced physicians. They have been unable to assist me. I grew worse, and I knew it and realized the dread that I was growing yet more senses. The doctors gave me chloroform, but I fear that it has but my nervous system and served to augment this fearful development, rather than cure it. We consulted and thought a change would be good for me.

"I now insist that I be placed somewhere, so I may be watched and treated differently. I have not been home since I left Geneva. I will not go there for I believe that some rapid change for the worse would take place immediately, should I go back. This mania would unman me and force me to do that which I have been battling against. I would kill some one. I might kill myself; and yet I would know what I was about."

"That will do," said the Judge in a husky voice. Munzer was started at the command. He looked up wildly, then fell back in his chair, half exhausted. Tears fell down his cheeks, the wrinkles disappeared from his forehead, the fiendish expression left his face, and a minute more he was again the young man, Harry Munzer, with the innocent face. The jury brought in a verdict finding him insane.

Insane! That is the coarse and indiscriminating conclusion of legal and medical knowledge as dealt out in courts of law. If Mr. Munzer is able to understand the remarkable influences which like the meshes of a spider-web, seize on his will and bend it to purposes foreign to itself, does this not clearly show that those influences originate outside of and independent of himself? If his own mind was so diseased that abnormal mental impressions were the result, would it not be impossible for him to reason as he does on his situation? Does not his narrative clearly reveal two individualities, independent of each other? Instead of being insane has he not become obsessed by an intelligence which seeks to express its demonic character through him?

Such cases are by no means rare. The insane asylums have great numbers of them, and the treatment they there receive tends to confirm the obsession, rather than to ward

it off. The present methods of medical science are harmful instead of helpful with such patients. To place them with others in an asylum, the concentrated influence of numbers intensifies sensitiveness, and thus augments the trouble. Remedies like chloroform, or morphine, by weakening the nerves and inducing an abnormal sensitiveness are also pernicious. No medicine can avail, and to place such patients in an asylum is in most instances equivalent to incarceration for life. The obsession will increase until it overlays and completely conceals the real personality.

There is here a broad humanitarian field for those who accept the new views of psychology. What is demanded for a cure of such cases of obsession is a stronger and unselfish control, to dispossess the foreign influence and keep possession until the patient regains his mental strength.

A strong magnetist would be able to take control of the subject's mind, and retain such control until changes were effected which would prevent further interference on the part of the obsessing intelligence.

## "Arcane (late Esoteric)."

We stroke the fur of King Cat with great satisfaction, and that sagacious animal purrs pleasantly, on reading Madame Blavatsky's Magazine, *Lucifer*, for July. It is seldom that a scheme for gambling on public credulity, with a brainy Russian for its head, and a sapient Irishman for its tail, is knocked out in one round; but such has been the fate of the "Esoteric" section, T. S., following the exposure of the "fake" in the JOURNAL of June 8th. In Boston lately, where the same "Esoteric" business was flourishing with Ohmart for its brains and Butler for its other furnishings, it took several newspaper reporters, the confessions of several soiled sucking doves, and the assistance of the police to accomplish the desired result.

It is true that W. Q. Judge still holds in New York, and his private "Arcane" lodge has not yet been raided; but Blavatsky has fled to Fontainebleau, France. There she issues a bull—papal, not Irish, for Judge has a monopoly of the latter—"to all pledged Theosophists," that the Esoteric section must drop its name, and know itself to be "Arcane" in future. The reason, she says, is that this name has the advantage of being one "which has not been dragged in mire and ridicule by charlatans," and she hopes that her dear "psychological baby," as she has called Colonel Olcott—even her "flap-doodle Olcott," as she has playfully dubbed him, will sanction "Arcane." She also hopes that all her pledged members will "readily adopt" the label Arcane—which means, we suppose, that they will look in the dictionary to see what it means, learn to spell it, have it tagged on the collar around their necks, and continue to smell by this name as savory as they did when they were "esoteric."

We hope so; "arcane" rhymes with inane; and it makes little difference whether Blavatsky and Butler, or Ohmart and Judge, operate either esotericism or arcaneity upon that portion of the public who must be duped for the simple reason that they like it. "Gulls Nabbed by Knaves and Rascals" was Blavatsky's version of the esoteric letters, "G. N. K. R.," the motto of Ohmart and Butler, but we all know how she hates her peers and rivals. If Blavatsky would only "tote fair" and divide the honors with other professionals, she could get up a magnificent trust or combine. There is Diss Debar, out of jail and out of a job; there are Ohmart and Butler, of much experience in the business, out of a job and out of town by request of the authorities; there is Street, and Chainey, and "Tony" Higgins, and dear knows how many more we could name; all unobjectionable and available for either the early arcane or late esoteric variety show. We hope the "Council in England," of which Blavatsky speaks (if there be one), and "the American Council" of which she speaks, composed mostly of one wild Irishman, will consider our suggestion favorably.

## Buddhist Propagation Society in Japan.

Rev. G. Loomis in *The Independent* tells of the formation, in Tokio, Japan, of a society to correspond with foreign Buddhists, to publish Buddhist tracts and books, and to establish missionaries in foreign lands. The society say they "do not intend to spread any special form (or sect) of Buddhism, but to proclaim the great truths which the Tathagata (teacher) taught for the whole world," and funds are being generously given them. They publish a paper, *The Bijou of Asia*, which says: "Christianity is now rapidly declining in America and Europe.... The rude explanations of human nature and man's origin and destiny must fail to satisfy the developed intellect. So we are led to think that in the West, including America, the time is drawing near when the Christian faith will disappear, or at least will receive transformation. What shall then fill the gap? A purer and higher religion. Buddhists ought to make these Western people know the truths they profess."

Their views of the decline of Christianity, and their hopes of putting Buddhism in its place, are quite as rational as the dreams of foreign missionaries and their friends that the heathen world will become Christian. Neither will find realization, but the sympathy of religions, their unity in great foundation truths, will be better understood, the truths of each will find favor with all, the errors of each will be outgrown by all, and the world will be the better in the light of broader wisdom and charity.

The *Bijou* states that the nine leading sects of Japanese Buddhism have 56,886 priests, and 79,907 temples. It says: "There cannot be a religion higher than truth. It is eternal and will, at length, gain the complete victory over all. Civilization is a large tree covered with gaudy flowers; it is the true religion which causes them to bear sweet fruit."

When these Buddhist missionaries come, let us give them fair hearing, as they do the Christian missionaries. One thing will be in their favor. "For the whole world," as the *Bijou* says, did their Tathagata teach great truths. So we shall have, from them, no esoteric Buddhism or secret occult mystery hidden from the people, but their teachings will be open as the sun, which shines for all.

Years ago an American gentleman presented to the Japanese Royal Library at Jeddah a large package of books on liberal Christianity and Spiritualism, which were gratefully accepted. Let us give and take and so gain.

## Blavatsky in Paris.

"On an average we are shocked or amazed about once a week with a fresh story coming over from the French capital. Last week it was the elixir of youth formulated out of rabbits and guinea pigs, by Doctor Brown-Segard. Now it is a wonderful femme-chat, the patient of Doctor Charcot. This marvelous girl-cat is a pretty, golden-haired blonde of fourteen, who is ordinarily a well behaved little girl. When the cat-fits strikes her, however, her face is convulsed, her eyes turn green, and her mouth is distorted with dreadful grimaces. She drops on all fours, scampers about the room, humps up her back, and spits with truly feline ferocity if approached. She will catch and worry a mouse, play with a bit of paper, or give vent to prolonged and agonizing miaulments as the mood takes her. Having successfully accomplished the cat act, she resolves herself instantly into a beautiful, meek-voiced, blonde haired little girl."

We clip the above from one of our changes, whose editor evidently does know that the famous Bengalo-Russian has gone in her astral to Paris to be tr by Dr. Charcot. We "wouldn't mind so that we "know she can travel in her body," and every body but the suckin will recognize the portrait. We have private information from our own that these fits come on weekly, just w. copy of the JOURNAL reaches London, an a "hundred theosophists defending" any use. King Cat is going to Paris Dr. Charcot to put his patient on psychic chickens.

## C. Staniland Wake on Spiritism

On another page we publish a communication from that ripe scholar and ed thinker, C. Staniland Wake, who of *Morality*, in two volumes, by Trubner & Co., about 1878, is wide in this country and has just been su by a third volume entitled *The ment of Marriage and Kinship*, London, Geo. Redway. It is rare that so brief an article as Dr. Wake's covers so wide a field and states the points so perspicuously. We are glad to have this writer permanently settled in this country, and shall hope to have the JOURNAL enriched by further contributions from him.

It is not often that a priest secedes from the church of Rome, as the Rev. Jerome Mathews of St. Mary's, Bath, has done; nor, if he does, is he candid enough to give his reasons. Here is what has been in the mind of this particular priest: "After long and anxious thought and study, I have arrived at the conviction that the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, though possessing many excellences, are full of legendary and mythological statements, and that they possess no claim to, and manifest no evidence of, Divine inspiration; that the Roman Catholic Church has no claim to be regarded as a Divinely-constituted authority; that the Papacy is a human institution, gravely compromised to error and superstition, and therefore injurious to the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind that Jesus Christ, though a holy man and ardent reformer, was not the great God of the Universe, but the son of Joseph and Mary; that neither demoniacal spirits, nor a place or state of everlasting torment have any existence in fact, but originate in ancient mythologies. With these convictions, which I have striven against for a long time without success, it would be dishonest for me to continue as a priest, teaching only the purest of natural spiritual religion, which I profoundly believe and desire to promote. I therefore this day return to our excellent and kind bishop the sacerdotal faculties entrusted to me by his lordship."—*Light, London*.

Between the religious feeling excited by the camp meeting and the indignation provoked by the prohibition of dancing at the hotel the people enjoying the close of the summer at Lake Bluff are experiencing quite an interesting time. At the camp meeting last Saturday the Rev. Dr. Boole of New York, who is perhaps the most prominent of the eminent clergymen who have taken an active part in the meeting, preached a stirring sermon on the "Waters of Life," taking for his subject the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. The doctor is a forcible and eloquent preacher, and made a marked impression. There has been such a tempest in a teapot kicked up by the self sanctified at the Bluff because the young people have occasionally indulged in a dance in the parlors of the Hotel Irving that the Rev. Dr. Boole was asked to express his views about dancing. Much to the chagrin of the self-constituted "perfect holiness" people who have for several seasons past attempted to run this beautiful summer resort as though it were actually owned and controlled by a community of



Quakers, the Rev. Dr. Boole not only does not condemn it unqualifiedly, but even thinks a person can dance and not sin.—*Chicago Times.*

An unusual ceremony was performed in the German Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart at Dubuque, Ia., last Sunday. It consisted in what is called blessing the bells. All the Catholic societies in the city—four German, one Irish, and one Bohemian—marched in procession through the principal streets, with banners and bands of music. The ceremonies were witnessed by an immense crowd. The four bells were placed in a row before the altar. A priest first washed each bell thoroughly. He was followed by another priest, who anointed the bells with oil. Another made the sign of the cross seven times on the outside of each bell for the seven sacraments, and four times on the inside to symbolize the calling of the people from the four ends of the earth to the gospel. The bells were then solemnly dedicated to the service of God. And yet the noise arising from these bells will be no less a nuisance to the sick. What a farce!

"We have many gods," said the Chinaman to a Denver reporter, "a great many; every river has its god; there is one for the Yellow River, and these gods have their likes, so we find these out and do things to please them. We have a god of theatres, a god of grasshoppers, a god of snakes, of tea, of gold, of silver, of snow, of strength, and in fact of almost every thing. Then there is Wang Papa before whose image is placed a list of lost or stolen goods. There are gods for each of the three hundred and sixty trades; there is a monkey god, a fish god, a god of cruelty, a god of revenge, and also the gods Hen and Ha, who are gods of storms and rains. Every tree has its god, and when a tree is to be cut down every body about is told of it so that they can be near their own gods and the tree god who has lost his home cannot harm them. And there are gods for the different parts of the man's body, for the hair, neck, tongue, and the other parts."

Momus writes: "The Rev. Jas. De Buchananne, a recently converted Methodist divine, is now lecturing before the Spiritualists' Mediums' Society at 104 22nd St. He claims to be controlled by a band of guides, although from his speech and address, one would readily detect his own personality. 'Heaven and Hell' was his subject last Sunday afternoon, and although Spiritualists are familiar with many of the arguments used, a very able and eloquent address was given. The old theological heaven was pictured as of yore, and Dante's Inferno with all its horrors and terrible punishments was illustrated again and again. Mr. Buchananne then gave an idea of the Spiritualists' heaven without its fiery furnace for punishing the wicked. evening lecture was on the subject of 'He.' The meetings were very well attended."

A press dispatch from Middletown, N. Y., says: "Lawyer Luther R. Marsh has been a pretty constant resident of this town for six months past, and is here still. Mr. Marsh is understood to have secluded himself among congenial surroundings for the purpose of giving his whole attention to the completion of the elaborate work he is writing on Spiritualism. He purposes to make the work a complete exegesis of the theory and practice of spiritual manifestations from a biblical standpoint. Incidentally he gives the story of his connection with Mme. Doss Debar. He admits that the medium, in her normal state is base, mercenary and wicked. Mr. Marsh is now engaged in reading the proof sheets of the closing chapters of this book, which is being printed at Buffalo, and will be issued from the press in October."

Bills are now being sent out to subscribers in arrears, and it is important that they receive proper attention from the recipients. Just surprise the editor on his return from a greatly needed vacation by paying up and renewing—one and all. If you do this, you will be surprised to see how much better you will feel and how it will invigorate and encourage him. The cash-in-advance system is the only proper way to conduct a newspaper, and the credit system is continued with the JOURNAL solely to accommodate subscribers; hence they should be equally accommodating and make a special effort to get square when called upon to do so.

The brilliant essayist and writer, Edwin D. Mead, delivered a very able lecture before the National Educational Association at its late convention in Nashville. His theme was most timely: "Has the Parochial School Proper Place in America?" The lecture was widely noticed by the press and the demand for it in full has been so great as to warrant publication in pamphlet form, in which shape it will soon be issued. Every one interested in this topic—who is not?—will want this exhaustive argument against one of the most threatening dangers now menacing the peace and progress of this country.

It is stated that after several days' sickness the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Boshiller of Elkhart, Ind., was given up by the physicians as dead, her heart and pulse-beats being imperceptible. "Her father went to La Grange, had a grave dug and made the necessary arrangements for the funeral yesterday. In company with several relatives he came back to be astonished on approaching his home to learn that his daughter, several hours after his departure, and while lying in her shroud, had returned to life. The case puzzles the community."

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy left the city last Saturday night by boat for Northern Michigan, where Mrs. Bundy will remain until frost comes. Mr. Bundy has not had his feet on the ground since he left Lake Pleasant a year ago, and he feels the necessity of absolute rest and a chance to come in touch with nature for a few weeks. Letters that require his immediate attention will be forwarded, all other matters must await his return. He hopes to come back refreshed and ready for a vigorous fall campaign.

"There is no doubt," says the *Jewish Messenger*, "that the more thoughtful adherents of Judaism are gradually drifting away. They do not care to carry out the ceremonial law because it does not speak to their hearts, and since this is all they have been taught of their religion if they neglect it there seems to be nothing left. Their souls cry aloud for truths that shall sustain them in their hour of trial and temptation, that shall teach them how to live and how to die; and all that is given them is more or less unmeaning rites. Will not those who love their ancient faith—who feel that its doctrines embody all the elements of a morally beautiful life, come forward now when danger threatens it, and zealously show forth its more spiritual truths?"

The Thirteenth National Conference of Unitarians is to be held at Philadelphia instead of Saratoga (where the Methodist church which they had occupied was refused them), Oct. 28th to 31st, says the *Christian Register*. One day is set for four papers on "The Liberal Christian Ministry of To-day," by Revs. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, Mich., Joseph H. Allen, John Tunis and Francis E. Abbott of Boston, followed by a discussion. Will these accomplished and genial clergymen consider what they have to do with Spiritualism? Mr. Abbott was a leader in the Free Religious movement, editor of its organ, *The Index*, and his name was stricken from the list of Unitarian clergymen years ago. Unitarianism and Free Religion may be said to meet and kiss by his personal presence and position in this large and important conference. This shows growth and mutual appreciation, and is well. In a few years Spiritualism may be appreciated. Wait and see. Mr. Sunderland, the editor of *The Unitarian*, an able monthly magazine, is decidedly on the spiritual side among western Unitarians, although not a Spiritualist, and has no unity with agnosticism. His leading position is significant.

Father Damien, the Catholic priest who made his home on Molokai island, the Sandwich island leper settlement, has been held up as a saintly model of unparalleled self-sacrifice and devotedness, going among a wretched and forsaken people where he was sure to meet his death by leprosy, as he did. The New York *Independent* gives the facts to show that this leper colony was started by the Hawaiian government in 1865, and those who went there were well provided for, others, Protestant and Catholic, going there occasionally to preach and otherwise help them. It quotes from a report in 1874 by H. A. Wideman, President Board of Health: "In material things these Molokai people are better off than most natives, better off, with few exceptions, than they ever were in their former homes. Mr. W. R. Pragsdale, who showed great self-sacrifice by going there of his own accord, is the present excellent superintendent of the asylum." This was before Father Damien's day. The present pastor of the Molokai Protestant church is not a leper, but went there with his wife, who has contracted the fearful disease. All this shows that the priest was a good man, whose devotedness deserves commendation, but that Protestants have also gone among the lepers, who were not neglected but kindly cared for by the government. The story, as told in our newspapers, has the air of a Catholic effort to show their superior saintliness.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe is lecturing at Vicksburg, Mich.

Gen. James B. Coit of Washington has purchased the scaffold on which John Brown was executed at Harper's Ferry, Dec. 2nd, 1859, and proposes to exhibit it in the form it was when the execution took place.

Dr. Charles Theodore, Duke of Bavaria, the philanthropic physician, recently celebrated at Tegernsee, in Bavaria, his removal of the thousandth cataract from the eyes of his poor patients.

Ex-Mayor Richard Vaux of Philadelphia, who was the first American to dance with Queen Victoria, is spending his thirtieth season at Saratoga. He is described as "a queer old-school gentleman."

Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, though 81 years old, spends a great deal of his time outdoors, working in his orchard and flower garden, or taking long walks. He is said to be still good for ten or fifteen miles a day on foot.

Horace Greeley once preached a Christmas sermon in Dr. Chapin's church. He began by saying: "It is has been said that I am the poorest speaker in America." P. T. Barnum, who was present, said that it was really true, but what he said enchanted every hearer.

The Rev. C. P. McCarthy has been doing some excellent work lately in New York City, by his able lectures and uncompromising hostility to all forms of fraud. His subjects at 230 W. 36th St., were, "The Future Work of Spiritualism," and the "Spiritual Aspects of Dr. McGlynn's Mission Work," and "The Nature of the New Birth."

Dr. Brown-Séguard is an American. His father, Capt. Edward Brown of the American navy, was a Philadelphian and married a French woman on the island of Mauritius named Séguard. He and his descendants took the name Brown-Séguard.

Mrs. Elizabeth Faith, who died recently at Louisville, had her coffin made under her own personal direction more than three years ago. It was made of solid walnut lined with zinc, and trimmed with white silk. It was inclosed in a strong cedar box, and this in still another box made of thick oak lumber.

"The Progress of Religious Freedom"—a valuable book by Rev. Phillip Schaff, D. D., says: "The theory of North America is religious liberty and equality.... Intolerance and persecution have wrought incalculable misery in the past, and are contrary to the spirit of Christianity, justice and mercy, and incompatible with modern civilization.... The church needs and should ask nothing from the State but the protection of law."

#### Influence of Human Magnetism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Several of your correspondents have given their views in regard to the influence of human magnetism upon plant development. In the JOURNAL of July 6th, Mr. Whitworth adds one more pen-thrust at this, which must to most readers seem a bubble of the imagination. That it is a solid suggestive fact, however, is more than possible. He says: "Weeds left to their own devices will grow with remarkable vigor. They seem to be imbued with inherent power to branch out under any and all circumstances, and to increase and multiply with a vim that nothing short of a grubbing-hoe can check. But any species of prizeable plant be so left to fight it out way and note the result. To a dead certainty it will be either crowded to destruction by weeds or become stunted, misshapen or otherwise spoiled."

And he asks, "How is this?" Well, his statements of fact are correct as every observer knows, and the answer to his concluding question is just as patent to him who begins the study of evolution a right, and considers the vital force, life-principle or spirit the essential factor in progressive development, and deems all the various forms, or types physical, as but the crystallized demands of said vital force or spirit, for a transient resting place wherein to perfect and adjust the new faculties added to it at every step thus taken. The rule is: The lower and baser the organization the more tenacious of life and "the fittest to survive" unaided. Every plant that grows, every animal that lives gives evidence of this fact, and man in his individual and in his race progress closes the evidence with positive proof. It is the higher order of plants—the esculent and fruitful—that man finds most useful and agreeable to him, and these in the struggle for existence are no match for the lower orders that possess little beauty or utility. These lower plants are useful to the lower animals and insects, because upon a plane of development similar to theirs, and unsuited to the uses and tastes of man because too far below him in the scales of progress.

The life-principle is a thing of progressive growth. In moss it is vital force; in man it is the soul, spirit or intellect. Between these two stations there are thousands of relay houses which it builds for itself and temporarily occupies while acquiring new powers. From the beginning up to its entrance into the last type or station, which is the human body, it is under the watchful care and protection of instinct. Upon crossing the threshold of this last station it acquires the only faculty remaining necessary for self-control and self-sustenance—reason. During its whole career it has gradually approached reason and just as gradually departed from instinct. Instinct is the Divine Mind abstract; reason the Divine Mind concrete. Under direction of the former the adjustment and the working of all parts of the universe are perfect because the supervision is absolute, and all things are kept in harmony with their surroundings. Life is tenacious because fitted to its surroundings. But as it advances upon reason it recedes from instinct, exchanging the government of the Infinite for the control of the finite, resulting in destruction from inharmonious.

But let me emerge from Mr. Whitworth's pestiferous weeds and talk for a moment only about plant sympathy. I know a man who claims that verdure follows him wherever he goes. Now don't let your witty Kansas correspondent (Anderson I believe) say that verdancy necessarily accompanies those who believe his stories, for this may be one of those things that did not appear to the mind of the ancient philosophical dreamer. This man says that wherever he resides the grass grows more luxuriantly, the leaves put on fresher and brighter hues, the flowers bloom more beautiful, etc. Now this might all be a mistaken idea of his, but let me tell you of one thing about which there is no mistake, for I have personally tested the matter myself: This same man cannot keep in his pocket a correct time-keeper because any watch that he may carry will run too fast.

Now, this man does not possess what is called a magnetic nature. He does not attract men toward him, but rather repels them, and as they express it, "Freezes" them by his presence. Nevertheless whoever listens to his talk is almost sure to adopt his views. Thus he seems to repel sympathy and attract intellect. Sympathy is the response to affinity. And is it not probable that we all have our own affinities in the lower world of life, ay, even where life is not generally credited with existence; in the still waters of the lake, and the surging floods of Niagara, and the silent rocks upon which they stand and over which they flow? Do not all these things influence us, and have not thousands of men and women become almost ecstatic under this influence, and in prose and poetry described the impressions thus made upon them by things insensate?

The mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms are our progenitors, and have furnished the elements which make up the human compound. These elements remain loyal to their source and carry back the soul to worship at nature's shrine, and unless there is greater power in the imperfect thing than in the perfect, that soul must react upon and materially affect the lower realms of the visible universe that so powerfully act upon it.

Allen, La. FARMER LEE.

#### Married.

At Onset Bay, Mass., August 12th, by Rev. E. B. Fairchild, Dr. John C. Wyman, of Brooklyn, L. I., to Miss E. A. Viel (Excellor) of New York City.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

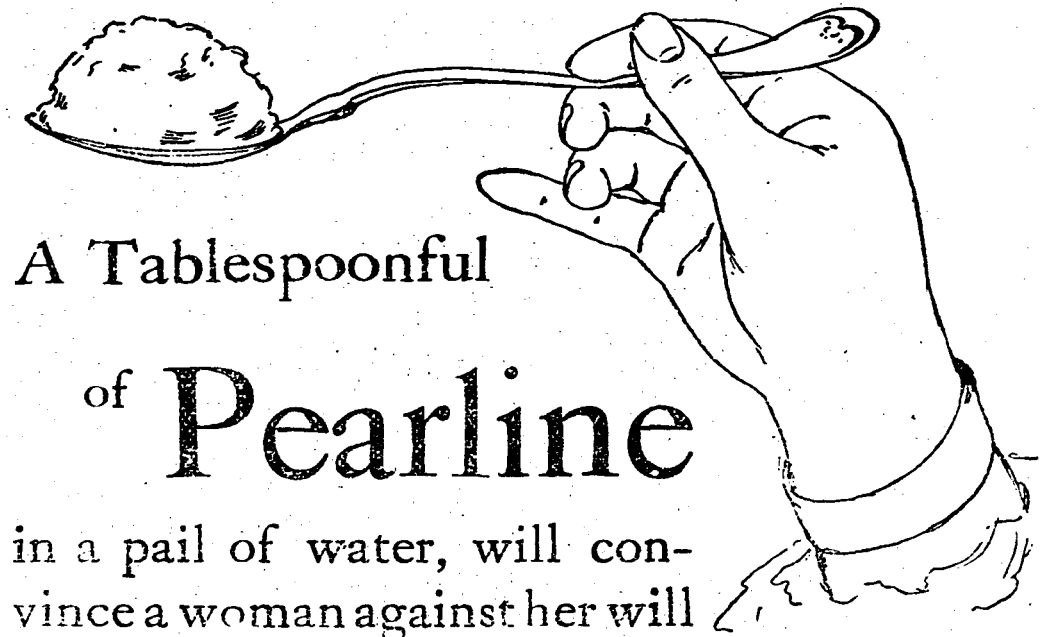
Speaker Carlisle has arrived at Gaudalajara, Mexico.—The Pennsylvania Iron company of Lancaster, Pa., has resumed work after eighteen weeks' idleness.—The railroad have announced an advance of 25 cents per 100 on pig iron between New York and Chicago, to take effect Sept. 1.—Charles Grizard, a condemned murderer, broke jail at Watson, Ark., and is now in hiding in the swamps near the town. The place is surrounded by twenty five or thirty armed men.—George Glass, one of the most prominent citizens of Pittsburg and a leading Mason, died Sunday night.—E. H. Branch a wandering musician from Evansville, Ind., committed suicide at Peoria Sunday.—Burglars entered the office of Tom Webb, a Peoria ticket-broker, Sunday night and stole \$206 and eight silver watches.—The charity commissioners of New York have under their care James Dwyer and John Wilson, runaway boys from Kansas City.—The Hon. Charles W. Clisbee, ex-judge of the Cass and Berrien counties Circuit court, Michigan, died Sunday night at Cassopolis.—A runaway gravel train on the Northwestern road dashed into J. O. Eastman's house at Owatonna, Minn., and almost demolished it.—Andrew Nelson, 8 years old, was drowned at a picnic at Des Plaines, Sunday.—Fred F. Schaffer, a butcher at 1500 Michigan avenue, Detroit, Mich., died at the army in this city, where he had been under treatment for supposed delirium tremens.—The 15 year-old boy found drowned in the lake at the foot of 65th street Sunday is believed to be Joseph Kabla, who lived at 17½ Seward street.—Three miners have been killed by an explosion in a colliery at Hanley, Staffordshire.—The National bank, the Milan Savings bank, and the Bank of Naples have advanced 24,000,000 lire to two Turin banks to arrest a panic caused by the suicide

of Copello, one of the leading capitalists Turin.

Frank Sorenson was fatally injured Nanticoke, seven miles from Wilkabarre, Pa. last Monday, by a trap he had arranged kill thieves. John Lees & Son, cotton spinners, who operated the "Dover Mills" in Philadelphia, Pa., have assigned. Liabilities, \$36,000; assets, \$25,000.—Jim Smith, a Detroit crook, started to run away from officer Watkins, who was trying to arrest him, and the latter shot, wounding Smith, perhaps fatally.—The Rev. Fred A. Barnitz of Middletown, Pa., a retired minister, and Charles H. Carpenter of Philadelphia, a well known printer, while fishing in a boat last Monday were swept into the whirlpool in Swatara creek and drowned.—The Pennsylvania railroad company is about to adopt a policy towards its employees more important than any in its history. Arrangements are being made to establish a pension system, the first of the kind in the United States.—Marshall C. Twitcomb, son of the United States consul at Kingston, Ont., accused of burglaries entering the premises of Mrs. Martin and shooting at her with intent to kill, has been liberated from jail on \$6,000 bail. He will be tried September 16th.—Charles Keller of Philadelphia, at present a bartender at Lambertville, N. J., accompanied by Mamie and Winnie Colligan, aged 17 and 20 respectively, while boat riding at Easton, Pa., Sunday evening were carried over the falls. The girls were drowned. Keller was rescued.

Pueblo, the manufacturing city of Colorado has doubled its population during the last two years; a record unequalled by any city in the Union. This increase was the result of the location at that place of several important factories and the building of three new trunk lines of railway.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Priest, Derry Depot, N. H., on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage (Aug. 5th, 1839).

JOSEPH BRALIS.

Fifty years of married life,  
Fifty years of toil and strife,  
Fifty years of love, and this  
Is fifty years of wedded bliss.

Memory takes you back in time  
To that moment all sublime,  
When the mutual promise given  
Might last through time and into heaven.

Now backward over memory's road  
We trace the path you have trod;  
We know that each has helped to cheer  
The other when the way was drear.

You've found the sunshine and the shade  
The same as all whom God hath made;  
But sun and shadow only tend  
To make your hearts more closely blend.

Offspring, too, have blessed your hearth,  
With childhood's gay and lightome mirth;  
These heaven-sent blessings, one by one  
You've toiled for, taught, and guided on.

Until they come in manhood's prime,  
To joyfully welcome in this time!  
For hand in hand you walk to-day,  
Though fifty years have passed away.

Fifty years! How few there are  
Who walk together thus far;  
How many changes you have seen,  
How oft you've said, "It might have been!"

Yet change on change has followed fast,  
And new inventions till at last  
We send our thoughts from zone to zone,  
And each one knows his soul's his own.

From man-made creeds and dogmas free,  
We now rejoice, and know that we  
Shall henceforth breathe a freer air,  
And never more grim fetters wear.

And now may heavenly peace and joy  
Be ever yours without alloy,  
As year by year rolls on, may they  
Recall this "Golden Wedding" day.

And if the five and seventieth year  
Shall find you both in spirit sphere,  
With angel friends in glory rare,  
You'll hold your "Diamond Wedding" there.  
Greenfield, Mass.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### BE COMFORTED.

Written for a Jewish Friend.

From this bright space where angels are,  
Reaches my vision wide and far;

And though I seemed to leave you there  
With all things earthly, sweet and fair,

Yet am I nearer than you deem  
As in some hallowed, golden dream,

I strive to wipe the falling tear  
To whisper, "Father, I am here!"

Can I not give you some sweet word,  
Such as the sleeping Jacob heard

When angels from this lovely place  
Talked with the dreamer face to face?

Be comforted, be comforted!  
I live! I live! I am not dead;

But in your heart and at your side,  
I was but the seeming me that died.

I live! I live! I am not dead;  
Be comforted, be comforted!

—A. Robbins.

### Faith at Johnstown.

In one of the dispatches received by the *New York Times* from the scene of the disaster it was stated that some persons who had been rescued from the flood only to find themselves alone and unprotected, had abandoned all faith in Providence, and had emphasized their change of mind by casting away their Bibles. This affords an illustration of a kind of faith that never should have existed. These persons had evidently cherished the idea that, if they tried to live religiously, Providence would see that they did not suffer from the effects of their own or other's carelessness; and that natural agencies of a destructive character would in some mysterious way be instructed to pass them over, even while causing havoc all around. This expectation having been falsified by facts, their faith in the divine government is not only shaken but destroyed. Their standpoint is manifestly a less reasonable one, noble one than that of the patriarch Job, who in the depth of his trouble could exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Herein lies a lesson for the clergy and for all teachers of youth. The only stable faith is one that reposes upon the order of nature, or at least that fully accepts the material order of the universe, and for all that may flow from it. The man who supposes that by pious observances he can, to evade the smallest extent, guarantee himself or his household from fire or flood, from pestilence, famine, or any form of physical disaster is virtually a fetish-worshiper. The pact he strives to make with the power he recognizes is of the nature of a private bargain, according to the terms of which exceptions to the general working of natural laws are to be made whenever his individual interests seem to require it. That man, on the other hand, who, accepting the general scheme of things as something fixed and unchangeable, and who may necessarily flow therefrom, strives to make the best possible life for himself and others.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### An Impressive Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The following statement is true: Joseph Wilcox lived in the West (I think in Dakota); his parents lived then, and do now, in Victory, Wis. In 1885, April 22, Joseph Wilcox died, after three days suffering from pneumonia. His relatives were not notified of his death until after his burial, when Mrs. M. J. Cass, of Sumner, Iowa, received news of the event, she being his sister. She at once notified the rest of the family, among whom were his father and mother. The news reached his parents on Monday, May 4th. He was buried on May 1st. Thus it will be seen that five days elapsed from the day of his death until intelligence of the event was received by his parents. What I desire to convey at present is a vision which his mother had the day before (Joseph Wilcox) was buried, and three days before she knew he was dead. She was about 77 years of age when her son died, and her husband two years older than herself. The day of the funeral she lay down to rest, as was her custom, with her face toward the door, when almost immediately a procession of people began to come in, and after passing by her bed they went out of the window. As they passed her bed each one in turn stopped and looked at her, moving the lips as if trying to speak. She at the same time scanned each face closely to see if one could prove to be an acquaintance. At last a form came and passed her lying on its back, with eyes closed; it seemed to be charred feet first, and stopped in front of her bed. She looked at it closely, and exclaimed: "Why, I never thought before that Joseph looked like his father." His father, Uncle Ira Wilcox, was suffering with cold on his lungs at this time, and Aunt Sarah thought the vision she had seen was a warning of her husband's death, but when on the following Monday the news of her son's death reached her, the mystery was explained; there was, indeed, a strong resemblance between Uncle Ira and cousin Joseph. Mrs. M. J. Cass, sister of the deceased above mentioned related these facts to me a year ago while visiting at my house. I asked permission to use an account of it in the *JOURNAL*, which she granted.  
Nash, Mich. E. B. N. MONROE.

### No Controversy on Re-Incarnation.

The Views of a Distinguished Medium and Author.

Whilst we utterly ignore the proud and egotistical assumption that we alone know the truth, and do not for one moment attempt to deny that you may be right, friends, and we may be wrong, we feel justified in claiming that the balance of testimony is all on our side, and this we allege on the following grounds. Commencing from Swedenborg, following on with the disciples of Meemer, the clairvoyance evolved by mesmerism, and finally, during the first or earliest of the direct spiritual communications—communications given at a time when the minds of mortals were wholly unbiased by preconceived views, and therefore were specially receptive to original truth as given by spirits—in all these, and other methods too numerous to mention, we have not only had no teaching concerning re-incarnation, but directly the opposite, namely—a strong denial of the reality, and many reasons assigned as to why it was neither a harmony with nature, nor a revealed method of progression, or a necessity for the upward march of the soul. The spheres of spiritual life, planetary and solar states, have ever been pointed out, as the means by which progress was to be effected, and justice rendered to every living creature, and not re-incarnation.

We will not now enter into the many logical reasons we could give for the rejection of this doctrine. We are writing on the subject of testimony, alone, and in this category we not only repudiate, without argument, the assertions so often made by re-incarnationists, that our spirits are too low and ignorant to be aware of this doctrine, whilst the re-incarnationists' spirits are so high and lofty as to be informed thereon, but we refer further to the teachings concerning "Devachan," in which it is asserted the spirits dwell in a sort of unconscious state for one or two thousand years, and cannot return to earth or else, as some assert, the spirit, as a principle, goes off into such distant spiritual regions as to render return impossible. Of course, it may be alleged that the doctrines of "Devachan, Karma," etc., etc., are peculiar to certain branches of the Theosophists, Occultists, and others, whilst the Kardecists may not conform to it, or others. Still we reassert the fact that the vast mass of corroborative testimony from the Spirit-world is against the belief by a thousand to one, and should we enter upon the plane of controversy, we should have as many hard things to say against belief in this doctrine as has been provoked by the tale of "The Curate of Olivaria," as detailed in the *JOURNAL*. It is found in the arguments of Madame Van Calcar, in the same number. Once for all, however, all the laws of human testimony justify us in the assertion that the sum of proofs on our side, constitute the facts of Spiritualism. The origin of the doctrine of re-incarnation in this century, as detailed in "Spiritualism in France" (Nineteenth Century Miracles), shows nothing more than opinions based on the powerful psychological influence of two leading minds. Thus then we have no common ground on which Spiritualists and re-incarnationists can meet. Argument in such cases is vain, controversy equally useless, and the effects of the result. We can but ask our friends on both sides to agree to disagree.

Both classes believe in the necessity of doing good. Both teach that the only road to heaven, whether it be reached by one life on earth, or a thousand, is through the path of righteousness. Both declare that heaven, and all we can hope for in the hereafter, must be wrought out by our own perfections of character, and on these points at least we may clasp hands, and unite in the stupendous aphorism—"The Kingdoms of Heaven and Hell are both within you. Beyond this we can only search, trust, watch, wait, and labor." With these views, and wholly without the slightest reference to the subject of controversy, we must kindly refuse to enter within its endless entanglements, and for the present close down upon further discussion of the subject. We, the Spiritualists—solely affirm there is no evidence known to mortals in this century that can prove either the existence of the soul beyond the grave, or the nature and conditions of its life, except the thousands, and even millions, of communications, given by spirits to earth in this our present generation. This alone is assured knowledge, based on proven facts; all else is belief based on the opinions of men. Our opponents then may be assured we will be slow to relinquish our facts for their opinions, and that we will not be slow to prove we have known and loved and trusted come back to make known the fact of their continued existence, and to give irrefragable proof that as they now are, we ourselves shall soon be. If we have done our best, and lived as far as possible up to our highest light, we shall command a fresh set of experiences, and we shall be able to compare our own with the mounting upward and onward to those supreme heights, through which the vision of poor mortals can never penetrate. If we have failed in our earthly mission, we shall no more go back to repair our error than the eagle returns to be the egg, the oak to be acorn, or nature to any of her rudimental states. We shall commence our new life at the point we left off, but no more as mortals. As spirits, in God's "many mansions," there is room for all, spheres for all, and progress for all. This we are assured of by independent spirit communications, from thousands of mediums, through thousands of sources, and in lands and scenes too far removed from our own to admit of the possibility of collusion or deception. This is judicial testimony the world over, and on this rock do we build the church of spiritual knowledge, against which the winds of opinion and the waves of unbelief have no power, and from which no more theories can ever move us.—*Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, in the Two Worlds.*

### Mrs. Morrell, Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The following incident, which is worth recording, took place in Judge Dalley's office, Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y. I was awaiting my turn for an interview with the Judge, when that gentleman came from his inner office and said: "McCarthy, come in. I want to introduce you to a gentleman who is a Spiritualist." I entered the inner legal sanctum with my old friend, and was introduced to Mr. Dix. After the introduction the Judge said: "I want you to give our friend Mr. Dix the name of an honest medium, whose assistance he requires at present on a particularly private matter; one that you can recommend." I looked respectfully at my friend, and standing up I made answer: "Judge, I have registered an oath to the Angel-world that I would never again recommend or endorse the mediumship of any professional medium." Both the gentlemen present saw my earnestness, and recalling my misfortune in this particular direction, they cordially endorsed my resolution.

Mr. Dix explained that what he wanted was a spiritual clairvoyant; one who had some experience, and who had established a character for truthfulness and honesty. I said that "I could give him the name of a lady whom I believed to be both truthful and honest, and who would at least tell him plainly if she could help him, and unless she did would not make any charge." I then gave him the name of Mrs. Morrell, No. 280 W. 35th street, Mr. Dix replied: "Well, Mr. McCarthy, it is somewhat singular that you should have given me that name. I recently called upon her and had a sitting with her. She, however, was unable to give me the assistance I was seeking, and frankly confessed after some attempts that she was unable to do so. On leaving her I declared her the usual fee, and she persistently declined on the ground that she had not given me the assistance I sought." Then I said: "Mr. Dix, you had beforehand an evidence of the correctness of my estimate of Mrs. Morrell, and I am truly glad to know what I believed of her was true. I am myself more and more convinced that the dark sciences and mediums are a waste of time and money, and that the spiritual teaching which comes from spiritual inspiration, freighted with rational philosophy and cognate descriptions of spirit existence, experience and life, is the true mediumship which should be cultivated. I am sick of the fraudulent and immoral impostors who give ghostly shows at \$2.00 a head."

New York City. C. P. MCCARTHY.

M. Pasteur has written a letter in which he vigorously reverts the imputation that he is a heartless experimenter upon the sufferings of dumb animals. "As for me, personally," he says, "the suffering of an animal affects me so much that I would never shoot a bird, and the cry of a wounded skylark pierces me to the heart; but if the investigation of the mysteries of nature and the acquisition of the new truths be at the stake the sovereignty of the object justifies all."

### Another Batch of Religious Impositions.

Some days ago the *Tribune* gave an account of the appearance in southeastern Georgia of a white man named Du Pont, who claimed that he was the Meesiah, and had come for the purpose of saving the blacks, whose salvation had been neglected. That part of Georgia where this impostor made his appearance is on the ocean, and the blacks, who far outnumber the whites, are far more ignorant than their city brethren. Du Pont found an accomplice in a man whom he introduced as the Prophet Elijah, and between them they swindled the colored men out of considerable money.

The authorities on these fellows, but the religious excitement which they had started unabated, passing, however, from the hands of white into those of colored leaders, who, being a little more sincere than their predecessors, were more dangerous. A black man named James, a local magistrate, announced that he and not Du Pont was the true Christ and savior, and he gathered a large body of followers. When any one questioned his divinity he said that that individual was possessed by a devil, and ordered that he be beaten with clubs till the evil spirit was driven out of him. This form of exercising worked well. Few were the devils which he drove out, and he was at last arrested.

James was soon arrested, but when he was in jail another colored man told the disconsolate Jamesites that he was King Solomon and that for the time being he would take charge of them. Some of them were a little surprised that a man whom they had known for years as Shadrach Walcott should have been a king in disguise, but they took him for what he said he was, and Solomon began to collect a lot of wives and concubines. A female relative of James laid claim to the title of Queen of Sheba, and the women took her at her word and proceeded to worship her. Another colored man announced that he was Nebuchadnezzar, and he took to the life, fell down on all fours from time to time and ate some grass. The whites of Camden county, however, have been irreverent enough to put King Solomon, the Queen of Sheba, and Nebuchadnezzar into jail, the first time so many prominent characters were ever locked up together.

But there is no likelihood that the matter will stop here. It will not be many days before Daniel, Elisha, Esther, Ahasuerus, Moses and Aaron, and other Old Testament worthies are preaching in the Camden woods or praying in the Camden jail.

The blacks are suffering from religious hysteria just as the whites have thousands of times from the days of the Flagellants down to the present age. The Millerites were no more in the possession of their senses than these illiterate, impressionable Georgia blacks. The colored preachers have done the best they could to stay this tide of insanity, but with little success. Their flocks have deserted them for strange gods, and the ministers have had to appeal to the civil authorities to lock up all the Messiahs, kings, queens and prophets whom they find sloshing around. But it is like cutting off the head of the hydra. Whenever an Old Testament worthy is juggled two or three new ones rise up to take his place. It is a fever which must run its course. They have settled upon the white people from the time of the first Sunday. When they see that it does not get better over their foolishness, as many deluded whites have done before them, pick up their hoes, and go to work. They will ask the churches they have abandoned to take them back on probation. They will be forgiven and ordered to do things which will soon be forgotten. The whites must have patience and tolerance. Some of them must have lived long enough to have seen the jerks and other phenomena at white folks' camp meetings towards the commencement of the century.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### The Modern Miracle.

Are you interested in what is known as hypnotism out in Chicago? It is a mystical sort of an influence of one mind over another, to which I paid no attention until the other day, although it has been "in evidence" these several years. What impels me to speak of it in these letters is because two or three days ago I saw the operation of spiritual power and spiritual intelligences, which is daily becoming more wonderful and instructive. The spirit power that writes messages and paints pictures on slates, makes pictures in panes of glass, plays on musical instruments, carries mediums in the air, lifts pianos and tables, and presents itself in the hundred and one ways that are familiar to a friend, and continues its enlightening work until heaven is brought very near, and sacred truth takes the place of decaying superstition.

I read on until I found a writer saying: "Not a day passes but some young savant reveals to me things that I was familiar with before he was born." And finally I found the operation of spiritual power and spiritual intelligences, which is daily becoming more wonderful and instructive. The spirit power that writes messages and paints pictures on slates, makes pictures in panes of glass, plays on musical instruments, carries mediums in the air, lifts pianos and tables, and presents itself in the hundred and one ways that are familiar to a friend, and continues its enlightening work until heaven is brought very near, and sacred truth takes the place of decaying superstition.

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### An Old Salt's Opinion of a Modern Bible.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mrs. Lena Bible, now residing at No. 117 Ellsworth avenue in this city, is a medium for spirit communications, and often gives information to anxious inquirers concerning their absent friends and other matters, and such information uniformly proves to be correct. She is strictly truthful at all times; in fact, truth is the leading trait in her character. Her gifts as a medium have been developed within the last four or five years, and since my acquaintance with her began, previous to which time she had heard and known but little of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Bible is rapidly coming to the front as a speaker and a medium. She has several phases of mediumship, and withal an utter dislike of all frauds, in which she heartily coincides with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. She is brave and fearless in publicly denouncing frauds, and when occasion requires, does so in strong and unmistakable language. I wish I could give you an idea of her power of oratory, but as mine has formerly been "a life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep," I can use a metaphor much better than a pen. Besides, since I became an inhabitant of the United States on February 18, 1865, so many events have transpired that some of them may have been forgotten.

In the course of my life, which has not been short, I have heard some good speeches by persons of talent, so that I may claim to have a tolerably correct opinion of what oratory is. As I overhaul the log book of memory I have a recollection of many to whom I may venture to compare my young friend, Lena Bible. Many years ago I heard our lamented Silas Wright, then one of our United States Senators. It may seem to you presumptuous for me to compare such a young and obscure individual as my friend Lena with Hon. Senator Wright, whom she so much resembles both in strength of argument and diction. Elisha Williams, of Hudson, N. Y., used to perambulate the country as a counselor and an advocate *ad nigrum*. Samuel Nelson was also a good speaker as counsel. My county sent him to Albany as a member of the Council to revise the Constitution. That must have been in 1823. He was soon appointed Judge of the Sixth Circuit, and had Vice-Chancellor's jurisdiction in equity. I once had the pleasure of hearing Gerrit Smith. My ears have once been greeted by the sound of Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton's voice. John V. Edmonds once argued a case in the Supreme Court in my hearing; it was admirably done. Emma Hardinge gave us a course of lectures on Spiritualism, an excellent speaker. I have also heard from the mouths of names of Senator Ira Harris and Hon. Joseph S. Borah, both schoolmates with me.

But this is off the course I intended to steer; I must tack about and clew up. What I wish is to induce you to say something in the JOURNAL that will cause people who read it to know something about the obscure but able person.

Grand Rapids, Mich. GARDNER KNAPP.

Nothing that we could say would be half as effective as Brother Knapp's own quaint way of picturing Mrs. Bible's qualifications. We trust she may have a brilliant and useful career. The JOURNAL will be glad to chronicle her work and aid her to keep abreast of its own progress.

### Can't Help It!

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The thing "I can't help" is a desire to have it known, through the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, that I have read and said "Amen" to the prophecy of J. B. Buchanan, found in the article copied from *Buchanan's Journal of Man*. There is a world of wonderful facts and operations of spiritual power and spiritual intelligences, which is daily becoming more wonderful and instructive. The spirit power that writes messages and paints pictures on slates, makes pictures in panes of glass, plays on musical instruments, carries mediums in the air, lifts pianos and tables, and presents itself in the hundred and one ways that are familiar to a friend, and continues its enlightening work until heaven is brought very near, and sacred truth takes the place of decaying superstition.

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and becoming exhausted begged food. The law in Connecticut provides for a year's imprisonment for that crime. He was sentenced the lightest penalty the law allows, thirty days imprisonment and costs. Then he was hired out at fifty cents a day and put to work in a kitchen. He made his escape, was traced back to Harrison, arrested, and held until the Connecticut officers arrived and identified him. Mrs. Sillars, with her baby in her arms, besought the justice and warden not to take her husband back. Justice Lynch said he could do nothing in the matter, and when the requisition papers were made out, Sillars must go back. The warden said that if Mrs. Sillars could raise about \$30 he would be liberated April 1st, the time his sentence expired, otherwise not.

A humane editor provided food for Mrs. Sillars and her infant, and finally some humane people contributed the ransom money to take from his prison this American citizen who had tramped to find work, and begged food when famishing. Were this a solitary instance it is sufficient to condemn a social state in which such outrage upon humanity is possible. But it is by no means an isolated case of the kind, though extreme in its features of legal injustice and oppression.

What Americanism ought to achieve, and what it is my firm faith it will ultimately achieve, is a system of finance, of transportation, of land tenure, and of industrial organization, that will secure to all the people of the land certainty and permanency of employment, and the profits of labor to the producer. To less than this no heart loyal to human brotherhood, and loyal to principles of justice, can consent.

I regret that I have not at hand statistics of mortgages on farms, in Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and other Western States. The farmer has the advantage of the man struggling to save from \$2.00 a day, and who lived in "rooms in an alley not fit for the home of a decent horse," and if with his family he is not handsomely clothed he can drink in pure air to his lungs, and the sunbeam is free. But could the farmer obtain the instrument of exchange on equal terms with the banker, the mortgage nightmare would not keep him in the treadmill of unrequited toil till his vitality is consumed.

When our transportation system is Americanized and run at cost for the benefit of the people, instead of taxing the producer as now "all the people will bear," in order to pay big salaries to R. R. officials and dividends to stockholders, another draft on the rewards of labor will be removed.

Industrial reconstruction is inevitable. The present system is weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Edward Atkinson, in his *Forum* article, "The Price of Life," states: "I have been obliged to stretch a point and to assume a maximum rather than a minimum estimate of the gross value of the product of the nation, in order to find six hundred dollars worth of food, fuel, shelter, and clothing as the average product of each person occupied for gain, by which product, whatever it may be, three persons must be subsisted, housed, and clothed, and if out of this sum, after setting aside ten per cent. for the necessary addition to capital and the local taxes, three persons must be subsisted, sheltered and clothed three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, the measure of average comfort is only what forty cents a day will buy, and no more. But even this narrow measure of subsistence is again subject to the indirect tax of the nation."

Mr. A. pertinently asks, "What is the aspect of life to this vast body, constituting a majority of the people of this country, who earn less than one dollar and three-quarters per day, and who support themselves and two others on such an income?"

Mr. A. also asks several questions in American ethics: "How can the general welfare be improved except by increasing the product of labor and finding a market for it, or by doing away with every existing method of distribution, which is not right and just? Does the work which each man performs come within the line of useful service? Is the demand for which this man provides the supply, of a kind which adds to the comfort of community as a whole, or is it one which tends toward want rather than welfare?"

The statistician has come to propose the ethical problems before the social body, a most encouraging evidence that evolution is lifting us toward the higher plane of fraternity. What is calculated to promote the general welfare, i. e., the welfare alike of every individual worker?

The optimism of Ballamy's dream has quickened the hope of many, and reveals the latent fraternity which had been smothered by the common acceptance of the present order of things as unalterable, or at least surpassing in difficulty the wisdom of the hour. If the title of its popularity serves but to re-energize and re-vitalize the hearts of the people, and to set thought earnestly in the direction of finding a better way to distribute the products of labor and to increase the consuming capacity of the worker, it will have wrought vast benefit.

We have, as Mr. Atkinson says, only three methods of distribution: by exchange, by theft or fraud, sometimes within the forms of law; and by taxation. Co-operative enterprises have demonstrated that more equitable methods are possible. We have under-consumption, and not overproduction, because the products of labor are not equitably distributed, and because many are either doing baneful service, or are through the method of distribution taking from the stock of products more than they contribute to them.

But the vital germ of Americanism is an eternal principle, the right of the human soul to make all things contribute to its advancement. Under the favorable environment of a fertile continent, and the influences of inherited freedom we are destined to outwork the problem of economic freedom, as our fathers wrought for us political and religious freedom.

Precautions of employment and lack of employment are disabilities and evils to be remedied. We shall find the remedy. The meagre share the worker now gets of the products of his labor, and the depressing and vitiating effects of a futile struggle to escape poverty and pauperism, are at the present grade of our intellectual and mechanical development, an indictment of civilization. They will be abolished. Excelsior is the only proper American motto. We can be justified only by measuring our systems and our progress by the highest needs for human advancement. It matters not that we have already attained, and that the workingman of this country enjoys better advantages in many respects than the workingman of any other country. We have yet a great stretch before us to reach the goal of Americanism. Topolobampo and Kaweah co-operative colony, have made a promising beginning in an attempt to demonstrate fraternal and equitable organization that will banish want and fear of want. These voluntary co-operative movements are more in harmony with the American genius than a system based on military limitations and national control.

But, by whatever means it shall be accomplished American ethics must outwork a social system in which opportunity to gain subsistence shall be universal and permanent, and the reward of labor equitable. This is a fundamental necessity for the spiritualization of humanity. Hungry, starving, overworked, worried people cannot give themselves to consideration of spiritual philosophy.

## Woman's Department.

### THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

Whether the idea of universal suffrage is to be realized or not, there is unmistakable evidence that the public responsibilities of women are being increased from year to year. The wise and unprejudiced confess that, after more than a century's experimenting, the wealth, the wisdom, and the energy of the nation have not been expended in such a manner that the highest degree of public welfare has been attained.

There is, in this assertion, no accusation of the lawmakers. They have been placed in power, and stand for the people who are behind them. They have accepted office with minute instructions from a constituency which they are bound to obey, and which they dare not disregard.

In past crises the inherent patriotism of the people, both men and women, has been the safeguard of the government. In seasons of calamity still personal differences, sectarian and political prejudices, have been forgotten in the universal desire to relieve distress and minister to the needs of the afflicted. That vital spark yet lives; but we betide the nation when the greed for power and wealth shall finally extinguish it. To those who stand aside from the turmoil of active political life the danger of the future seems to lie in the character of the legislator as an individual.

Men of integrity and ability are busy with their personal affairs; with buying and selling; with considering complicated and difficult questions that begin and end in personal advantage.

The vast majority of those who comprise the municipality of the large cities are not those who have been chosen to manage public affairs because they have succeeded in private business. Many of them are the incapable and the dishonest, who have been given office, salary, and perquisites by their friends, who thus rid themselves of a troublesome incumbrance. If the truth of this statement is questioned a look at the general management of public affairs will prove the truth of the assertion.

In every large city in the United States there is an outcry against imperfect sewerage, filthy badly paved, imperfectly lighted streets, and to further proper sanitary measures, and this where uncounted millions have flowed into the treasury, more than enough to sweeten and beautify every thoroughfare within their corporate limits. This does not touch open and flagrant violation of law. Necessary laws, no matter how wisely and carefully enacted, cannot be enforced where a sentiment favoring morality and sobriety finds no sympathy with those who have been invested with authority.

In many departments of public work chiefly philanthropic and educational, women have been called upon to lend a hand to establish order and discipline where lawlessness and insubordination and ignorance ran riot. Corruption and vice in infirmaries and hospitals, where female patients have been at the mercy of brutal attendants, necessitated the appointment of educated women upon the boards of managers. Knowledge of the needs of children, acquired through motherhood, or in their experience as teachers, has made it expedient likewise to give them recognition on school boards, as principals and superintendents. In Indiana almost the only public institution, penal or philanthropic, that has escaped scandal, has been the Woman's Reformatory, the State prison for women. This has been managed for years by women exclusively, and it has been not only well managed, but has been made self-supporting.

In every department where women have been given opportunity their public duties have been faithfully performed. There have been few reports of corruption, incompetence or failure.

Judging, therefore, from actual results, there is every reason to believe that their public responsibilities will be increased as their services shall continue to be needed. The clear-sighted and the liberal-minded perceive in their genius for thoroughness, their abiding sense of right and justice, a power held in reserve and destined to be utilized in the fullness of time. What has been accomplished does not suggest limitations.

It is a guarantee of inherent qualities that may be drawn upon indefinitely.—MARY H. KROUT in the *Inter Ocean*.

Mrs. Mary E. Hanchett, who died recently at Chittenango, N. Y., was the second woman graduate of an American medical college. She received the degree of doctor of medicine from the Albany Medical College in 1848. She was a woman of great intelligence and force of character.

The *Writer* for August is a woman's number, all or nearly all of its contributions being from feminine pens. "Women in Journalism," "Can We Become Humorists?" "Horrors of the Editorial Room," and "A Woman's Right to Her Own Signature," are some of the topics discussed.

Miss Mary Redmond, the sculptress, who is to execute a portrait bust of Gladstone, is a native of Dublin.

It has been proposed to erect a memorial to Mme. Roland, which should be placed in the Pantheon in Paris.

Fran Amalie Horzmannsky, an Austrian lady, recently celebrated her silver wedding by founding a convalescent home for children at Weidlingen.

Mrs. Ellen J. Foster, Miss Kate Sanborn, Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. John A. Logan and others, are interested in forming a society for the training of girls for domestic service.

A casual visitor at Gloucester writes that Mrs. Herbert Ward (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) is much beloved by the townsmen and women of Gloucester proper on account of her efforts in the cause of temperance. She has established a "fisherman's reading room."

A dispensary has recently been opened in Paris. It was built and endowed by Mme. Edmond Andre, who gave her jewels to the Philanthropic Society for this purpose. The sale of the jewels brought \$80,000.

Fanny Bignon, who is praised by zoologists for a recent paper on the anatomy of the lachrymal gland of the green turtle, is one of the remarkable women of Paris.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good; and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig.—*Marcus Antonius*.

## Coincide, etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I read the following item for publication. I presume there is not another of its kind on record. A man named Edward Roach recently died in Florence (a town adjoining this, Oneida County, N. Y.) aged 90 years. He had been six times married, and his wives were all named Mary. Four of them now lie side by side in the village cemetery; one in Ireland and one still survives him.

The most remarkable part of it is this. The day before his death he was sitting on the porch of his house smoking his pipe, as was his custom, and in his usual health and spirits. Just then the priest was driving past when he called out to him to stop and come in, saying: "I am going to die; come and appoint me for my burial." The priest first thought him joking, but reluctantly went in and performed the rite. He died before morning.

Camden, N. Y. MRS. H. H. WOODRUFF.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

EMERSON IN CONCORD. A Memoir written for the "Social Circle," in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12 mo.; cloth, pp. 286. Price, \$1.75.

After having read all the essays and books devoted to eulogies of America's and the world's great essayist and philosopher, the tribute would still have been incomplete if the last loving words from his son as recorded in Emerson in Concord, had been omitted. The difficulties apparent in the writing of such chronicles by the son of such a distinguished man have been happily overcome, and being written at the request of the "Social Circle," according to their custom in the case of a deceased member, and for the people of Concord, releases him from the possible imputation of appearing before the public in an apparently self-imposed task. The glimpses of home life, charmingly linked with extracts from his journal, carry with them an impress of personality that his lover of Emerson can afford to miss, while various questions leading in the minds of cavaliers as to his religious beliefs and teachings are set at rest, as far as words can do it, by quotation from his own pen. We can do no better in the brief space available than to quote the following extracts:

"The presentation of my father's life in the pictures here brought together of his daily walk among his own people and the thoughts thereby suggested to him will have been in vain if the agreement of his acts with his words has not everywhere appeared,—the symmetry and harmony of his life.

Beligion was not with him something apart, a separate attitude of the mind, or function, but so instant and urgent that it led him out of the churches, which then seemed to him its tomb, into the living day, and he said, 'Nature is too thin a screen: the glory of the One breaks in everywhere.'

"And so it seems hardly worth while to pick out from his writings chapters with names suggestive of religion or moral philosophy and group them to show his creed, as has been proposed since his death. Under the most diverse titles his faith in ideal truth and beauty and the supremacy of the moral law appears, though he turned his back on what seemed formal and lifeless. He said, 'I look on skepticism and unbelief as not as unbelievers but as critics; believers in the future.'

"But when he was taken possession of by a thought he took care to present it vividly, and that it might burn itself in upon reader or hearer, he did not soften or qualify, feeling that he was showing an aspect, a single glittering facet of truth and reaching for another paragraph or even essay the other side of the question. The creative thought that underlies all: they occur in early writings, wax as the traditional ideas wane with the growth of his mind, and before 1840 he seems to have rested in a security that could never after be disturbed in the main articles of his happy belief, and thereafter all that came to him but illustrated or confirmed or expanded it.

"He believed in Spirit, not in forms, and said, 'The true meaning of Spiritual is—Real.' Those around him he saw anxious for the hush which hid the core from their eyes, but he said, 'If God lives, he is this last moment as strong as in the dawn of things; look then to the living core and not to the dead outer clothing. The creature must have direct relation with the Creator and all interposition or mediation is a slur on the Almighty.'

The statement of the writer that "he writes for his father's neighbors and near friends, and may include, perhaps, many who never saw him," will, we predict, be abundantly fulfilled, and Emerson in Concord occupy an honored place beside the writings of the man whose homelife it so charmingly delineates.

A GIRL GRADUATE. By Celia Parker Woolley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 459. Price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Woolley's Love and Theology is fresh in the minds of the reading public, and her new novel, *A Girl Graduate*, while falling short of the former, will be read with interest as a truthful delineation of the trials of the earnest, impetuous Maggie Dean, and will prove interesting reading to many an older school girl. The strong characters of the book, besides the heroine, are women: Miss Graham, the strong-minded music teacher; the pianist's wife, who saved much further into things than her form-loving, easy-going husband; Helen Dean, the liberal-minded, out-going sister; Mrs. Dean, devoted to her household duties to such an extent that she grew away from any sympathy with her daughters in their mental development. Laura Danvers' development shows what new influences may do for one, by the change for the better in her purposes in life after leaving her native village. Mr. Dean is as strong a character as the hero, Henry Parsons, and his character is well interpreted in the remark that, "though a very religious man, he was not troubled about the Bible."

The prominence given to character, rather than passion, the breadth of good sense, as well as the wise teaching that the great are those who control circumstances, instead of letting circumstances control them, are valuable lessons, partially carried out, but the average reader will not be apt to see more than an interesting story of a bright young girl's early life.



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It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it...

What will SAPOLIO do? Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one SAPOLIO.

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**DISCUSSION.**

BETWEEN

E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist;

AND

Eld. T. M. Harris, Christian.

SUBJECT DISCUSSED:

RESOLVER, That the Bible, King James's version, sustain the Teachings, the Phases and the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

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# PUEBLO, COLORADO.

## TEN REASONS WHY PUEBLO WILL MAKE A GREAT CITY!

FIRST—It is the natural ore center for the great mining camps of Colorado, Utah, the San Juan country, New Mexico and Arizona, and is already the greatest smelting point in America.

SECOND—Vast beds of coaling coal lie near the city, and the iron ore is abundant. In its iron manufacture it is conceded that it will be the PITTSBURGH OF THE WEST.

THIRD—Inexhaustible beds of iron are found near by, from which steel rails, nails, spikes, iron piping, merchant iron, castings, etc., are manufactured here. In its iron manufacture it is conceded that it will be the PITTSBURGH OF THE WEST.

FOURTH—An excellent quality of oil is found near the city in sufficient quantities to supply the entire West, and which, by piping a short distance, would be the improved process, furnish fuel for hundreds of works.

FIFTH—The Water supply is the greatest on the eastern slope, the Arkansas River flowing through the city.

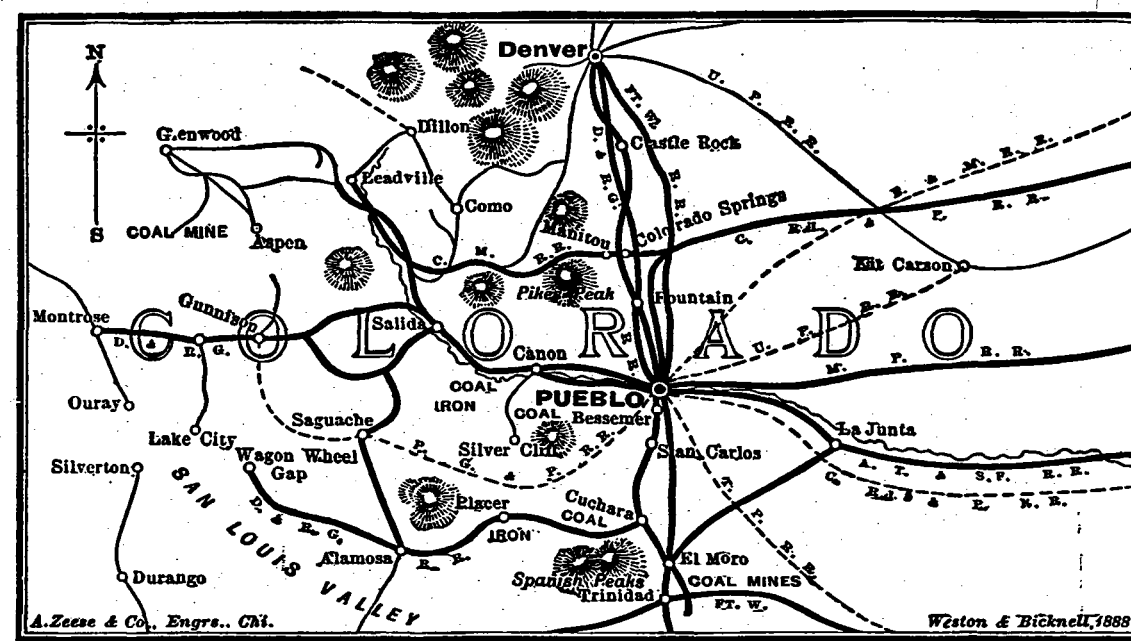
SIXTH—It is the center of a vast grazing and cattle country, and is the entrepot for the great San Luis Valley, with its 2,000,000 acres of farming land.

SEVENTH—On a count of its comparatively low altitude it has a most delightful winter climate—warm, very little snow, and almost perpetual sunshine.

EIGHTH—Ten lines of railways, under five great systems, radiate from the city, with five more lines proposed.

NINTH—The Gulf road makes Pueblo only about 100 miles further from the seaboard than Chicago, and 117 miles nearer than any of its rivals.

TENTH—No other city of the West can combine one half these advantages.



This map shows the situation in a nutshell. Everything tributary and down hill to Pueblo.

# IT WILL BE A METROPOLIS!

The prices that now prevail on property in Pueblo are but little above those of country towns, and millions will be made there in real estate. We have the exclusive sale of many good things in and around Pueblo. Following are a few of them:

Eighty acres near MANHATTAN PARK and the great Teller Reservoir. \$175 per acre. We think it will sell for \$500 within two years.

Forty acres, half a mile north of MANHATTAN PARK, beautiful ground, gently sloping toward and in full view of the city; \$150 per acre. We think it will sell for \$250 before the end of the year.

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Ten acre tracts adjoining MANHATTAN PARK; \$225 per acre. Would sell now at \$350, if platted into building lots. The soil is unusually profitable as an investment.

In addition property we have the exclusive selling of Manhattan Park, which is importantly and delightfully located in the northeastern portion of the city, in the line of the greatest and best building growth. It occupies a commanding position of high ground well above the smoke and dust of the city, and is the business center of Pueblo and the site of the great Teller Reservoir—which is to cover 840 acres and will be one of the greatest attractions in Southern Colorado. The motor line, which is to connect this great artificial lake with the center of Pueblo, will traverse the entire length of Manhattan Park, and the fashionable drive of Pueblo will be in this direction.

A little over one-third of the blocks in Manhattan Park have been sold during the last six months. We expect the remainder to sell in ninety days, and look for the prices to double before the close of the year.

Prices for Blocks of 46 Lots, \$1,500  
Half Blocks of 23 Lots, 750

In smaller quantities \$40 per lot. No less than five lots will be sold, which includes one corner. Terms, one-third cash, balance 6 and 12 months equal payments at 7 per cent interest; or one fourth cash, balance 4 and 12 months equal payments at 7 per cent. Nothing as desirable can be had except at much greater prices. Full particulars, with maps, furnished free on application. We also have for sale business lots and blocks, residences in all localities, and warehouse and manufacturing sites.

We are agents for the property of the following corporations of Pueblo: The Irving Investment Company, The Fairmount Investment Company, The Manhattan Investment Company, The La Veta Park Company, The Mountain View Land Company, and The Home Purchase and Investment Co.

We have sold over \$600,000 worth of Pueblo property mostly to non-residents in the last eight months, and every purchaser who has not sold could take a handsome profit on his purchase. Some have returned 150 per cent profit on their investments made within that time. We take pleasure in selecting the very best of everything for non-residents, who entrust us with their purchasing.

All correspondence carefully answered. We refer to the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Pueblo, Colo., and the STOCK-GROWERS' NATIONAL BANK, Pueblo, Colo.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 31, 1889.

## Professional Ignorance—Medical and Editorial.

Dr. Alfred McLane Hamilton, who has made a specialty of catalepsy, epilepsy and like diseases, was asked, the *New York Sun* says, what he thought of the seeming relation between the mind-reading feat of W. Irving Bishop and his death, and replied with the assurance which marks professional ignorance: "I do not believe that mind-reading, so-called, had anything to do with Bishop's disease. The idea that he died a martyr to the intense mental or nervous strain incident to reading other people's minds, will inevitably lead to an increase of public faith in that sort of thing. His death was not mysterious or significant, more than would be that of a sleight-of-hand performer during one of his tricks. . . . Neither he nor any mind-reader has ever done anything that could not be accounted for by known physical means."

It is well attested by T. W. Higginson and other well-known persons in Boston, some of them physicians, that one of their number hid some article in a place in that city more than a mile distant and unknown to any one save himself, and then returned to the room of the committee, took Bishop by the hand a few moments, and he was then led blindfolded to a carriage, took up the reins eagerly, two of the gentlemen sitting on the seat behind, and drove rapidly and skillfully through the crowded streets, turned up the right street with no hesitation, stopped at the right house, rang the bell, went in and at once went to the hidden and unknown article and seized it with an air of satisfaction—being blindfolded all the time.

All the colleges of physicians in the world and all its scientists from Huxley down cannot account for this "by known physical means."

Great is learned ignorance of psychic science, and Dr. Alfred McLane Hamilton is its prophet!

We would be far from saying that Bishop played no tricks, but that he was a wonderful mind reader, and probably a spirit medium also, there is no doubt. The same psychic faculties and powers which are germinal in us all were greatly developed in him.

What a blessing to this Dr. Hamilton and his like would be the earnest hearing of a few lectures on the brain and nerves from R. Buchanan! But they would spurn with ignorant contempt any such suggestion. Well, as a witty Michigan judge of a circuit court once said to a clergyman who stated he did not care to know anything about Spiritualism, "there's no law against a man being a fool if he wants to." The hot haste of certain doctors to cut up the brain of poor Bishop before his body was fairly cold, in defiance of law and decent usage, that they might, perhaps, find some extra convulsions account for his strange power, is another habit of professional ignorance and brutality. That sundry physicians have strongy condemned this act is to their credit; but medical society to which these brutish fellows belong has taken any step for their rebuke or expulsion. Had they consulted with any doctor or healer not of the "regular" school, and not fortified by a sheepskin diploma, of course they would have been "sifted with; but to violate statute law and to hock and outrage the feelings of a wife and mother, seems a less offense than to consult professionally with a "quack." Is this medical ethics?

Editorial conceit and ignorance are illustrated in the *New York Tribune's* editorial, "Laying the Ghosts." The conclusion of the

Boston Psychic Research Society, says the *Tribune*, is that "the ghosts must go." That Society has come to no such conclusion, but has simply said that as yet they find no clear evidence of apparitions, and so all the cheap wit of the *Tribune* on the matter goes for nothing, save as an exhibit of its folly. But, whatever that Society has said or decided makes no difference with a farther exhibit of editorial ignorance and impudence. We are told of a widespread belief in ghosts in old times, but "All this is changed. In this practical, no-nonsense-about-it age, a belief in ghosts is the exception, not the rule. A haunted house is such a rarity that when one is reported it instantly achieves notoriety, and becomes the subject of newspaper comment, characterized by levity and skepticism. So, too, the telling of ghost stories has declined," and this is followed by more cheap wit.

In old times the belief in ghosts and fairies as miraculous beings was widespread, but has fortunately faded away. In place of it has come up modern Spiritualism, and its myriad proofs of spirit presence and power, banishing the old blood-curdling and marvellous ghosts, and putting in their place the real presence of our ascended friends—natural, beautiful, rational and inspiring in its higher aspects. Instead of a haunted house being a rarity, there have been more houses reputed to be haunted in the past ten years than in any like period for a half century, and more manifestations of what the *Tribune* would call ghostly power than in any like previous period. News papers publish these things because the people want to read them, and often sneer at them because they know no better, but they increase notwithstanding all foolish assertions that they do not.

Contrary to this flippant statement that "the telling of ghost stories is declining," the truth is that private talking on Spiritualism, growing into earnest and quiet discussion and narration of personal experiences, which shallow newspaper writers call ghost stories, is constantly increasing.

On other matters, which are of real consequence, but which are also popular, the *Tribune* shows ability and fitness for good service. Some day it may wake up to find out what millions of sensible people think and know about Spiritualism and psychic research, and then it will deal out no more silly nonsense about "Laying the Ghosts."

## Hypnotism in Animals.

Now that mesmerism has received the more creditable name of hypnotism, scientific men discuss its merits at length before their societies, and win renown by lines of experimentation, over which the earlier investigators passed, receiving, however, only sneers from these societies, which regarded them as charlatans. Even the conservative Dr. Hammond, who is about as far from things spiritual as possible to be, is pursuing a continuous series of experiments in hypnotism, and the results to which he arrives are eagerly published by leading journals. Now the columns of the *Science Monthly* are employed editorially to show how this same hypnotism explains hitherto mysterious phenomena in the lower animals.

"Playing possum" has passed into a proverb, and no one has ever explained satisfactorily why an opossum feigns death to avoid the maltreatment of its enemies. It is not the only animal that does so; a great variety of insects have the same characteristic. There are many species of beetles, which, when disturbed, become motionless; but in no animal does this appear as marked as in the opossum. Dr. Mills, as quoted in *Science Monthly*, observed this peculiarity in two red squirrels—an observation open to grave doubts—and he explains the cause by inherited instinct, as well as by all those life experiences which have taught them that quiet and concealment of their normal activities were associated with escape from threatened evils.

The animal cannot correctly be said to "feign death," for it can know nothing about that event, and this phrase has undoubtedly led to a great deal of confusion in writing and thinking. Some birds when their nests are disturbed simulate being wounded, and by fluttering and falling, lead their supposed enemy away from their treasure. Assuredly there is no "hypnotism" in their deception. There is no more reason for saying that an opossum is hypnotized because it remains still when disturbed, than that a box turtle is hypnotized when it withdraws into its shell. If a sufficient stimulant is applied to either, they promptly respond and attempt to escape. A coal of fire will awaken them to extreme activity. All animals armed or defended by bony covering, or spines, like the armadillo or porcupine, contract their limbs and roll themselves up so as to present only their well defended backs to the attacks of their enemies. The opossum descended from such ancestry, and although having lost the spiny defense, it retains the instinct which accompanied it.

We by no means would be understood as holding that animals may not be hypnotized, for they are really quite susceptible to this influence, and they show thereby the close relationship between man and the animal world. It also shows that the study of their mental development must be pursued along the same lines as that of man. But this "feigning death" or "playing possum" is quite distinct from the hypnotic state. Are not our "scientific" friends using the term rather loosely? They have made it cover all Psychic phenomena, from "playing possum" to the most pronounced independent clairvoyance, and not content with this amplitude,

use the term as though it was of itself full and sufficient explanation and cause of the mysterious series of phenomena. Really they are indulging in a credulity in this direction amusing when compared with their skepticism in others.

## Missionaries—"Foreign Devils."

Our consuls, under a wise regulation of the State Department of some ten years standing, report to Washington any matters of moment touching the trade and products of the foreign lands where they are stationed. Sometimes they give interesting glimpses of domestic and religious life. A late letter from C. A. Jones, Consul at Chinnian, China, tells of a visit on official business to Nanking, the ancient capital of China, now the capital of a large province, and the literary center where examinations of all candidates for civil and military offices are made, and where sometimes 30,000 students assemble.

He describes the great wall of brick and stone, sixty feet high and thirty six miles in circumference, which surrounds the old city, which still has some 600,000 inhabitants, and had many more four hundred years ago when it was the seat of imperial power. The Viceroy Tseng he describes as a delicate, slight built man, 66 years of age, but looking much younger, with an aspect of strength, the fine manners of a gentleman, and a kindly eye; his dress a long robe of golden hue and almost transparent, gathered at the waist by a rich girdle fastened by an elaborate and precious jade clasp.

He found thirty persons, children and women included, connected with the Christian missionary work, living in good two-story brick houses, with ample grounds and every comfort, no other foreigners being allowed to live in the city. The central mission of the Methodist Church has a good hospital, where the Chinese are treated at nominal cost—a good work much appreciated. Their only annoyances are to have the populace shout "Foreign devils" at them in the street, and their windows smashed by little Chinese street gamins while they are at prayer. The different sects of missionaries and their hostilities to each and all others, Consul Jones says, "have a confusing effect in the mind of the heathen, and induces him to stick to his original gods."

This illustrates the absurd folly which marks and mars the orthodox missionary efforts. These sectarian quarrels, and the spirit of contempt for the pagan faith may well lead the ignorant populace to cry out, "Foreign devils," and stick to their own faiths, about which they have too much sense to quarrel. A rational spiritual thinker would be touched with a tender feeling in witnessing the worship of their ancestry, which is so marked in Chinese pagodas and homes, and would show a reverence for it as a step toward larger views, instead of telling these worshippers that they were children of Satan and heirs of hell.

The Unitarians have a missionary in Tokio, Japan, Rev. Mr. Knapp, who meets the native Japanese in fraternal spirit, respects the truths they believe, criticises their errors with friendly frankness, and suggests to them the beauty and usefulness of the liberal Christian and natural religious views to which he would lead them. This higher method has won him many friends and much influence, as it should.

It is difficult to tell where the dividing line exists between instinct and reason, as illustrated in the following from an Australian letter. It appears that upon the "brow of a small rounded eminence there stood a sort of pillar of clay about five feet high, which had once filled up the center of a hollow tree, the shell of which had, from time to time, broken and burned away. This pillar was the work of white ants. As it interfered with the working of the plough, the observer commenced breaking and digging it down, not without some difficulty. The clay which was surprisingly stiff, hard and dry, broke off in large fragments. At length, near the level of the surface of the ground, a rounded crust was uncovered, looking like the crown of a dome. On breaking through this, the whole city of the ants was laid bare—a wonderful mass of pillars, chambers, and passages. The spade sunk, perhaps, two feet among the crisp and crackling ruins, which seemed formed of the excavated remnants of the tree, or a thin, shell-like cement of clay. The arrangement of the interior was singular. The central part had the appearance of innumerable small branching pillars, like the minutest stalactitic productions. Toward the outer part the materials assumed the appearance of thin laminæ, about half the thickness of a wafer, but most ingeniously disposed in the shape of low elliptic arches, so placed that the center of the arch below formed the resting place for the abutment of the arch above. These abutments again formed sloping platforms for ascent to the higher apartments. In other places there were spiral ascents not unlike geometrical staircases. The whole formed such an ingenious specimen of complicated architecture and such an endless labyrinth of intricate passages as could bid defiance to art and to Ariadne's clew. But even the affairs of ants are subject to mutation. This great city was deserted—a few loiterers alone remained to tell to what race it formerly belonged. Their great storehouse had become exhausted—even the very roots had been laid under contribution, till at last its myriads of inhabitants had migrated to begin anew their operations in some other soil."

Mrs. Kesterson of Fulton, Ky., has five sons, and the birthday of each is July 24th.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bundy spent several days last week at Old Mission, Mich., with Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins. They found evidences that the cohorts of the hay fever fiend were lurking in the woods, ready to attack with every south wind, so they beat an orderly retreat to Petoskey. Mr. Bundy will be at his editorial post again soon after September 1st.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Pleasant Valley, Kansas, Aug. 4th, and at the Delphos, Kansas, camp meeting, during its sessions—Aug. 10th to 26th. He elicits engagements in Nebraska, Iowa and Northwestern States. Address him, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

The Chicago Harmonical Society will resume its meetings at the hall, 93 S. Peoria Street, next Sunday, Sept. 1st, at 2:45 and 7:45 P. M. Rev. James De Buchananne, Ph. D., will speak afternoon and evening. Test mediums are also expected to be present for tests at close of speaking. All investigators and liberals cordially invited.

James Smith a prominent farmer living west of Columbus, Ind., met with a peculiar accident one night recently which is about to result in his death. He was in bed dreaming that he was in the river swimming. He arose in his sleep and, imagining that he was taking a big leap in the water, jumped, alighting on the bedpost, the point of which penetrated his lungs and broke a few ribs, inflicting fatal wounds.

An exchange says: "In a lecture at New York a young convert from Brahminism, Mr. Vishnu, gave the number of Christians now in India, including Protestants and Catholics, as about three millions, and said that if the increase in the number of conversions should continue as in the last ten years, the whole of India, with its population of over two hundred and fifty millions, would be christianized within a century."

A camp of the salvation army was established at Wolcottville, Steuben county, Ind., a few weeks ago. The novel show drew large houses, and the soldiers were well satisfied with the result of their work. One night, however the climax was reached, when the captain started a song entitled, "There Is No Flies on Jesus." The audience became indignant and ran the whole camp out of town. —Chicago Herald.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged at the North Collins, N. Y., annual meeting Aug. 29, 30, 31, and Sept. 1. He speaks in Buffalo, N. Y., the Sundays of October, and in Washington, D. C., in April. Owing to some changes in the situation in Kansas City, where he expected to spend the winter, he may be free to engage elsewhere between October and April. Address him at Fredonia, N. Y. "First call, first serve."

Miss Mary Shelton Woodhead of this city, seems to have captured the hearts of the critical East, in the tour which she is now making. At the banquet given the North American Caledonian Convention by the Scotchmen of Toronto, on the 22nd inst., she made a decided hit. Dr. Morrison, President of the St. Andrew Society, Buffalo, N. Y., sent the following telegram the next day: "Mary pleased all hearts at the banquet tendered convention last evening."

The *Evening Gazette* of August 17th of Grand Rapids, Iowa, contains the following: "Rev. J. H. Palmer and his good wife and daughter, must have felt satisfied with their new home, measuring it from the standpoint of the reception tendered them in the parlors of the Universalist church. The reception was the most cordial, and the guests were infused at once with the spirit of welcome. The crowd of happy people which thronged there from eight till eleven testified to their appreciation of their new pastor who has served them so acceptably."

A glacial remnant is said to have been discovered in Pine Creek canon, between Big Bear and Texas ridges, in Latah county, Idaho, two thousand feet above sea level. Attention was attracted by a current of cold air rushing from the earth's surface from beneath a moss bed several inches in thickness. The adjacent surface was covered with verdure. The moss was pushed aside, a few boulders removed, disclosing an ice vein several inches in thickness. Alternate layers of gravel and ice were found to a depth of several feet, the cold current of air still rising therefrom.

Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, preached an eloquent sermon at the Blue Grass Palace, Creston, Iowa, last Sunday afternoon to a unique audience. He contrasted the new world with the old and paid a flowery tribute to America and the State of Iowa, and said that the free school system should be kept absolutely apart from political or sectarian influence. This won a fresh outburst of applause, and applause also greeted his sentiment that we welcome foreigners, but they must all be American. He closed with a beautiful passage in which he invoked the benison of a new and broader religion to be diffused throughout America.

A correspondent writes: "On Sunday last (Aug. 25) the friends attending the meetings of the Spiritualist Mediums' Society, held in Marline's Hall, 104 22nd St., this city, had the pleasure of listening to two remarkably interesting and instructive discourses, delivered through the mediumship of the Rev. Jas. De Buchananne. Afternoon subject: 'The Spiritualism of the Bible'; evening subject: 'The Law of Progress.' Intelligent audiences by their strict attention signified their appreciation of the speaker's remarks. On Sunday next, Sept. 1st, the guides of Mrs. H. Aldrich (trance) of Mendota, Ill., will speak to the same society, at 2:45 p. m. Good test mediums will also be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all investigators."

Miss Callie L. Bonney of this city, daughter of Hon. C. C. Bonney, and an author and writer for the press, was married on July 25th, at San Francisco, to Mr. Earl Marble, a journalist, formerly of Boston.

The funeral of Horace Seaver, the editor of the *Investigator* and eminent Boston free-thinker, took place in the afternoon of August 25, at Paine Memorial Hall. The building was crowded with people attracted by the presence of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. The services were simplicity itself. The Temple quartette sang "Lay Me Low, My Work Is Done," and "I Am Wandering Down." This over, Col. Ingersoll stepped forward and pronounced the burial oration over his friend and late co-worker. It was an eloquent tribute, characteristic of the speaker, and was greeted at many points with applause.

The following is the most recent Dickens anecdote: Dickens had a favorite servant whom he entrusted with a bag of money (about \$350) which was to be paid into the bank. Leaving the bag for a few moments his servant said he returned to find that it had disappeared. A detective was sent for. The servant was summoned, confronted with his master, and informed that the stranger was a detective, the servant confessed that he had stolen the money in order to defray his losses on the derby. Most men would have prosecuted him, or at least sent him about his business. Well, Dickens did discharge him; but settled on him an annuity of £60, in consideration of his previous good conduct, and in fear that he might resort to some dishonest means of getting a livelihood.

During the past week Mrs. Simon, wife of a well-known grocer of La Porte, Ind., has been entertaining a young lady friend from Indianapolis. At sharp 3 o'clock Monday the three clocks stopped simultaneously. They all had been wound the previous day and were in excellent running order. Mrs. Simon, noticing the strange coincidence, was seized with a belief that she would soon hear bad news. About half an hour later a telegram from Indianapolis announced the sudden death of the visiting young lady's father at Indianapolis at precisely the same hour and minute the hands on the clocks recorded.

Three Mormon elders named Engel, Taylor and Laird were severely whipped by White Caps in Marion county, Ala., Friday night. They had been proselyting in the county some time, and among their converts were two married women who left their homes and families to follow the elders. One Thursday night a notice, signed White Caps, was handed to the elders. It read, "If you are in this county to-morrow night you will be in hell next day." The elders did not leave, and the following night a band of men wearing white masks took them into the woods, suspended them from a limb by their thumbs and whipped them severely with switches. The women were warned that unless they returned to their families at once they would be treated the same way.

On Tuesday of last week old Thomas Schaefer, of Lanry, Lehigh County, Pa., dreamed that a relative came to him and told him he could get a reward for finding the body of a drowned man, and pointed out the spot in the Lehigh River where it was to be found. On Wednesday morning he went to the place indicated in company with a neighbor, and, sure enough, floating on the river below Lanry Dam, he found the dead body of a man. It proved to be that of Michael McDonnell, who, with James Andrews, was drowned in the river near Slatington, twenty miles above while attempting to prevent the carrying off of a coffer dam by the high water that then prevailed, owing to a severe storm. Decomposition was far advanced, and McDonnell's remains were hastily buried. Schaefer got his reward.

A special dispatch from Boston gives a curious reason why Mrs. Mary G. Eddy prominent in Christian science circles, has had to close up her "metaphysical college." Curiously, this step is made necessary by too great prosperity. She says: "There are 160 applications lying on the desk before me for the primary class in the Massachusetts Metaphysical college, and I cannot do my best work for a class that contains over one-quarter of this number. After all these were taught another large number would be waiting for the same class, and the other three courses delayed. The work is more than one person can accomplish, but the demand is for my exclusive teaching, and dissatisfaction with any other, which leaves me no alternative but to give up the whole thing."

Several days ago Patrick Gallagher felt in his coat pocket for his pipe, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. It was not there, and its absence caused him to make a terrible wish. His wife reproved him. "Well, I don't care," he said; "here with this uplifted hand to heaven I pray that my creator will paralyze the man who has my pipe." Before his utterance had died away Gallagher felt a severe twitching of the heart and complained of feeling unwell. A doctor was hastily dispatched for, and said that he had received a stroke of paralysis. As Gallagher was in straightened circumstances, it was deemed best to remove him for treatment to the Home for the Aged Poor, corner of Scott and Dequindre streets, which was accordingly done. Dr. Kaiser, the attending physician, pronounced the case a critical one, and death ensued in less than twelve hours. The grief-stricken family were at a loss to understand his sudden death. In looking later on, however, through his clothes, removed at the time of the paralytic stroke, they were filled with superstitious horror, for in one of his outside pockets was found the missing pipe, which had worked its way into the lining.







## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Dead.

T. D. CURTIS.

White fingers clasped o'er his motionless  
And eyes closed forever to earth's changing  
light,  
is struggles all over, his sad heart at rest,  
The string man laid low is a pitiful sight.

He lies stand afar with a feeling of awe,  
His friends gather near in the shadow of grief,  
and each feels a fear on his heart's fibers gnaw,  
From which he vain seeks a speedy relief.

Or somehow the dead as they lie in the shroud,  
In eloquent silence speak far more than words,  
Revealing the selfish, the vain and the proud,  
The king on his throne and the lord with his  
herds.

We take up the casket with tenderest hands,  
Our heads bare and bowed in humility's guise—  
For this is the homage that Nature demands  
Alike from the lowly, the high and the wise.

We dare not to question the future of him  
Who closes his task and withdraws from the  
strife;  
The scene opens before us looks hazy and dim  
And ends at the borders of supernatural life.

We know that he came bringing nothing at all;  
We see that he goes, taking nothing away;  
We all come and go at the summoning call  
Of powers that we know not, but all must obey.

In vain do we seek being's secret to solve;  
We catch only echoes from life's future shore;  
But long as the earth in its course shall revolve,  
The thoughtful will ponder the mystery o'er.

The still and small voices that speak to our minds,  
The glimpses of spirits that startle our eyes,  
Reveal that, though subtler in form than the winds,  
The soul still survives when the earth-body dies.

But this is no answer—the secret remains;  
The unseen unknown is a mystery still;  
Our living and dying motions explain  
But bows to the force of the infinite Will.

We're never so near the solution as when  
We mourn in the presence of those who are dead;  
But silence so dreadful as palaces is then  
Has never been broken by words that they said.

So helpless, so silent, so still and so cold—  
So weak, yet no longer to tremble with fears,  
To them earth is useless, save but to enfold  
The perishing dust we embalm with our tears.

Bethink thee, oh mortal, a brother lies there!  
His heart was as warm, and his beat was as free  
As yours, now so silently lifting a prayer,  
Well knowing ere long you'll be as helpless as he.

Don't pay to be selfish, or pay to do wrong,  
That self may be piled to your credit in bank;  
What profit to you the applause of the throng,  
When yielding it up without even a thank?

Look into the face of the dead, and declare  
Henceforth you will work for the good of man-  
kind;  
Toward to what you will be, and then swear  
Never find place in your mind.

pitiful man  
out of the form?  
-ed his plan,  
il from the e:orm?

/ho can foretell  
in earth-life is done?  
abors well  
laid setting sun.

your selfish career,  
that produce no needs,  
and the heart-broken cheer,  
icks show your wealth in your

III.

## Spiritualism an Existing Fact.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Draw on the fountains of knowledge, viz.: ex-  
perience and reason, and we will have arguments  
furnished us whereby we may demonstrate that  
the physical life is the chrysalis to the spiritual, and that  
man is ordered to die in order that he may enter into  
the spiritual and there be comforted and happy.  
Year by year as a person grows, and keeps his fac-  
ulties of memory and ratiocination, he becomes  
wiser and wiser, and is called a sage or a seer. He  
has gained the reflected wisdom of the ancients  
from perusal of their sayings in their ancient lan-  
guages known to him; he has gained the knowl-  
edge of doctrines and the wisdom of the sages  
and individuals from the modern systems of com-  
munication by papers and books and personal ob-  
servation; he has gained the art of expression of  
thought by terse use of language, and his reputa-  
tion is such that one word from his lips would not  
be gainsaid and would answer the questions pro-  
pounded, so that he could do an indefinite amount  
of business in directing and approving the acts of the  
people and followmen. What with the modern im-  
provement of phonography, telegraphy and typog-  
raphy would the power of the word of such person  
aggrandize in exerting its influence over the af-  
fairs of people? Should such a person live forever,  
there would be a solid doctrine and a happy  
must such a nature be condemned to eternal ex-  
tinction because it is capable of ruling the  
universe? We would say no. We would say also that  
it should not be cut off from looking on passively on  
the affairs of its kindred and its people, and that  
they might from time to time be encouraged to in-  
voke the approval or disapproval of an amount  
to be performed, or to indulge in the enjoyment of  
a social pastime in the imaginary communion with  
the spirit of such departed one.

Have we Christmas day? Has this nation a  
Washington's birthday? Aye, indeed. Thus do all  
Christians and American patriots commune  
and walk with the men in whose memory the days  
are set apart to be enjoyed. They were mortals once,  
at spirits now.

Comment to a wrong-doer the sayings of his de-  
ceased mother, and he revives her memory and is  
relieved from his wickedness. He believes she is  
near him from the dead, and she must speak  
him because it is not a frivolous whim from  
which such words would start to move an erring  
man. The very words well up to him by himself in  
a solitude. He turns aside from the error in his  
eyes and does not commit the crime he contem-  
plated. It was the voice of the spirit which spoke  
to him. He could not disobey it. He blessed and  
comforting, therefore, is it to reflect that we can en-  
joy communion and walking with the spirits of our  
departed friends. We actually believe we see their  
glowing faces, and hear their music-like words  
which charmed us in life as we indulge in the few  
minutes we devote to them in our busy occupa-  
tions. So when there is a man or pastor who  
leads us to dwell in the contemplation of these  
friends of the days that are no more, and he brings  
tears to our eyes in consequence of his eloquence,  
let us realize that they are no idle tears which well  
up from our hearts.

CHARLES H. SMITH.

## Simply a Dream.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Last Saturday as I came in from my harvest-field,  
I found upon my table a copy of your JOURNAL.  
I gave it cordial welcome, for it seemed like a visitor  
from an old friend, for in my youthful days it was a  
weekly visitor at my father's house. A Spiritualist  
paper failed, however, to convert me to Spiritualism;  
to me it was all mystery. Dr. A. D. Howard re-  
lates an incident which occurred while he was  
at Fort Smith. I think the doctor ought to have  
gone a little further and explained to the  
readers his opinion of what that all meant.  
I have had a similar experience. In my case I am  
confident that it was no more or less than a dream.  
My opinion is that the event related by Dr. H. was  
also a dream. He undoubtedly arose from the bed  
while yet asleep, and as he turned to get the chair,  
he awoke and his vision ceased, leaving an indelible  
mark on his mind.

WARREN WEST.

## Letter from Manitou, Col.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

From the cottage where we are stopping one can  
get the prettiest view of the mountains to be had in  
Manitou. We have changed our residence, and in so  
doing have improved our surroundings wonderfully,  
which has helped the physical, too, and now hope  
for the future, we are free; yet, does one really rest  
in the bustle and babble—in this continual seeing  
new scenes and meeting new faces? But the change  
lifts us out of ourselves, aches and pains are for-  
gotten, and at that moment when we forget our-  
selves, nature steps in and does her healing work.  
I truly believe that every weakness of the physical  
is here brought out and aggravated tenfold. I am  
not sure but other weaknesses get the better of one  
sometimes too. Every day trials have not been borne  
with patience, and many a letter has gone home  
filled with grumblings over this "humbug" of run-  
ning after health, of going to a country where the  
very air intoxicates the brain, until I nearly fall with  
this horrid dizziness that takes hold of me out here.  
But now, with health somewhat improved, we are  
getting a little real enjoyment out of our visit to  
Manitou. One very pleasing little episode was the  
meeting of Mrs. Johns, our President of State E. S. A.  
The sight of a familiar face was a real pleasure.  
She is sojourning among the mountains, with her  
husband, resting, and enjoying the waters and the  
beauties of the place.

Burro riding in Manitou is a great pastime for  
children. Edith was sure she wanted to ride with  
Russell, so two of the ungainly beasts were procured,  
and the children mounted. The keeper gave them  
instructions, and Russell lashed his head and neck  
and pleaded with whip and rein, but the brute would  
insist upon standing on his front feet until he dis-  
mounted his rider, who then took a more straight-  
forward animal. All this time I was trying to help  
Edith get control of her own demure little donkey.  
He insisted upon returning back to the "Park" for  
even to the "Halfway House." We have visited the  
"Garden of the Gods," since my last letter. The best  
description would fail to give a good idea of this  
odd and fantastic place. It needs seeing to be ap-  
preciated. The guide was familiar with all the  
points of interest and spared no pains to make it  
interesting. The place is rough, some of the scenery  
is grand and imposing, being more wonderful than  
beautiful. The ground is covered with huge rocks,  
worn at some remote time by the water into almost  
every conceivable shape. Some one, with an eye to  
business, combined with an elastic imagination, has  
given names to many of the rocks. Going through  
the "Garden" consists of having these names point-  
ed out, until one really thinks he sees the thing de-  
scribed. We had no trouble whatever. Doesn't a  
Spiritualist become used to the stretch of the imagi-  
nation?

These of our party looked and stared—said  
"where?" and "what?" and when they did see, wasn't  
quite sure. The two from Texas were disappointed  
while our Massachusetts friend said "humbug."  
Being determined to be pleased with everything  
we easily recognized the huge "Frog" sitting away  
up on a cliff, seemingly just ready to jump hundreds  
of feet below. The "Washer Woman" was rubbing  
away on the garments of the dead, and the "Old  
Man's Wine Cellar" contained one barrel—we didn't  
see the "Old Man," but have no doubt he was there.  
The "Old Hen and Chickens" were not so plain.  
"Balance Rock" is too well known to need descrip-  
tion. It is fall is predicted at a rainy future day,  
and we are to go to the "Punch and Judy" show,  
not that it is connected with the vast rocky strata  
below, and as the slender base is slowly and surely  
crumbling away, naught can stay its course when  
that day comes.

We saw the "Siamese Twins" who, upon nearer  
approach separated and took a new name, "Punch  
and Judy," very appropriate too. Across the way  
was "Mother Grumpy" and the "Old Dutchman."  
There was the "Panther" about to spring upon a  
flock of sheep. The sheep were from our own im-  
agination made out of a cluster of white rocks upon  
the hillside, a few rods the way the sheep were  
sheep were the only thing acknowledged to be seen  
plainly by the Texas friends. So much for my own  
imagination. Why, I would love to live in that  
"Garden" for a week. I'd have more rights to see  
than heaven or earth ever dreamed of. We saw the  
"Bear and the Stag," the "Stage Coach," the "Con-  
dorm" and the "King of the Mountains." She seemed  
about stepping out for a walk, and could easily be  
taken for a statue made with hands, instead of an odd  
freak of nature. We passed through the grand "Gate-  
way," so often pictured, saw the "Town of Babel,"  
in an immense pile of rock 350 ft. high, balled in  
"Echo Cave" and by the side of "Echo Cave" passed  
the sentinels and the cathedrals, out into the open  
country, where a view met my gaze that caused me  
to exclaim with such delight that the guide turned  
and looked at me with astonishment. We were  
looking through the pass between two huge piles  
of rock. The view beyond is indescribable. There  
were mountains on either side and a great plain  
of rock and stunted pines; but the beauty was  
in the extent of view, a sloping plain reaching to the  
foot of a broad low hill with just the sky beyond.  
This hill was covered with small white rocks inter-  
persed with just enough of green verdure to make  
it a real fairy scene. It was like one sometimes sees  
when a storm of snow has come and the hills and  
green earth peeping through its white covering. A  
very commonplace scene, maybe, at least the look  
that guide gave me implied as much. It was not  
one of his points of interest; he quickly turned and  
pointed out the wonderful "Mountain Rat." This  
was the extent of our ride for the day; so we wan-  
dered about the hillside, picked up a few stones, and  
sum, tired ourselves out with climbing over the  
rocks, and then away over the dusty road again to  
Manitou.

There was something exhilarating in that ride  
whether it was the ride itself, the mountain air or  
being in the close proximity to such marvellous  
scenery. The "Garden" of the Gods is a fine place.  
I retired that night sure of a sleep unbroken till day  
dawn. But I overrated my powers of endurance.  
The first thing after closing my eyes the huge pro-  
portions of the "Old Dutchman" stood before me.  
He had truly come to life for there he was in all his  
greenness making grimaces at me. I was not  
dreaming, was never awake in my life. I do not  
please, say that I had the jimmies—I hadn't even  
drank from Soda Spring that day. I shut my eyes  
and made up my mind to abide by the consequences  
if the whole "Garden" came to life—and it did.  
There was a grand carnival held for the next three  
hours. I saw the "Stage Coach" just as it was  
about to start, and the "Old Dutchman" on the  
side of "Echo Cave," a dance of the gods with all  
the other creatures in attendance. I should like to  
be sure that the "Lady of the Garden" is still in her  
accustomed place for I certainly saw a very devoted  
"Knight" sit up from that group of evergreens,  
take her by the hand and lead her to the old "Stage  
Coach" which they both entered. Joining the  
dancers on the green they walked about until mid-  
night, when away they went again, alighting on  
"Balance Rock" when I lost sight of them. "Mother  
Grumpy" shook her head but the "Old Dutchman"  
laughed and said it was all right, and I guess it was,  
for they all soon left me to peace and dreamland.  
Each has concluded that going to the "Garden of  
the Gods" is no more compared to having the "Gar-  
den" come to life.

I made the trial of going through the "Cave of  
the Winds" soon after that failed. It was a hard  
climb to the entrance. After getting that far a se-  
vere palpitation took hold of me rendering me in-  
capable of further climbing that day. The children  
went through and were delighted with it. We  
drove through "Glen Eyrie" and went over that  
lovely drive called the "Macy" on the way to Colo-  
rado Springs. The scenery is all magnificent, and I  
only wish I could stay until I could see all the  
sights; but my strength will not admit of it.  
Manitou, Col., Aug. 11. MRS. A. M. MUNGER.

Aug. 17th, home again, and really I think we are  
no worse for the trip. The benefit comes after one  
gets home, they tell me. I am not quite satisfied,  
and must go back some day when I can do a little  
more climbing. A. M. M.

There is now in forbidden circulation on the con-  
tinent a book containing the letters of the crown  
prince Rudolph and Marie Vetters, the cause and  
companion of his death. From these it is seen that  
Rudolph was so much in love with his fiancée that  
he offered to renounce all his titles and dignities for  
the sake of marrying her.

## "More Moral than Pious."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The declaration at the heading, "More Moral than  
Pious," has been said of Washington, of whom the  
legend reads: "First in war, first in peace, and first in  
the hearts of his countrymen." But in what spirit  
and with what being expressed whether a declara-  
tion by some disappointed bigot, or given utterance  
by some one whose idea of the character of Washing-  
ton was exalted, I do not know. However, the ex-  
pression, though seemingly somewhat brusque, is  
expressive, is good, and doubtless states a fact,  
with the senses that the tenacious Christian implies  
and the Father of Our Country can be main-  
tained. In fact, why not maintained, particularly  
when, if we can say of a man, He is moral, we feel  
able to trust such more readily than if it was simply  
said of him, He is pious?

Of course, if correctly said of Washington that he  
was "more moral than pious," it implies that he was  
without saying, that the story told of his being on  
one day discovered in his tent, alone and upon  
his knees, pleading with the Christian's reputed "God  
of Battles" for success to his arms; also that on the  
eve of an important engagement (I think reports say  
at Brandywine) he asked a certain minister ac-  
companying him to the scene of action, to read the  
Lord's Supper be prepared and he be permitted to  
partake of the same, are myths, pious frauds, cut  
dried and trimmed out of whole cloth, and circulated  
in the interest of church and orthodoxy, but which,  
as such, are being rapidly relegated to disbelief and  
oblivion.

Washington, from all that is known of his private  
and public life, was too high-minded and great to  
simulate or pose in a character that did not belong  
to him. "The Father of his Country" might have  
been pious, very pious in the sense that the church  
claims; in fact he might have been a Christian be-  
liever, but all that the tenacious Christian implies, but  
the proof unquestionable, that he was, has never  
been forthcoming and, it is safe to say, will never be  
adduced.

To be moral is, in this last quarter of the 19th cen-  
tury, beginning to carry with it the idea of a higher  
standard of life than would otherwise be adjudged  
of him who only was known as a character and a man (in  
being pious). In other words, as between two men,  
one of whom (without any reference to his being  
pious) it is said, "He is moral," and of the other  
(without any reference to his morals), "He is pious,"  
the world is getting to feel it would sooner trust the  
former than the latter. Hence, to enjoy our highest  
confidence, we must be known as a character and a man  
(in fact, of any man) will be to think of him as having  
been "more moral than pious," and thus, despite its  
being said of him that he once swore at his troops,  
deduce a tenor of life that for the most part was  
temperate and even.

If Washington was a deist, as is said of him, it  
might be reasonably averred, he was "more moral  
than pious," and so presumably the better man, and  
the more to be trusted on that account. To be  
strictly moral is always to be the better inclined,  
whatever one's walk of life may be, while to be  
pious (and who will say that the inquirers of the  
past are not pious?) does not imply that the leaders  
of the rack and death, were not pious? does not al-  
ways prove or imply a kindly condition of mind and  
feeling, or that the life of such savors of righteousness  
and mercy; or, it is to be feared, ever will until  
humanitarian principles and the brotherhood of man  
shall become very much more of an established fact,  
recognized by the churches and taught by precept,  
than at present.

The pious and the religious cloak has long been  
worn by every Roman pontiff and priest; by minis-  
ters of every sect and church; and by untold millions  
of members of organized orders, societies and con-  
gregations everywhere. Yet many have been the wearers  
of the rack and death, were not pious? does not al-  
ways prove or imply a kindly condition of mind and  
feeling, or that the life of such savors of righteousness  
and mercy; or, it is to be feared, ever will until  
humanitarian principles and the brotherhood of man  
shall become very much more of an established fact,  
recognized by the churches and taught by precept,  
than at present.

Now, regarding what has been said and the con-  
clusion reached, I do not think any true man, or right-  
thinking person can object to the expression, "more  
moral than pious," even though the converse of the  
statement might not always be true, and conclusions  
are sometimes incorrectly drawn. To err is human.  
Still, if feeling your statement to be correct and hav-  
ing the strength of your conviction, as to any con-  
clusion reached, that the expression, "more moral than  
pious," is to be used, it means that this might be said, is  
better than his church or religious creed, or than the  
religious denomination to which, because of his sur-  
roundings and circumstance, he feels himself con-  
strained to belong and attend.

In our day, one fact is noticeable almost above any  
other. It is that religious bodies are becoming less  
sectarian, less religious so to speak, and more social.  
This reform, for reform it really is, means more in  
the future for the advancement of society than ap-  
pears on the surface, or that can now be conceived  
or thought possible.

If such be the fact, then, as stated, that religious  
organizations are changing base and, while not lo-  
osing anything of good that can be recognized in them,  
they are becoming less exclusive, more liberal and  
more social, who shall say that such are not advan-  
cing the interests of the world? If such be the fact,  
will, become the center of every social and home vi-  
tue and, as involving every tendency to good and  
right living, encourage to brotherhood and love-  
love of home, love of country, love of friends—par-  
ticularly when, in every affair and concern of life,  
a man will be a man, as Burns wrote:

"To be a man, to be a man, to be a man,  
and morality or morals count for more than piety—  
particularly piety of the 'Cow Boy' preacher kind,  
or of the 'Sam Jones' and 'Sam Small' sort.

R. ORCHARD OLD.

## SCIENCE AS A DETECTIVE.

An Effective Ally of Society in the  
Struggle Against Crime.

Boston Advertiser: Recent events make this a  
fit time for calling attention to the degree in which  
modern science has become an ally of society in the  
struggle of the latter to defend itself against crime.  
At Winnipeg, a man suspected of having been con-  
cerned in the murder of Dr. Cronin is under arrest,  
in consequence of the recent discovery of the body of  
the doctor in the water. At Charleston a select company of Brooklyn pic-  
niquers were gathered into the focus of a detective  
camera. Chemical science has become so exact that  
when a human being has met his death by poison,  
the deadly drug can be traced even in a single drop  
of the blood. The microscope has increased manifoldly  
the difficulty of committing a forgery that shall escape  
discovery. The electric light flashes its intense  
brightness into unfrequented streets, into narrow  
alleys, and into regions of great cities where dan-  
gerous classes swarm, so that deeds of darkness can  
no longer be committed with the impunity of former  
times. With the astounding criminal now traveling  
by steam the message seeking for his apprehen-  
sion is flying literally with lightning speed.

Great as are the services now constantly rendered  
by science in the prevention, detection and punish-  
ment of crime, those which seem likely to be ren-  
dered in the future will, if realized, be greater still.  
The microscope, the long range photograph, the  
into court as an unimpeachable witness, to repeat  
the exact words in the exact tones of conspirators  
guilty of planning bribery or burglary. The French  
savant did not utter any absurdity who predicted  
that eventually instruments would be devised of such  
exquisite perfection that they could transfer from  
the retina of a murderer's person a picture of the  
awful object on which the victim's last agonized  
gaze was fixed. It does not need a flight of fancy  
to foretell great results in aid of the police that are  
possible from further developments of such marvel-  
ous powers as were possessed by the late "mind-  
reader," Mr. W. I. Bishop.

The theme is an absorbing one, and might be  
much further extended. Perhaps has not heretofore  
been sufficiently dwelt upon. There is danger  
we look too exclusively on the utilitarian side of  
science. It will be well if we bear in mind that in  
many ways, including such as have been hinted at  
above, the astounding progress made in this century  
toward unlocking the secrets of matter and mind is  
leading us to a new era of enlightenment, and that  
with natural laws but also to make them more ob-  
edient to civil laws.

## EXPLANATION OF APPARITIONS.

Some Psychological Society Ghost Stories.

Six years have elapsed since the Psychological Society  
commenced its scientific investigation of stories of  
apparitions. Hundreds of communications have been  
received, and have been subjected to searching  
tests by the late Mr. Edmund Gurney, by Mr. F. W. H.  
Myers, by Professor and Mrs. Sedgwick, and by others  
of the members, among whom are included some of  
the best known men of science, literature, art, poli-  
tics, and religion. What has been found out? In the  
first place, a committee of the society, after an  
exhaustive inquiry, has arrived at the conclusion  
that telepathy, or thought-transference, is an estab-  
lished fact, and it is believed that this fact goes far  
to explain, on perfectly natural grounds, many of  
the phenomena of the related apparitions.

Telepathy is the name given to the power of a  
person, consciously or unconsciously, to convey im-  
pressions of his thoughts, in peculiarly excited states  
of the mind, to others at a distance, upon whom the  
impressions are conveyed, as if the mind of the person  
conveyed was, in fact, the mind of the person who  
conveys. Gurney, Myers, and Fodor collected about  
seven hundred records of cases of an evidential  
character where thought impressions were declared  
to have been thus received, transforming themselves  
into apparitions of the absent person, or to the  
impressions of his voice. In many cases it was found  
possible to take the evidence of the person whose ap-  
parition was seen or voice heard, and the conclu-  
sion is drawn that the coincidences—where the per-  
son was actually at the time in some situation that  
forcibly compelled his thoughts to turn to the per-  
son who received the impression—"are far too num-  
berous to be accounted an accident." The "Evi-  
dence" has been published in two volumes entitled,  
*Phantasms of the Living*.

But what about phantasms of the dead? The  
current number of the "Proceedings" of the Society  
(Trubner & Co.) contains a collection of cases in-  
vestigated by the late Mr. Gurney, with others by  
Myers, and others by the late Mr. Gurney. Mr. Gurney  
lays it down as established by the evidence, that at  
least a fair working hypothesis that "the moment  
of death is, in time, the central point of a cluster  
of abnormal experiences occurring to percipients at a  
distance, of which some precede, while others fol-  
low, the death." He further holds that the impres-  
sions conveyed may, if the mind of the percipient be  
in an actively-occupied state, be latent until a season  
of silence and abstraction arrives. The published  
"evidence" occupies over sixty pages of the "Pro-  
ceedings." We can only briefly quote a few speci-  
men cases from the uncanny records.

The percipient of the phantasm transforms into several  
classes. In the overwhelming majority of the cases,  
however, the appearance takes place shortly after  
death. First, there are the cases where the form is  
seen, or the voice heard, of some one who is known,  
and who knows the percipient.

Rev. G. M. Tandy tells how, glancing one day to-  
ward the window in his old college from the tower  
Canon Robinson, whom he had not met for ten years.  
He went out for him, but he was gone. The same day  
he read in a paper that Canon Robinson was dead.

A chemist's assistant, at Glasgow, "appeared" in a  
dream to his employer in London, and told him that  
he was poisoned; but he was not to suppose it was  
suicide. A few months later a letter came saying that  
the young man was dead.

A married lady, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, saw a  
former suitor looking at her through the door,  
dressed only in his trousers and shirt. She men-  
tioned what she had seen to her husband at the time  
and he laughed at her. Some months afterwards her  
husband, who adds his testimony to that of his wife,  
heard that the ex-suitor, who was an actor, had died  
from an overdose of chloral, in the dress he wore in  
*The Corsican Brothers*, about the time when the  
apparitions were seen.

A colonel relates that at the time of the Tran-  
sylvanian War he was in the army and saw in his room  
a brother officer, and spoke and said, "I'm shot,"  
pointing to his lungs. The same day he told another  
officer what he had seen, and the following morning  
the news was published that his friend had been  
killed at Laing's Neck, and months afterwards  
an officer who was in the battle and saw the body  
sold him that the ground was exactly where it was  
pointed out by the apparition.

In all these cases the "percipients" were known  
to those from whom the "phantasmal" impressions  
were received. But cases are given where similar  
impressions were received by persons to whom the  
"apparitions" were unknown.

A Grimby gentleman saw on a bright moonlight  
night, in a room at Madeira, a young fellow of about  
twenty-five dressed in flannels. He described the  
apparition, and found it coincided with a young  
man who had died in that room a few months pre-  
viously. A Glasgow lady twice saw an old gipsy-  
like woman sitting on a stool in the kitchen of the  
house she and her two sisters were occupying. The  
second time she called to her sisters, "There she is!"  
but they could see nothing, and the bed was un-  
ruffled. Afterwards, when they were narrating the  
incident to a neighbor, the latter nearly swooned  
away, for she recognized the woman in the apparition as  
an old woman who had died in the house through sup-  
posed ill-treatment by her husband.

What is the explanation of such cases? The sug-  
gestion hazarded is a novel one. If living persons  
can produce telepathic impressions on others at a  
distance, and those impressions can externalize  
themselves as apparitions and voices, may not simi-  
lar thoughts and impressions be externalized by the  
dead? When the apparition follows death at a  
greater or less period of time, it may have lain la-  
tent, but it may also be the result of a dream-state  
in the mind of the agent after death, transferred to  
the mind of the percipient by telepathy. We have  
extracted the chief conclusions of this most strange  
inquiry. Of course, the value of all the conclusions  
is conditional on the credibility of the witnesses,  
and it is pointed out how easy it is in such matters  
for the witnesses to deceive or be themselves uncon-  
sciously deceived by hallucinations. Still, the so-  
ciety, in most of the cases, publishes the names and  
addresses of the witnesses; and it is stated several  
times that, when they have been personally ex-  
amined, they appear to be sensible and not at all  
superstitious persons, to whom nothing of the sort  
had ever happened before or since. The society cannot  
do harm by the patient continuance of its work, and  
it may do good by bringing facts to light of which  
psychologists are ignorant, and by dispelling ideas  
that are based solely on vulgar superstitions.—Ez.

## One Theological Belief.

In the first number of the *American Citizen*, in  
an editorial entitled "A Social Revolution," with  
also might be called a prophecy, mention was made  
that the time would come when there would be lit-  
tle or no difference in the beliefs of the various  
ecclesiastical denominations.

If one will compare the present tolerance that  
each religious body has for another with the toler-  
ance of a hundred years ago or even fifty, he will  
see that it is only a matter of a short time baste-  
d as it will be by the internal dissemination of each  
denomination, when they can all come together, and  
agree upon a religious creed satisfactory to all sects.

Within fifty years there was a law forbidding any  
one to assume the title of Cardinal in England. Now  
there are two, and London has a Catholic Lord Mar-  
quis. Within a hundred years the Orthodox Church  
preached that hell was paved with infant's skulls  
and bones and thereby drove thousands from the  
church. Now, no one believes this and the majority  
of the Orthodox Church don't believe that there is  
hell.

History tells us of the time when Germany was  
so strong a Catholic country that the life of a Pro-  
testant was often in danger. To-day we see the  
Protestant Emperor of Protestant Germany in  
friendly communion with the Pope on interna-  
tional affairs.  
The Quakers who once were stoned to death for  
their religious views are now respected and honored  
everywhere.

The people who were called witches and were de-  
liverately though judicially murdered for being so-  
called are to-day known as Spiritualists and receive  
the same respect and consideration as any other  
class of people.

The Universalists and Unitarians who were once  
as severely condemned by the Evangelical churches  
as the latter were by the Catholics, now exchange  
and preach each others' sermons to each others'  
congregations.

All this and much more of like character can have  
but one ending, and that will be the commingling  
and mixing up and the ultimate agreeing upon one God,  
upon His attributes, and a definite and agreed state-  
ment of His laws and wishes. And may that day  
be hastened for there is no time in the whole cal-  
endar of crimes that has not been committed in the  
name of religion; no sin but some church has just-  
ified it. The jealousies between the believers in dif-  
ferent creeds have produced more bloodshed and  
more cruelty than anything else. Let us be thank-  
ful for the rapid modifications that have been un-  
dergone. Let us rejoice at the amalgamation that  
is now being consummated.—Ez.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Senator Evart's eyes are giving him a great deal of  
trouble.

London is to have a "Monkies" at which 1,000  
monkeys will be on exhibition.

It takes 800 men to harvest the wheat crop of one  
ranch in Colusa County, Colorado.

California has 187,500 homesteads of 160 acres each  
that have not been applied for.

Evening shoes and open work stockings have been  
worn by English women in the afternoon during the  
entire summer.

An unequal number of women are expected to  
take part in



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 7, 1889.

## An Opening Era.—Spiritualism.—Psychic Research.

The last fifty years have been marked by a great activity and a growing variety in artistic and industrial pursuits, to meet the varied demands of a growing civilization which has wrought great changes in our ways of living, brought artistic beauty to the homes of the people, and added to our comfort in many ways. A wonderful development of inventive genius and productive power, joined with the new and unprecedented abundance of the precious metals, has added immensely to the wealth of every civilized land, most of all to that of our own country, until the pursuit of "material riches has become with many the master passion. "First the natural," or material, "and then the spiritual," is a wise saying. All this external progress and absorption in material things, with the intellectual activity and the opening of modern Spiritualism, which have gone with it, have paved the way for a marked new departure, which is now beginning. The decay of dogmatic theology and the growth of larger religious views, tinged with a skepticism coming from lack of spiritual insight and self-knowledge, also indicate the need of such a change.

The study of man's inner life and infinite relations and far reaching spiritual powers and faculties promises to be a marked feature of the coming half-century. Other pursuits will not cease, of course, but these will take a leading place and command a larger attention. "The things of the spirit" are to be emphasized as never before. The positive rule of mind over matter, everywhere manifest, is to be better understood. Man, as a spirit, served here by an earthly body, and to be served in a higher life by a finer celestial body, is to be better known; psychic research is to be earnestly pursued.

We have mind cure, faith cure, Christian Science, psychology, hypnotism or magnetism, Theosophy, occult science, etc., all but varied signs and symptoms of what is coming, and all marked by a mingling of truth and error.

Last but not least we have modern Spiritualism,—the great tidal wave, on the rise of which all these have come up. It has come in the fullness of time as the result of man's fit development, helped by the concerted efforts of supernatural intelligences. If this be doubted the word of Lowell may be quoted:

"We see but half the causes of our deeds, Seeking them wholly in the outer world, Unconscious of the Spirit-world, which, though Unseen, is felt, and sows in us the germs Of pure and heavenly purposes."

Clairvoyant seers tell of sessions of congress,—assemblages of celestial intelligences consulting together how best to reach and uplift man on earth. Are such visions irrational? The central idea and aim of Spiritualism is the continuity of personal life, the positive of immortality, an idea and high moment and giving an inspiring to all other psychic movements of names. Hence its central and comparative importance. It cannot be ignored as secondary and unworthy.

and wise example of the right of Spiritualism can be found in an work by G. W. Wyld, M. D., President of the British Theosophical Society in London, entitled: "Theosophy and the Higher Life; or Spiritual Dynamics and the Divine and Miraculous Man." The author says:

"For myself I believe that the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism are destined to remould science, philosophy, psychology, and dogmatic theology from their very foundations, by showing how a spiritual and in-

telligent force constitutes the essence of all things.... The power to move matter by will, and without the intervention of mechanism, demonstrates the intelligent spiritual nature of man; while the spiritual phenomena which occur in the presence of believers can, in five minutes, refute the material philosophy of thousands of years.... Spiritualism, as it demonstrates man to be a spirit, at the same time demonstrates the fact of a spiritual life hereafter.... That spiritual phenomena are real I know as certainly as I know that I exist.... No man of average common sense, common instincts and common honesty could radically and thoroughly investigate the subject, by reading, by conversation with those who know, and by persistent experimental investigation in spite of many disappointments, and fail to know, at last, as I know, that spiritual phenomena are as real as his own life.... Spiritual phenomena, although to me chiefly interesting in a psychologic and scientific point of view, must yet, in a religious point of view be regarded with profoundest respect.... because, if we contemplate the subject in its relation to matter, we, at once, arrive at the conviction that materialism is a vulgar superstition. Yet this materialism is the outcome of the science of the 19th century! But science means knowledge. Spiritualism is the highest of all the sciences because it reveals to us a knowledge of the world which now is and of that which is to come.... Man is a spirit, and as such possesses the same powers as the spirits of the departed. When entranced he is, in proportion to the depth of his entrancement, a departed spirit."

These clear and strong statements set forth the basic and leading position of Spiritualism in the study of psychic science,—the research of the inner life of man, the need and importance of which we are just beginning to realize. In the light of that research superstition and bigotry will vanish; we shall gain in self-knowledge and self-conquest, and in reverence for the soul of man and the soul of things, and the world will be the better for it.

The future historian will mark the half century just closed as the era of intellectual freedom and activity, of material development and inventive genius; and the half century now opening as the era of spiritual culture and the harmonious development of man.

## Wanted—A Gospel for the Century.

It is refreshing to read a production from the pen of a Catholic priest that bears upon the impress of progress, making a demand for "A Gospel for the Century"—a gospel in harmony with the present status of civilization, and which will have a tendency to banish the suffering now so prevalent in various parts of the world. The author, Rev. William Barry, D. D., is an English Roman Catholic priest, a graduate of Oxford college. He has contributed some articles previously to the *Nineteenth Century* and other English magazines, and is a frequent contributor to the *Catholic World* of New York. In his *Nineteenth Century* article, which was discussed by the Chicago socialists the other Sunday, he sets out with the declaration that it requires no prophet to tell us that "the Belshazzar's feast glorified by some under the name of modern civilization and by others loathed as a combination of luxury and sacrilege cannot last. It is judged and found wanting." He proceeds: "A merely human Christ—the Son of Man, but in no transcendental sense the Son of God—will not save us. Eternity must come down into time and redeem it; the millennium is a kingdom of heaven upon earth; it is no Lubberland, to use Carlyle's indignant phrase. Goethe, in the most significant passage he ever wrote, has described the 'threefold reverence'—we might call it adoration—in which the religion must be founded—reverence for things above, which is the heathen or natural religion; for things about us, which is philosophy; and for things beneath us, which is the religion of sorrow, of redemption, and, in a sense peculiar to itself, of Christianity. This credo of redemption, to be realized here and now, in spite of the sweating dens and the gambling money-marts of London and the other world cities—how many are there that understand it?"

"What right has a believer in Christ to live luxuriously while his brethren are starving on an unjust wage? But he pleads the interests of art and civilization, which he falsely, not to say criminally, pretends that his self-indulgence subserves. Let him, then, in the name of Christ, take art and civilization to the savages, who are waiting for such a renaissance all over the land. Let him humanize and socialize his riches, and then the next time he hears in church that gospel of the beatitudes he will understand what it means and not be ashamed or dismayed. The sermon on the mount was not preached in a monastery; it was addressed to mankind. It does not condemn civilization, which has grown more perfect chiefly by laying to heart some of its precepts. But it most unequivocally does condemn an exclusive society, the doors of which open but to golden keys while the multitude of God's children are toiling in hunger and cold outside for their masters."

"What if, clergy and laity alike, we set ourselves to think out—and, the surest way of all, to work out—the relation in which a present Christ (as we believe him to be) does in fact stand to political economy, the distribution of wealth, and the laws of labor? What if we throw aside some of our musty books and took up these problems of to-day as, in God's sight, resolved to find a way out of them? Did Christ make a covenant with

the middle class that we should fear to infringe on its prerogatives? Or is capitalism a thirteenth article of the creed? In more than one age and clime the priest has been the pioneer of civilization. He is still to be found, poor almost as those amongst whom he labors, in the dark places down to which the 'law of supply and demand' has thrust the wage-earning population. But there is a question with which he has yet to grapple—the cause of all this accumulated, heart-breaking misery. It is an evil and has spread far and wide, and it is this—Christian preachers talk of the dead Christ in their pulpits, and forget that he is living. Is there a greater sin than to murder men by slow starvation?"

"The rich non-producer—be he Jew, Catholic, or infidel—dyes his hands in that sin every day he lives. He is part and parcel of a system which calls itself the social order. What if we told him seriously that there is no genuine social order save the kingdom of Christ, into which the idle rich cannot enter? It has been argued that Dives is not without his uses; that he points to the rewards of toiling ambition. What place is there for Dives in the kingdom of Christ? His attitude towards things above is agnosticism; towards things around him scepticism; towards things beneath him cynicism. Cynically he buys (with money not earned by him) the labor of the workingman's son, the purity of the workingman's daughter. Yes, he may answer me, 'it is a free bargain; both are willing to sell.' When he has wrought his will upon them he flings the son to the workhouse, the daughter to the streets or the hospital. Let those who are not ashamed to call themselves Christians ponder these things. They say they believe in a living Christ. When will they open their eyes and judge the nineteenth century and their place in it as he did the first? Or will they rather imitate their high rulers of 200 years ago, and neglect or persecute social science, in like manner as these did physical, putting under a ban the interpreters of God's visible world?"

## New York Items.

"The Spiritual Aspects of Rev. Dr. McGlynn's Work and Mission," formed the subject of Rev. C. P. McCarthy's address on Sunday evening, August 18th, before the "People's Spiritual Meeting," 230 W. 36th St., held during the summer months in Mrs. Morrill's spacious reception parlors, which on this occasion were full to repletion. The preliminary readings were dispensed with, and Mr. McCarthy, who is an enthusiastic personal friend of the world-famed excommunicated priest, delivered an hour and a half's address eulogistic of this eloquent reformer, during which he represented Dr. McGlynn as an inspirational speaker inspired by the purest and highest order of spirit intelligences, and alluded to his horror of the danger of allowing impure and lying spirits to influence his conduct or work. The address was listened to throughout with rapt attention.

Sunday evening, Aug. 25th, the attendance at this meeting was very good, but not so crowded as on the previous Sunday. Mrs. Morrill presided, and called upon Rev. C. P. McCarthy, who delivered a sharp and incisive address on

## "FRAUD, FREE LOVE AND FANATICISM."

Having read Mr. W. C. Bowen's letter, which appeared in a late JOURNAL, with the above heading, Mr. McCarthy endorsed it, supporting its statements with numerous facts and answering in a crushing way the arguments of a class of Spiritualists whom he called "fraud-protectors," and whom he described as having substituted for the old personal Devil of orthodoxy a "trust-company of less dignified devils," who were supposed to take the responsibility from materializing mediums who practiced the fraudulent personations through this demon company of evil spirits. He said that belief in the old personal Devil that Spiritualism had assisted to abolish, was superior to the "Demon Trust Co." that these tricksters were setting up in the heart of Spiritualism as its substitute.

Mr. McCarthy's caustic handling of the subject was accepted with every evidence of pleasure and satisfaction, and he received the applause of almost all present when he announced that this horrible business of fraudulent and immoral mediumship has to leave New York City this fall.

Other speakers followed, and at the close many new friends came up and shook Mr. McCarthy warmly by the hand.

## A "Mastery Review."

The JOURNAL is not given to flattery nor to unduly exalting itself or its able corps of correspondents; yet words of appreciation are sometimes appropriate in its columns. Especially is this the case in the present instance when their high source, and the arduous labor necessary to have produced the work praised, are considered. Horace Howard Furness, LL.D., one of the regents of the University of Pennsylvania, and of world-wide fame as a Shakespearean scholar, in a personal letter to the editor of the JOURNAL, concludes with a reference to Mr. W. E. Coleman's Review of Blavatskowsky, now in course of publication. While the letter was not written for publication, we are sure it will interest our readers; and "it falls in our way" to "let Coleman know" of it through these columns, and we hope Dr. Furness will pardon our way of fulfilling his wish. Here is what he says:

"... If it ever falls in your way to let Coleman know how grateful to him I am for his masterly review of the Blavatsky. It is a satisfaction to see anything done so thor-

oughly, so calmly, in such a dignified, scholarly style. Surely there are not many men on this round globe who could do it at all, and certainly none on this half of it. Those who could do it, won't, and those who would do it, can't; and so that learned man has stepped into the arena and is demolishing the flimsy pasteboard chimeras (which demand just as much skill to smash up as if they were real) while we ignorant laymen can only loiter at our ease on the benches and applaud. Among which number count in

"Yours faithfully,  
 (Signed) "HORACE HOWARD FURNESS."  
 21 Aug., '89.

"Paradise Regained" is set forth as follows in the *The Two Worlds*: "One tiny rap, intimating an angel visitant, is proof of another life, that immortality is a fact. When you find there is no motive for imposture, that the medium has given expression to ideas that it could not utter in a normal state, what does it prove? Does any one call this blind force in nature? If it be granted that a medium can be operated upon by unseen forces, forces not existent in his nature, why are not scientists and ministers of religion similarly operated upon? If there must be an adequate cause for every effect, then in many instances tables evince more brain power than some people do. According to the materialistic idea, if tables take to dancing it must be because they possess brains. Very wonderful for the inanimate to become the animate. If so, how do you account for inertia becoming active? It is the old problem raised again, the assertion of the materialistic once more, that from a universe of nothing, everything has been evolved; that all living forms organic have been evolved from the inorganic. Away with such sophistry—it is of no use to-day. In the realm of the unseen dwell the nations of the past; though their material bodies are entombed in the earth, their spiritual bodies have become resurrected into new life. Draw the curtain on one side, and peer within the mystic veil. There are the rank and file of the shadowy army. See! they come down the steps of inspiration to teach you the way of immortality. What do the members of this shadowy army bring you? Listen to their voices; they tell you something worth listening to. Says one, 'I was lost, but am now restored.' The prodigal, too, returns; he no longer feeds upon the husks—he has come back to the father's house. 'I have found my daughter,' says one. 'She still lives,' says another. In Paradise regained, that paradise founded on spirit communion, you realize that none are lost. You find that in your natures are possibilities of which you never dreamt before. Across the mysterious bridge the immortals come. These are the hosts of humanity that have exchanged belief for knowledge. They tell you of Paradise regained. They speak of trials and tribulations through which they passed. Loved ones come and remove the veil, bringing tidings of great joy. Down the invisible they come, clad in bright array. Do you not hear the tramp of their feet, the sound of their voices? Know you not these unseen hosts are knocking at your doors? 'If a man die, shall he live again?' The question is fully answered by Paradise regained. Is it worth a life on earth that man shall finally attain to that happiness for which he has long yearned, enter that elysium of the beyond, and reap in its golden fields the result of past conditions? You can become members, fellow-laborers with this mighty and illustrious throng. To do this requires you to subscribe to no articles of faith. To become an initiate of heaven's vast company you need not look to yourselves, and realize that you, too, are spiritual beings. Prepare yourselves truly for a world to come, by unfolding the faculties God has given you, so that as the veil is lifted you may see a heaven which to you shall be an enjoyment eternally. In this Paradise regained we shall all meet, shall be united in a happier state. True knowledge shall reveal the God nature operating through one and all. Can there be anything better than a Paradise regained of this kind? We trow not. Therefore make the best of your opportunities, that you may be all the more fitted to enter upon that nobler, higher state of being."

The information comes from Uniontown, Pa., that interesting developments in the Dunkard church squabble are leaking out notwithstanding the secrecy with which such matters are handled. The Rev. Solomon Bucklew of Canton, Ill., who was on the last investigating committee, and Messrs. Baker and Cover, who made the charges of worldliness and frivolity against the Rev. Johnston and his flock, were charged with conspiracy by Mr. Johnston, but after a short inquiry pronounced innocent. The Rev. Bucklew says that Elder Johnston has since refused to salute his brethren with the "holy kiss," and this constitutes one of the most serious charges against him. The committee also decided that sisters of the church who "refuse to put away their hats, plain or with feathers, and ribbons, bustles, wearing of gold and founces; brethren who wear mustaches only, and standing collars, and other marks of conformity to the world, shall have time until the next quarterly council to reform from such a course. Then if they refuse they will be asked not to commune this fall, and if they still continue and persist in such a course they shall be dealt with according to Matthew x, 8." The members voted on this once, six accepting the terms, ten rejecting, and one neutral. The indications are that they will refuse to be bound by this report, should the general conference sustain it, and, as Johnston and his flock own

the church they worship in, they will go into one of the splits from the Dunkards on the dress question.

Up to the time of going to press Col. Bundy has not returned from Northern Michigan, but is expected before the week closes. He reports that southerly winds and high temperature have caused much temporary suffering among the hundreds of hay fever people scattered through that portion of the country.

The *Christian Union*, in comments on a late sermon by M. J. Savage, thinks Mr. Savage's definition of orthodoxy too narrow—a provincial New England definition. It says: "The catholic faith of the church universal is in the reality and terribleness of sin, not in a theory of its historic origin; in the forgiveness of sins, not in a theory of the atonement; in Christ as a manifestation of God in the flesh, not in a theory of the trinity; in future rewards and punishments, dependent on character, not in a definition of their nature.... and the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He who believes in these, as truths of the spiritual realm is orthodox, whatever his opinion about the theological theories of the schoolmen." This is the broader orthodoxy of the *Christian Union*, and of many who occupy a border land between the old and the new, not venturing so far that they cannot get back safely to the old grounds. But why do they keep in their creed, hell, atonement by blood, trinity and Bible infallibility? Why does the Young Men's Christian Association refuse full fellowship to all who do not subscribe to the creed? Why do Sunday School lessons teach "the theories of the schoolmen"? How long will it take to bring "the church universal" to this "catholic faith" set forth by that journal? But we wait and recognize that it is moving on. As yet it fails to see the light on the upward path, and calls Spiritualism "a craze."

Considerable excitement is prevailing in the northern part of Little River and in the county of Sevier, Ark., on account of the presence there of a man named Elam Cavin, claiming to be a Mormon missionary. The ignorant portion of the population is greatly exercised over his religious teachings. He tells them in his sermons that he is able to remove mountains, to drink poison with impunity, ward off bullets and to cure the sick by the laying on of hands. He also anoints infants with oil and alleges that they become angels; that the present is his second visit to the earth, and in a few weeks he will be known as Christ himself. His followers are increasing rapidly and they claim to be the disciples of Christ. One of their preposterous claims is based on the ground that they are not allowed to associate with the best class of society. The better class of citizens is becoming disgusted with this fanaticism, and unless the visitor leaves soon a forcible invitation will be given him to make himself scarce. There will be no killing, but the alleged missionary will be escorted to the Texas line and instructed to remain in the Lone Star State, at least temporarily.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union* and preacher in H. W. Beecher's former pulpit, has allowed his "Signs of Promise," a volume of eighteen sermons, to be published at the request of many friends. The *Christian Register* in a notice of the book says: "Mr. Abbott on the question, Does God's mercy endure forever? answers in the affirmative; but this does not prevent his holding that there are incorrigible sinners whom God's mercy cannot redeem.... Those not redeemed here are annihilated, that is all." To sleep in death is more merciful than to burn. In his *Christian Union* Mr. Abbott calls Spiritualism "a craze." If it is, there are a good many crazy folks in Plymouth Church. Strange that so liberal a man should be so blind and bigoted touching the proof palpable of immortality!

Some seventh day adventists have found a rocky road to travel down in Georgia. In some of the country districts their habit of keeping Saturday as the holy day and working on Sunday does not seem to meet the approbation of their neighbors of the regulation orthodox class, and one of them has been made to suffer for it. This man is Day Conklin, who lived in Forsythe County. He was indicted for chopping wood on Sunday. The trial attracted people for miles around. It resulted in Conklin's being fined \$25 and costs. The fine was paid by the missionaries of the sect, Conklin being too poor. Georgia and Tennessee are not considered fruitful fields by the adventist missionaries.

It is reported from Milan that the Baroness Contoni, a young lady of nineteen, celebrated for her beauty as well as for her startling originality, has announced her intention of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa. She will be accompanied by a relative, an elderly lady belonging to the Austrian aristocracy, and attended by several male and female servants. An officer in the Italian army has undertaken to lead the expedition, and is already busily engaged in making arrangements. The party will set out November first, and the tour will last for a year.

Professor Max Muller, in a recent lecture at Oxford, England, on the science of language, expressed the opinion that if language were taken away man would be lower than the dumb animals of the field and forest.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Curtis, prominent Spiritualists of this city, left last Tuesday for Manchester, N. H., where they expect to make their future home.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
TRUE SPIRITUALISTS

By United Action Can Expel From Their Ranks Fraud, Free-Love and Fanaticism.

CHARLES F. MC CARTHY.

All Spiritualists worthy of the name have accepted not only as an inalienable prerogative, but also as a personal responsibility involving a sacred duty, the natural right to think, which acceptance implies as a sequence the natural right to doubt.

Socrates is represented as saying, "The wise are doubtful, and if like them I also doubted, there would be nothing very strange in that." Hence it is that in all departments of human investigation, involving the religious, moral and intellectual advancement of humanity, skepticism becomes a necessary virtue, for when its spirit is quenched, education will be retarded, civilization will recede, ignorance will prevail, superstition will flourish, priestcraft will become rampant, and mental convictions, inborn in the consciousness of pure thought, and nursed by the anxiety of selfish motives, will remain, as is seen in the written pages of the past, imprisoned and suppressed from generation to generation. History has affirmed the fact that all great reforms have sprung from the exercise of this normal function of the human intellect, repudiating convictions founded on mere authority which expounded fables and ancient myths as real and exact definitions of dogmas, and lifting the human judgment on the wings of science (that is to say, investigation guided by reason) into the purer atmosphere of loftier and more enduring knowledge.

The question which I now emphasize is, will Spiritualists worthy of the name fulfill the duty of uniting and organizing to free themselves and those who look to them for help, from the degrading trammels and baneful influences of that high commercial mediocrity which is saturated with fraud, free-love and fanaticism, and which has deservedly brought modern Spiritualism into increased contumely?

To such an alarming extent has this prevailed that Spiritualism has been overlaid and almost overwhelmed with expert literary apologists, who deftly analyze how much responsibility rests upon mediums, their guides or "familiar," and the residuum, which it is said rests upon patronage for the production of all this fraud and filth. These experts admit that a large proportion of these manifestations are fraudulent, but are not in agreement as to the distribution of responsibility, which, it is said, is a difficult question, requiring much discrimination, as well as perception of the laws governing spirit intercourse and mediumship. It is asserted that in spirit investigation we get what we attract; and that mediums of a low grade of spiritualty, and who are depraved in character and vicious in habits are likely to surround themselves with guides and "familiar" of like dispositions, who become co-operators and partakers in these vile impostures.

When to these conditions are added opportunities for select persons and chosen arrangements in the private dark-séance at \$2 a head, then the female medium becomes a demagogue, and she fans the flames of lust to carry out her designs of cupidity on the rich victims who have been lured by the temptations and teachings of this mundane pandemonium, after which with a repetition of visits to this dark council-hall of fallen angels and evil spirits they easily become the prey and the dupes of their tempters, be- rapt of their manhood and afraid to confess their affliction to their nearest and most trusted friends.

It is for such questionable gatherings of the initiated that esoteric messages are fabricated, being purloined from suitable literature, examples of which I have given in a late article in this JOURNAL, more of which I could supply; but the pollution of these bogus spirit-teachings is their best protection; the pen fails to formulate language appropriate for publication that would faithfully portray their lecherous deformity.

As an example of the logic offered in defence of immoral and fraudulent mediumship I was recently asked by a group of these defenders the following question: "If you got a message from a dear friend at the other side of the water, which brought you valuable information, would you find fault with the message because it passed through a dung-pit?" I looked at my interrogators with a certain degree of hesitation, and immediately the challenge came, "You can't answer!" After another short pause I said: "Gentlemen, my hesitation was caused by the hypothetical nonsense of the question with which I am familiar. Listen and see how easily it can be answered, and its implied argument not only refuted, but transferred to my side. It contains an illustration designed to draw a parallel between the cable telegraph and our means of spirit communication. I ask in this parallel, which is the medium, the wire or the dung-pit?"

I patiently awaited an answer, which did not come, for all my questioners were simply dazed! I continued: "If the dung-pit represents the medium, by all means get rid of it, for neither on this or the other side have we any such use for a dung pit; but if the wire represents the mediums, in that protect it by insulation from the impurity of the dung-pit. There is no more need for my spirit messages coming through the dung-pit from the Spirit-world, than there is a cable message similarly coming from Europe. Dung-pits are not necessary in the air or under the sea, or under the ground; yet are we wise enough to insulate our telegraphic wires so that they may be protected from being corroded when passing under water or earth. If your argument by way of illustration and analogue means this, that all immoral and fraudulent mediums are dung-pits, then I claim that all the force, argumentatively, of your hypothesis, belongs to the position of him who says, Get rid of such dung-pits. From your standpoint, yourselves, gentlemen, being judges, pure, clean and holy Spiritualism has no place for such abnormal nuisances as mediumistic dung-pits."

Thank God I have never been and could never have been converted to Spiritualism through such means as are presented by these fraudulent mediums, and those who have been have little or no foundation but fraud for their new faith.

In the absence of all professional mediumship, and before I ever witnessed an alleged materialization I gave my adhesion to Spiritualism. In the midst of bereavement and sorrow in my sweet tender loved home, surrounded by my dear ones with evidences that convinced all, I became a Spiritualist.

Here is the place to set up the altar of spiritual worship and knowledge, because it is the key to a thousand recollections which crowd upon the mind like the richest memories which ever entranced the ear, and

is like the vase of rose leaves which, though shattered into a thousand fragments, still retains on its scattered pieces the perfume which once it contained. Nay, this home-Spiritualism was the sweet talisman which summoned up the scenes long past, and crowded the present with the happy groups which once gathered round us like the flowers of summer, and which enabled strangers (like our friend Mr. Borschneck) to talk in a foreign and strange tongue with their departed ones, and exacted from them a willing confession to the truth of pure Spiritualism as witnessed time and again in our home.

So I say to all investigators, hold circles in your homes, for it is here that we feel ourselves welcome guests. Here the mouth speaks without fear of misinterpretation, the mind reveals its plans with an assurance of felt interest, and the diligent hand drops its gain with certainty of gratitude. And sweetest of spiritual comforts, here likewise the weary mind is cheered, the distressed heart is soothed, the persecuted soul for conscience sake is emboldened, the slandered is justified, the deceived find sincerity, and even the guilty forgiveness. Disappointment meets its cordial, and despair a gleam of hope.

It was among these surroundings and in a bereaved home with evidences of the return and spiritual presence of the dear departed that knowledge of spirit communion came to us, to my family, and not, as has been with brazen impudence falsely declared, through any materialistic or ghostly show that any of my family were ever induced to proclaim our devotion and adherence to the philosophy and facts of modern Spiritualism.

296 Pleasant Avenue, New York City.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

During the past week the visitors at Onset have been leaving for their homes, after nearly two months of shore life by the waters of Onset Bay, taking in the regular meetings at the grand stand, also the amusements at the temple and other association buildings, the time so completely occupied that two months are gone before one hardly realizes the fact; but while the familiar faces are leaving for home and other camps, new faces are arriving by every train to spend a few days or weeks after the noise and tumult of the regular camp is past, so that when we get together on Saturday evening to enjoy a pleasant hop in the temple to the music of Carter's orchestral band, the number present seem to say that we are all here; and the merry feet and gay attire of the ladies make the evening a social event.

Sunday, August 25th, J. J. Morse, of England, was with us for the last time for the present, under the auspices of the Ladies Industrial Union. The past week he had been somewhat indisposed by overwork and bodily infirmities, but with due care and good nursing he was able to fill the engagement in a perfectly acceptable manner. I was present in the afternoon to listen to his lecture upon "God, Man and Somebody Else." It occupied a full hour, the closest attention being given by the large audience.

At the conclusion of Mr. Morse's lecture, Mr. E. Gerry Brown, proprietor and publisher of the *Bunker Hill Times*, Boston, Mass., stepped forward, and in a short but telling speech congratulated Bro. Morse upon the success of his four years' labor in the United States, commencing with and terminating upon the platform at Onset Bay Grove, also saying "that, at the suggestion of one of the directors, President Crockett had called upon some of your friends and as a result they have manifested a desire to bid you God speed in your chosen life-labor, by the slight token contained in this envelope, which please accept, and as a sentiment, may the balmy breezes of nature and heaven waft you and yours to your native clime, there to take up and carry forward your life work until you shall once more visit this, our happy country."

Mr. Morse responded as only he can do upon such occasions. Continued applause followed his remarks. Mr. Morse left Onset on the evening train to join his wife and daughter, who await him in New York, sailing on Thursday the 29th for Glasgow, Scotland, where he will commence work on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is pleasant to speak of the life work of noble-hearted men and women like the above, but there is another verse in this chapter not so pleasing to speak of, but at the same time demands a hearing. I refer to a class of beings in human form who infest Onset in particular to carry on their infernal work in the name of spiritual materialization: not content with plying their art and obtaining their dollars, they will disgrace the platform Sunday after Sunday with their brassy faces for the audience to look upon. Words fail me to do the creatures justice, and I have selected the following from the Boston Sunday Herald of Aug. 25, 1889:

"ONSET, Aug. 24, 1889. The spiritualistic war dance is nearly ended, and the braves and the squaws of the cabinet, together with their dupes, are leaving the place by the hundreds to wonder at their performances of the summer, and devise plans for another season of similar work. The materializing, the test, and the magnetic mediums are all leaving the place loaded down with Uncle Sam's medium, the almighty dollar, which they wrested from some unsophisticated countryman or alleged smart city man. The state friend has folded his tent and is ready to depart, after having written spirit messages at the rate of \$2 a slate. Another source of income which he has created is the demand of farmers for the slates. For these he charges a dollar, and you pay that and go away contented if you can. The mediums tell that this spirit writing is the work of some unseen power, and it would be an omen of ill-luck to part with the slate or even destroy the writing."

It is pleasing to say that some of the interested parties at Onset, who wish for its best and purest development are getting their eyes open, and are realizing something of the enormity of this crime that has been allowed to go unpunished at this place.

Sidney Dean, of Rhode Island, will occupy the platform Sunday, Sept. 1st, and Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 8th.

W. W. CURRIER.

Mrs. Nora Buck, wife of the engineer of a passenger steamer which plies on Great Egg Harbor bay, presides over the engine room and is skilled in the management of the machinery. Mrs. Buck is a granddaughter of Commodore Lavalette and the daughter of the founder of Lavalette City, N. J. She is as skillful in managing a sailboat as in running a steamer. She is only 19 years old and extremely handsome. Her husband says she is the best assistant he could have in running his boat.

Col. Ingersoll's eulogy on the death of his friend Horace Seaver will be found on the 2nd page of this week's JOURNAL. While its beauty will be highly enjoyed by Spiritualists, they will of course see its main defect—its failure to recognize a future life, and the grandeur of endless progression.

GENERAL NEWS.

John A. Greene, a well known newspaper man, died at Bay side, L. I.—William H. Hoagland died of hydrophobia at Newark, N. J. He was bitten by a mongrel cur three weeks ago.—John L. West of New Orleans, who was arrested at Toronto in March on a charge of embezzlement, has returned to the United States to stand trial.—All the iron mills in the Schuylkill valley resumed operations after several months' idleness. Puddlers' wages were increased from 25 to 50 cents a ton.—Three men broke into the Wash depot at Carthage Sunday night and tried to force the watchman to open the safe. Upon his refusal they beat, gazed, and bound him and proceeded to ransack the depot. The watchman managed to free himself and drove them off with his revolver.—The public debt increased \$6,076,692 during August.—The war department has ordered the abandonment of military post at Fort Laramie, W. T. Fort Hayes, Kas., and Fort Lyon, Col.—George Green and Phillip Woodward, alleged White Caps, were arrested at Marion, Ind., and placed under \$800 bonds.—Jake Saulsby of Streator, Ill., a brakeman, was killed by a Streator & Paw-Paw train while uncoupling cars at Paw-Paw, Ill.—Clinton Beddenger, son of a prominent physician living near Columbus, Ind., blew his brains out in a fit of despondency.

Cause—Hood's Sarsaparilla. Effects—pure blood, all humors cured, a good appetite, healthy digestion, no dyspepsia, brain refreshed, whole system built up and strengthened. Try it.

"It goes right to the spot," said an old gentleman, who found great benefit in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He was right. Derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys are more speedily remedied by this medicine than by any other. It reaches the trouble directly.

All humors of the scalp, tetter sores, and dandruff cured, and falling hair checked; hence, baldness prevented by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous bile.

The purest, strongest, cheapest and best in the world, N. K. Brown's Jamaica Ginger.

Hundreds of those going west on the Harvest Excursion tickets will doubtless go and visit Pueblo, Colorado, the wonderful manufacturing city of the far West. A new Pittsburgh is rapidly developing, and there are large opportunities there for the manufacturer, merchant, capitalist and real estate investor.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and W. E. Dible & Co., Chicago, have just issued a new book by Carter E. Harrison, ex-governor of Chicago, with the unique title, "A Race with the Sun," being the record of Mr. Harrison's trip around the world.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points

On and after August 11, 1889, the C. B. & Q. R. R. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R. R. from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Tex. without change, thus making a new short, daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's train "Elm" at 5:45 p. m. daily, connect with C. B. & Q. train leaving Fortia at 8:20 p. m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of Ticket Agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Kvist, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

A new edition of Rules and Advice for those desiring to form circles, together with declaration of principles and belief, and hymns and songs for circles and social singing, compiled by James H. Young, is ready, revised and enlarged. Many copies of this pamphlet have been sold, and now another edition is out. Price 20 cents, postpaid.

Statism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism, explained by Wm. Baker Farnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commissioners. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, embracing the following important subjects: The Underworld; The True Spiritualist; The Responsibility of Mediums; Denton and Darwinism; What is Magnetism and Electricity? Etc. A vast amount of reading for only ten cents. Three copies sent to one address for 25 cents.

Heaven Revised is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, *The Way, The Truth and Life* is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists A good reference pamphlet, being short sketches of such prominent men as Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Robert Hare, Rev. S. Watson, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stebbins, Rev. John Pierpont, etc., etc. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaphy's Ghost.—A Startling Story! The London artist's own version of an extraordinary affair, together with the correspondence between Charles Dickens and Mr. Heaphy. Only five cents each, three copies for ten cents. A good tract to circulate. Send in your orders.


Passed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life, from his residence in Clarkfield, O., August 23d, Sherman Smith in the 95th year of his age. He was one of the earliest pioneers, and the only remaining one in the section where he resided. He was a pioneer in thought as well, and became a Spiritualist almost with the first heralding of its phenomena. He was a noble, heroic man and the embodiment of the highest moral excellence in all his relations of life. Widely connected and known, the funeral on Sunday, the 25th, was one of the largest ever held in the vicinity. Mrs. Emma Tuttle read a beautiful and appropriate poem at the opening and closing of the exercises, and Hudson Tuttle gave the funeral discourse.

Dr. W. Jackson, of Port Huron, Mich., passed to spirit life, August 25th, aged 79. The funeral was held at Hamilton Hall. The exercises were conducted by Mrs. H. N. Hamilton.

Passed to spirit life, August 2nd, 1889, in Portland, Oregon, Gertrude, eldest daughter of H. E. and L. B. Ordway, aged 8 years, 8 months. Little Gertrude was a lovely child, possessing an affectionate disposition with a sensitive, mediumistic organism. Her physical powers were not strong enough to support the mental. She was a bright scholar, ambitious to learn. After her school work was done, she seemed to lose her ambition and appetite, her strength gradually failing. She passed from our sight peacefully and happily with a smile on her face. Gertrude understood our beautiful philosophy better, perhaps, than some many years her senior, for she often saw the angels, as she called them, and would say "I shall not be afraid to go to the spirit land. I know it is beautiful there." Her parents are good Spiritualists, educated in the philosophy, and know Gertrude is often with them with her happy smile and sparkling eyes smiling, her mamma not to cry any more for she is well now and it is beautiful in her home.

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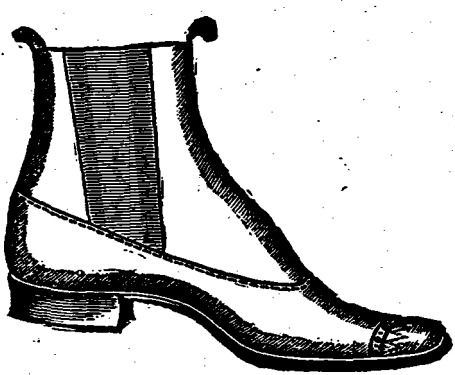
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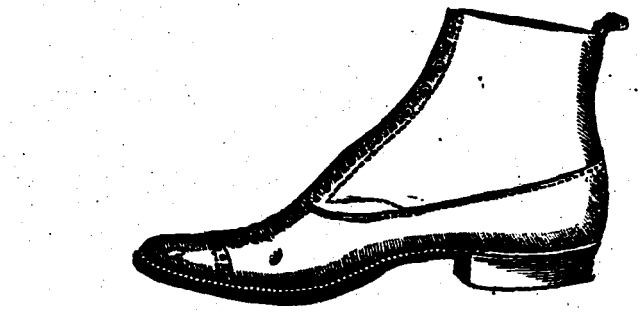
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Vamps, in Button, Lace and Congress, Medium or Broad Plain Toe Sizes and half sizes. A, B, C, D and E widths. Try them and be happy. Price, \$4.25. Send for a pair.



No. 2. Men's Genuine Calf Shoe. Machine Sewed. Dongola Tops. Button, Lace or Congress. Tipped or Plain Toes. Medium or Wide Plain Toe. E width only. \$2.25. This Shoe is genuine Calfskin, and is a splendid wearer. Send for a pair.

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No. 5. Men's Cordovan Standard. Screw or Machine sewed. Glove Grain Tops. Tipped or Plain Toes. This is more of a mechanic shoe and will stand hard wear. A Rare Bargain. Price, \$2.05.

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**BIBLE CRITICISMS.**  
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Pamphlet form. Price 10 cents per copy.  
For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.



## Notes from the People.

AND  
FORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

## ONLY A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

was only a strain of music  
The evening zephyrs bore  
From a choir of sweetest voices  
Through my open chamber door.  
Only a strain of music  
Yet it seemed to me  
That the notes I had heard so often  
In an old familiar song.

Only a strain of music  
Floating upon the night,  
Yet it gave me back my childhood  
When the future seemed so bright;  
When poignant grief and sorrow  
Had not begun to moan,  
And man's inhuman passion  
Was a thing to me unknown.

Only a strain of music,  
Yet somehow it seemed to glow  
With the light of a thousand memories  
Of a long, long time ago;  
The scenes of the past came to me,  
And I lived my youth anew,  
When friends were warm and plenty,  
And cares of life were few.

Only a strain of music,  
Yet it seemed to me  
That the notes I had heard so often  
In an old familiar song.  
My heart is filled with yearning,  
And I ponder deep and long,  
When I hear a strain of music  
From that old familiar song.

—Harry S. Chester.

## The Last Summer Resort Fad.

Time hangs heavy on the hands of the summer resorters at the various watering places. Bathing, driving, sailing, dining in turn grow monotonous, and fads are always in order for the entertainment of the ennuyés. Ordinarily the fads are innocent enough and far from thrilling. A wild season of tennis, dancing in barns, charades or masquerades, Brownings and Tolstois, lawn parties, gypsy fortune-tellers, amateur circuses and minstrel shows, harmless diversions at the green table, hare and hounds serve to pass away time, and while not wildly exciting, still they are objectionable and answer their purpose, which is amusement. But even these diversions in time grow tiresome, and as idleness breeds mischief ingenuity is taxed to devise new fads which shall be a little bolder and spicier in their character.

The latest of these has made its appearance at Long Branch, and seems to be the outcome, indirectly at least, of the Pinker and Arlington scandal in New York, though its votaries profess to repudiate the influence of that notorious and disgusting affair, and claim that they have the original, sinless pure article from the fountain head of the Eddy school in Boston, indorsed by Mrs. Eddy, whose doctrines are claimed to have as divine authority as those of Christ himself. The fad is the immortality of the soul, and the female visitors at that place seem to be quite generally infected with it. In its manifestations, however, the votaries have gone far beyond the primal doctrines, and have displayed a moral looseness which is hardly compatible with Mrs. Eddy's teachings. As far as the superiority of mind and the immortality of the soul, if not actual non-existence of matter are concerned, and the adoption of this philosophical theory as the basis of physical healing, perhaps there is no more harm than in other schools of medical treatment. Undoubtedly many patients are only sick because they believe themselves to be so. If they can be relieved of such a belief by Christian science the remedy is as effective as bulbores or tonics. Undoubtedly also there are cases of disease which can be removed if the mind can be roused to assert its superiority over matter. In any event the scientists may claim that they do not kill any more patients than the doctors who believe in the materialism of the fad at Long Branch. They are confined to healing what might be an innocent diversion, since most of the ailments at watering places are megrims of personal fancy.

The basis of the doctrine, however, is quite an elastic one. If matter is non-existent, or a mere figment of belief, physical bodies are equally so. The body is nothing, the spirit is soul is everything, and it is in its enlargement, if not its removal, of the limitations of the soul that the new fad is likely to bring its votaries to grief when some husband who knows he has a body and is practical in his *modus operandi* shall assert his rights in worldly fashion. The Eddy doctrine knows no such thing as the material body, and therefore defends the institution of marriage, but the Long Branch women have carried out the theory to its ultimate and certainly logical extreme, and are indulging their penchant for flirting, with the dangerous possibilities it entails, by the application of the doctrine of soul affinity, otherwise free love. Probably in an ideal community where human nature had reached the highest stage of purity and perfection, and evil had been exterminated, there would be no objection to this doctrine in its widest application, but as human nature is now constituted, and particularly at watering places, it will hardly be claimed that the doctrine is innocuous, or that it can be carried out without trenching upon the rights of the family, the practice of society, and the provisions of the law. In plain language the woman who has a soul lover has a paramour, so-called soul-affinity is free love, and the doctrine is abhorrent to morals and liable to make the doctrinaires among its votaries, those whose rights are traversed do not take the law into their own hands. Christian science at the outset may have been harmless and highly moral, but its evolution into conditions of mischief and illegal and immoral practice has been rapid. No one doubts that there are many good, noble, and honest women concerned in the doctrine, but the danger is that its fatal danger seems to be the facility with which its doctrines may be made to justify what is immoral and dangerous to society. The application among the silly women at Long Branch is an illustration of this. This soul-affinity business will probably come to some end, and the objects to it in a forcible way, and a freeman will ensue which will end the fad.—Chicago Tribune.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Are They "With Us."

The following extract is taken from a sermon delivered by Dr. Talmage, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday, April 14, 1899.

"...We make an awful mistake if we calculate only the forces we can see. The mightiest army is in the air. My brethren, so much of selfishness and pride and rivalry and bad motives of all kinds get into our work here that we are hindered. But the mighty sounds that have gone up to the flying armies of the sky above left all imperfection behind, and these souls are with us and without a fault, and with perfect natures are on our side. You cannot make me believe that after toiling here for so long years for the redemption of the world until from exhaustion some of them fell into their graves, they have ceased their interest in the stupendous conflict now raging, or that they are going to decline their help. Irenaeus, Prime, honor to earth, but now glorified in heaven, have you forgotten the work toward which you gave for more than a half a century your gracious life, your loving voice and your matchless pen? No! Then come down and help. Alexander Duff, have you forgotten the millions of India for whom you suffered in Hindoo jungle and thundered on missionary platform? No! Then, come down and help. David Barnard, have you forgotten the aborigines to whom you preached and for whom you prayed until you could preach and pray no more, lying down delicious amid the miasmas of the swamp? No! Then come down and help. Moncrieff, Freeman and Campbell, have you forgotten Lucknow and Dampore? No! Then come down and help. I rub out of my eyes the stupidity and unbelief, and I, the servant of these great Ellises in the Gospel, see the mountains all round about are full of hosts of fire and chariots of fire; and they head this way. However over are we by great clouds of witnesses? No! Then come down and help. Now is the good doctor really a Spiritualist, or did he unconsciously stumble onto the basic principle of Spiritualism?"

JEFF W. WATKINS.

## Many Vacant Pulpits.

A Boston paper calls attention to the fact that within a short time many of the pulpits of the important and wealthy churches that are the gift of pastors. Some of them have extended more than a dozen "calls" during the past year that have been declined. Others have taken candidates on trial who have not proved to be satisfactory to a majority of the congregations. After eight or ten candidates have preached in the same pulpit the matter of making a choice generally becomes very difficult. Each secures a number of friends, but not enough to warrant an engagement. Sometimes the controversy about the choice of a pastor becomes so warm that spiritual brothers and sisters find themselves enemies. In not a few cases factions are formed that become bitter and hostile. The article points out the times effected by giving a "call" to a stranger or a person known only by reputation. This accounts for the coming to this country of a large number of English clergymen. If they have no friends in a church they have no enemies or opponents.

It is reported that the number of young men who manifest a desire to enter the ministry diminishes every year. At one time fully half the students in New England colleges were preparing for the ministry. Now the proportion of such, even in denominational colleges, is not more than one in four. As to theological schools, they are not now asking for students, but for students. The article points out the times effected by giving a "call" to a stranger or a person known only by reputation. This accounts for the coming to this country of a large number of English clergymen. If they have no friends in a church they have no enemies or opponents.

Obviously the clerical profession is not as attractive as it was in the early history of the country, or even thirty years ago. Still it is the only one that is not over-crowded. Some articles appear in the religious journals in a religious journal entitled "Maine as a Missionary Field." In it the statement was made that more than a fourth of the meeting houses in the state were closed, while there was a doctor to every four hundred inhabitants and half a dozen lawyers to every country village. It appears by the catalogue of the religious schools that the number of students at all their students are from the country. Still most of them expect, or at least desire, to locate in cities. Neither a sense of duty nor ambition prompts ministers to seek places in the rural districts or in country towns. They desire high salaries and the advantages and pleasures of city life. For a "field of labor" they prefer one that borders on a well-paved avenue to that which is by the side of a dusty country road.

At one time the position of a minister was much more secure than that of a member of any other profession. He believed and the people believed that he was "called" by God to preach the gospel, and he was settled over a church for life. In numerous instances a minister preached for the same pulpit for fifty consecutive years. The security of position made it desirable. Now a doctor or lawyer who succeeds in building up a practice generally remains in the place for life, but the minister who enters upon the duties of his profession at the same time may have to fight to change his place. For a decade half a dozen ministers have been driven out of school in judgment on their religious teacher. The latter must work in season and out of season to keep his place. The modern minister is expected to be not only an orator and a thinker but a scholar, financier and business manager. He is expected to be a generalist, and he is expected to be a specialist. He is expected to be a scholar, financier and business manager. He is expected to be a generalist, and he is expected to be a specialist. He is expected to be a scholar, financier and business manager. He is expected to be a generalist, and he is expected to be a specialist.

## An Extraordinary Service.

In May last an extraordinary service was witnessed in the great Buddhist temple at Ikegami, Japan. It seems that nearly twenty years ago the United States ship *Onizuka* was sunk on the Japanese coast, and recently the raising of the vessel the remains of many officers and sailors who were drowned were recovered. The Japanese conceived the idea, out of respect to the memories of the men thus lost of holding a memorial service after the Buddhist rites. They therefore made elaborate arrangements, and the ceremony is said to have been as imposing as any religious service ever witnessed by foreigners in Japan. Seventy priests in full canonical took part, and there was a large attendance of natives as well as foreigners. The admiral of the American flag, with his contingent from the United States man-of-war, was present; an address in English was given by a Japanese, Mr. Amenomori, who it seems, was neither a Buddhist nor a Christian, but an agnostic. The *Japan Mail* says that the best parallel of this singular arrangement would be the burial of Japanese sailors, wrecked on our coast, by Americans, who should go to a Catholic church and there celebrate high mass, with a funeral oration by the pastor, Robert G. Ingersoll. From the address of Mr. Amenomori, in which he frankly acknowledged that he was not a Buddhist, but declared that he would seek to speak from a Buddhist's point of view, we learn that the service which was held was called a *seizoku*, or, "a feast for hungry spirits." The origin of the ceremony, he said, derived from an incident in the life of Ananda, a contemporary and disciple of Gautama. This man, being alone at one time, was told by a hungry spirit in a horrible form that he should die within three days and be numbered among the hungry spirits. Ananda asked how he could escape such a horrible condition, and the spirit replied, "If thou givest freely of food and drink to each one of the hungry spirits, which are as numerous as the myriads of sands of the Ganges, and to each one of the myriads of Brahmins, and if thou doest homage to Buddha, the priests, and the law, on my behalf, thou wilt escape from the impending pain and also shalt be born to heaven." The impossibility of accomplishing this task overwhelmed Ananda and he went to his master, Gautama, to see what could be done. He was told that there was a way to feed this multitude. "I shall teach thee a sutra. If thou offerest some drink and food and repeats this sutra there shall be given to each spirit and Brahmin seven measures sevenfold of the drink and food." By this simple method he succeeded in pacifying the hungry spirits and thus obtained his own release. Such is the story. And with such a fable as this the modern Japanese Buddhists sought to provide for the dead American sailors who were drowned near their shore. The kindly spirit who led to the act is certainly to be recognized. That they could believe that in this way the souls of the departed were to be relieved is certainly astonishing.—Missionary Herald.

## A Spiritual Camp Meeting Near Chicago.

Upon reading the able editorial in a late number of the *JOURNAL* on the subject of camp meetings, the writer was forcibly struck with the query: Why don't we have a camp meeting somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago? Not only Spiritualists, but the people generally, have long enjoyed those popular resorts for the summer months in the East, as well as further South and West of us, and I am puzzled to know why nobody has appeared with the business foresight and Yankee ingenuity to inaugurate the same here. We have the example of Lake Pleasant near Boston, which has become famous and prosperous within a few years, and its methods are well known to many Chicago people. It is the opinion of the writer that hundreds of thousands of people living within two or three hundred miles of Chicago would gladly patronize such an institution were it well located, properly organized and conducted. If a few well-balanced, energetic men could organize, get the stock subscribed, select the grounds, and push business, it could be in running order by another summer, and if the World's Exposition comes to Chicago, 1892 would bring it immense patronage. Once it is started the religious world would flock to it, and the association the way they do in the East, much to the pecuniary advantage of such organization. A gentleman of Chicago once told me that he and others had such a scheme under way at one time, but for some reason it failed. It is very evident that there is a grand opening here for somebody, which may result in great good to the cause of Spiritualism, and the time may come when the Association will be in such a position to take the initiative in such a movement, but would gladly patronize it, and take stock in it were it necessary.

Manteno, Ill.

O. W. BARNARD.

## Supernatural Warnings.

The burning of the steamer Von Phul, in 1886, in which many lives and much property were lost, was a business of the kind made famous by the *Globe-Democrat*. The incident was recently recalled to the mind of your correspondent by the relation of a rather remarkable circumstance, for which no explanation or solution is attempted, or believed to be possible.

The unsettled condition of things in the South at the close of and after the war gave employment in an itinerant way to many gentlemen of the legal profession, among them to John McDougal (still living) and one of the most prominent men of the Crescent City, a member of a New Orleans law firm. The settlement of estates was his specialty, and he was engaged on a trip to Baton Rouge necessary in 1886. Chief among his equipments were the valuable papers, old deeds, patents, etc., without which the legal claimant could not have established his title.

Spiritualism was attracting much attention at the time all over the country, and New Orleans was no exception. McDougal, though sceptic on the subject, quite by accident attended the séance of a noted female medium of that day, shortly before his intended departure, and, to his surprise, was informed that the spirit of Judge Stanhope Posey was then writing him a communication. It was simply a message warning him against taking the train above mentioned, which was to leave on his trip to Baton Rouge. A similar message from the spirit of Judge McDougal, then recently deceased, the uncle of John McDougal, was alleged to be received almost immediately after, as well as one of the very same tenor from the late William Sidney Wilson (who wrote much of the Confederate Constitution).

Mr. McDougal left the séance under the belief that he was the subject of a hoax by his friends. As the time for his departure drew nearer, however, he became more and more impressed, and finally had all the papers relating to the estate in question duplicated, and the duplicates he took with him, depositing the originals in the Citizens' Saving Bank. He embarked on the fated Von Phul and during the first night out was awakened to the knowledge that the boat was on fire. To describe the scenes of horror through which McDougal and his fellow passengers passed is not material to the story. Suffice it to say that he was placed upon the shore on the dawn of the next morning, in a state of nudity, and so badly burned as to be recognizable only by the seal ring he wore. He ultimately recovered and is today, at the mature age of 68, a firm believer in Spiritualism, and the instances of supernatural communion with the departed related of him would fill a volume.

Those of his family—members of the ante-bellum Cleburn County, Miss., aristocracy—who relate this story of him, are Spiritualists, yet they believe these warnings to have been *bona fide* and the veracity and sincerity are not to be questioned.—*Atlanta, Ga., correspondence of the Globe-Democrat*.

## The Experiences of a Wisconsin Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
In the *JOURNAL* of Aug. 17th, I notice an article by W. Whitworth, entitled "The Experiences of a Wisconsin Man." I would like to say that my experience and observation have been very different from Mr. Whitworth's. My father came to Wisconsin with his family in 1838. At that time Wisconsin was very new, with but very few settlements, so I have seen the whole growth of the State to the present time. The principal business of the State at that time was wheat growing, a business my father and his boys engaged in, and we raised quite a large amount each year, and had to haul it 75 miles to Milwaukee, our nearest and only market, where we used to get from 40 to 50 cents per bushel; dressed pork from \$2 to \$2.50 per barrel; and at that price we sold 50 cents per day for laborers; mechanics, \$1.00 to \$1.25; farm hands, \$8 to \$10 per month; and we had to pay for good sheeting 12 to 14 cents per yard, and good Merrimac and Cocheo prints the same. Groceries did not vary much from the present prices; some articles were higher and some lower than at present. Eggs were sold from 7 to 10 cents per lb.; eggs, 5 to 7 cents per dozen.

At the above prices we worked hard, economized, and paid for land at \$1.25 per acre. Of course we had to undergo a great many hardships and privations, but we looked forward to better times and never grumbled. I might say we were comparatively poor, but we were happy. The whole country has prospered. Our lands have advanced from \$1.25 per acre to prices varying from \$25 to \$75 per acre. Wages have advanced from 50 cents a day for laborers to \$1.50 per day; mechanics from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day; farm hands, \$10 to \$12 per month; and we can now buy good sheeting from 7 cents to 10 cents per yard; prints from 5 cents to 8 cents per yard; in fact, dry goods, boots and shoes, clothing and all kinds of goods are cheaper than they were ever known to have been with the early settlers. Instead of our farms being all mortgaged, I do not think there is one farm in twenty in this country that is mortgaged, and those who have value received. Many of our farmers have become wealthy, having money to loan instead of borrowing. Interest is now only 7 or 8 per cent, when in the early days of Wisconsin 25 per cent, and in some cases 50 per cent, were paid on short loans. Now we have a surplus of a large piece of land, it being before the Homestead Law was passed, so that all had to buy their lands.

Now, instead of hauling our products to Milwaukee, we have markets in every little town (thanks to the railroad monopoly), and we are getting better prices for our products right at home than we were in early days. The growth and prosperity of our State has been marvelous, and I know that Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota have been fully equal to Wisconsin. Look at the great growth and development of Illinois in the past 50 years. Thousands of poor men who have located in this State during the past 50 years have become wealthy. My advice is to cultivate courage and industry, and practice economy, and don't grumble nor find fault with your neighbors if they happen to be more successful than you are, but do the best you can under the circumstances, and keep doing and avoid the society of grumblers. If the state of Wisconsin in this country that is a vigorous and growing one, it is because of the courage and industry and practice economy, and don't grumble nor find fault with your neighbors if they happen to be more successful than you are, but do the best you can under the circumstances, and keep doing and avoid the society of grumblers. If the state of Wisconsin in this country that is a vigorous and growing one, it is because of the courage and industry and practice economy, and don't grumble nor find fault with your neighbors if they happen to be more successful than you are, but do the best you can under the circumstances, and keep doing and avoid the society of grumblers.

Albany, Wis.

## Ghostly Lights.

A Wabash engineer, who has been running upon the Ottumwa branch of this road, relates a very interesting incident which happened to him while, in the language of the railroad men, "on the north end."

One night last spring, as his engine was steaming through Iowa towards the Missouri border, the attention of the engineer was drawn to three large, white and green lights that seemed to be about a half mile to the right of him. After gazing at the lights for some time, he called the attention of his fireman, and later the brakeman, to them. For awhile the trainmen thought these were switch lights of the Kansas City and Rock Island, but instead of the lights bearing back behind, as the freight moved on to the south, they veered around to the front and kept about 500 yards ahead of the engine all that night. They seemed to be up in the air about as high as the trees, and burned with unspeakable brilliancy, and the light was lost the superior brightness of coming day. Now, the engineer and fireman and all the trainmen saw this strange phenomenon, and were greatly puzzled as to what was the import of these brilliant companions of their night ride. The men speak of the phenomenon very gravely, and seemed to believe that the phenomenon foretold something, but what that something was they were unable to say.

A big Chinese colony located near Lake Pontchartrain is making considerable money catching fish and shrimps. The shrimps are boiled, and the shells are removed, after which they are allowed to dry and smoke over a low hickory fire, and are then packed and shipped to New York, San Francisco and other cities with large Chinese populations. The industry is said to be a very growing one.

In Brownsville, Schuylkill County, Pa., the other day, some senseless young men, in want of a lark, soaked a lot of corn in whisky and flung it to a flock of geese. An hour later the women who owned the flock, and who were in the neighborhood, were dead, picked the feathers off and hung them on the fences down mine beach. During the night the birds slept off their debauch, and next morning were found huddled at the gate in a naked and prodigal condition.

## A BAD SHOWING.

## A Contrast by no Means Flattering.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
For my text I present the annexed clipping from a late issue of the *Christian World*, one of the most prominent religious journals of Great Britain:

## A QUESTION TO EMPLOYERS.

SIR—Will you kindly inform me why the Christianity of employers endures their own families, and never proceeds any further? For example, I am in the employ of a professing Christian man, and although he takes two days a week holiday, it never seems to occur to him, that it is just possible I should like to have a little change now and then. I am ill from 8 a. m. till 10 p. m. 5 days in the week, and on Saturdays from 8 a. m. till 12 midnight—all the year round, with the exception of Easter, Whit-Monday, and Bank Holiday—which, through the kind thoughtfulness of Sir John Lubbock, was procured for me, otherwise I should not get them. With godless employers I am not sure that I could have a holiday every Sunday, when I can go on excursions anywhere I like, but that plea could hardly be advanced by a Christian man. I have worked for several employers in my time, and I generally find I meet with more consideration from those who do not profess any religion. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
A. STOKES, OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING.  
Poplar, July 26.

From my earliest recollections the truth of this showing has been impressed upon my notice, and today I find it even more pronounced than in earlier times, in exact proportion as the greed of money has taken more absorbing hold on the souls of men. In my long experience of sixty years, I have never yet met a professing employer who would abate one iota in the rate of interest, however great might be the straits of the needy brother seeking a loan, or exorbitant the rate of interest might be, who would take a cent less for rent than the utmost that could be commanded, or give a penny higher wages than the market price permitted. Only once in my life have I met an employer who, voluntarily, on perceiving that a workman had accepted a job at too low a rate, advanced the amount to the scale of justice, and he was a decided disbeliever in all orthodox theology whatever.

Being constrained to borrow three thousand dollars on a homestead with eight thousand, whereas the legal rate of interest was six per cent, a leading church member kept back a sufficient amount of the principal set down in the bond to ensure the return of eight per cent, thus adding extortion against a brother to breaking the law. The panic of '73 caused the homestead to fall into his hands under the sheriff's hammer for \$4000. He is now worth several millions, largely accumulated on just such sharp dealing lines, and is, if anything, a still more pronounced church member than ever. If this were an isolated case it would be of small moment. But it is largely the rule, not an exception. I have found professing Christians more exacting, less considerate of the feelings and comfort of those not in the church fold, than is shown by non-professing people, and greatly lacking in the broad, Christ-like sympathy that accepts all human-kind as brethren of one heavenly Father. But I can best illustrate the fact that no amount of conversion and church going redemption can change a man's actions from the selfish bent of his real character, or that no religious observance will prevent a good man whose heart is right from a daily conduct that is honest and good by a contrast between the two.

In a certain country place I know of there is a wealthy farmer who is the leading member in the Methodist church, and an ardent supporter of the Sabbath-school. Each week he listens to the stereotyped sermon whose changeless song is the old orthodox story, that all that is needed is to lay each load of sin on the shoulders of Jesus Christ to sweep them all away and the soul become washed as white as snow; believe a certain set formula laid down, to win a title deed to heaven, rest in being assured that no amount of self-determination to do right, no honest purpose to build up a truthful, loving character, can avail anything. Only believing in the set formula, and resting like a helpless cripple on some mysterious process that can grow fine on thorns, can secure the grace that will culminate in eternal joy. Never is this man known to help a sick or needy brother; but he grows thrifty on the services of laborers who are harder driven and more stingily paid than any others in all the country round. For a wage of one dollar a day his men are worked from six in the morning till seven at night, and kept on the fullest complement through every hour of the long day. He is well versed in the comfortable doctrine that the blood of the Saviour has power to reap the divine edict that as "Ye sow, so shall ye reap," and by blotting out, as with the sweep of a disrag, all his past life's iniquities, but never troubles his mind by the other side of righteousness given by the same divine edict, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Fruit he cannot sell, lies rotting on the ground, never offered to the poor who cannot afford to buy. And he has many brethren in the same church who drive the closest possible bargains in all their dealings, greedy to lay up treasure that has no part in the teaching of the divine master they profess to serve.

Per contra, in the city of Cleveland, at the head of one of the largest manufacturing establishments, is a Hungarian named Theodore Kundtz. Twelve years ago he was a simple workman, employed by the writer. Now he employs some three hundred men who are treated with the justice and consideration of a brother among kindred. He is the most upright, largest-hearted employer I ever knew. Though having abundant opportunity to take advantage of more laborers seeking work than are required, he would scorn to use such help to cut down the wages of his men. He meets them on the same plain footing, takes interest in their condition, visits and helps them in times of sickness and trouble, and feels genuine pleasure in seeing them get along well. If one is hurt in his mill his carriage is instantly brought forth to convey him to a doctor; personal sympathy freely given; all expenses defrayed, and the man's salary is forwarded by his home during the period of recovery. And every year, besides the Christmas present of a turkey to each, a jolly picnic is given to the entire shop and their wives and children, out in the pleasant, fresh air and sweet surroundings of a distant grove, with abundance of everything good to eat and drink, and a band of music to cheer the spirits, while he himself joins with the heartiest sympathetic zest in the wholesome amusement. And yet this notably good man in all the relations of life, honest in every dealing, a tender husband and loving father, the very staunchest of friends, and especially generous in his charitable giving, belongs to a church, and does not enter into the year and to year's end, and has certainly never dreamed that his kindly heart needs the panaceas of orthodox renewal.

Take these two characters; is not the one who would be stigmatized by bigoted Christians as a lost sinner on the highway to perdition, a most lovable character, worthy to be admired and imitated, while the other with all his conversion, regeneration, and regular made-out ticket for celestial glory, simply detestable?  
North Dover, O.  
W. WHITWORTH.

## Interesting Manifestations at a Mining Town.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The manifestations at our mining town of "Potosi," in the State of New Mexico, have been of Ottumwa on the C. M. & St. P. R. R., continue with unabated interest. The miners hold their circle two or three times a week, and the manifestations are quite wonderful. Mr. Phillips stated to me that one night one of the sisters was taken up bodily in his chair, and both placed on top of the table, around which they were sitting. Mr. P. then requested the spirits to place him back in his former position, which was immediately complied with, to the great relief of the gentleman who was so unceremoniously elevated above his companions. I will state here that I have visited Potosi, and remained over night to attend the séances, and from what I witnessed I can only say that Mr. Phillips has stated in regard to these manifestations. Bells were rung, keeping time to the music of the violin. I received two messages in independent pencil writing. The table was lifted bodily above our heads. Both the sound of drumming and dancing were heard upon the table; some of the sisters were slapped on the shoulders and other parts of the body, the sound of which could be heard all over the room. Raps in answer to questions were constantly being given, loud and distinct. Beautiful lights were seen in our midst, and many other manifestations of force and intelligence. The one who does most of the writing is

Mr. Phillips' daughter "Orra," who passed to spirit life in her eighteenth year. She has written many affectionate messages to her father, and has also written some facts in regard to her father's affairs which were unknown to him at the time, but which upon investigation proved to be true. The following, one of her last messages, may prove interesting to the readers of the *JOURNAL*:

"DEAR FATHER—The greatest objections to the philosophy are these: Why do we not reveal information otherwise impossible to obtain? Why do we not interfere in behalf of mortals? How can we as purely spiritual beings exert physical force? etc. The answer to all the above will be found in the fact that in order to communicate with you we are obliged to abandon our spiritual nature and assume your limited capabilities. It is possible for you to become as much spiritualized as the dead can to almost extent draw upon our spiritual condition. It is not a spiritual force we employ when we lift the table or sound the violin, but one purely physical, and borrowed from you. We cannot reveal the unknowable to you because we dismiss our intelligence and work within range of your faculties, which are of course limited to the laws of the natural world. Ottumwa, Iowa.  
B. A. CLEVELAND.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A toadstool three feet across and very beautifully colored was found in the woods above Martin's Ferry recently.

A supposed cat, killed with a stone by William Dennis in his yard at Drakesville, N. J., turned out to be a small red fox.

A Steubenville, Ohio, man suggests that a day like this may be set apart annually for the destruction of the English sparrow.

A Canton, Ohio, man undertook to eat twelve boiled eggs in fifteen minutes, and it took two doctors to bring him around again.

Miss Olive Schreiner of the "South African Farm," is a sister to Miss Schreiner who has made herself so conspicuous as a temperance advocate in South Africa.

An one-legged sparrow—the other having been probably lost in a trap—hops regularly for its meals every day to the house of John L. Fulton, in West Chester, Pa.

Thomas W. Sweeney, of Reading, Pa., has the pistols with which Judge Terry and Senator Broderick fought a duel. They are French, 34-caliber, with hair triggers.

A man named William J. Haines, 102 years old has just been converted, and has joined a Methodist church in St. Louis. He says he was never sick a day in his life. He was an orderly on General Jackson's staff in the war of 1812.

A number of Brooklyn capitalists have decided to open a hotel on the New York, in Paris. They believe it will attract American customers as well as the trade of English persons who have visited the United States.

The winners of the Cobden club silver medals just awarded for proficiency in political economy are Samuel Crook, Williams college, Massachusetts, Walter Sibbald Adie, the London international college, Isleworth.

"They must never hear of it in New York. They would never stop laughing at me. That is what Edison said when he heard that he had been made a count. No doubt that his countrymen will pardon him. He couldn't help it. The honor was thrust upon him.

A remnant of the Seneca tribe of Indians still lingers in Warren County, Pennsylvania, speaking Shoshone, etc. for a living. The tribe, all told, barely numbers 1,000 members, and has so dwindled that marriages among blood relations has become almost a necessity.

Farmer O'Brien, of Venango County, Pennsylvania, heard his pigs making a great racket and looked into the pig pen to see what was the matter, he discovered a five-foot black snake. He gave it a blow on the head, and the pigs then pitched in and assisted him in killing it.

A local brass band plays all day long in a room at the Edison laboratory, in West Orange, N. J., for a pig pen, and a number of duplicate cylinders containing the melody are made and shipped to the Paris exhibition. The manufacture and shipment of the cylinders will continue so long as the exhibition remains open.

The Shenandoah News has interviewed Fred Clarke, who raises skunks for a business, at Roaring Creek, on the borders of Schuylkill County, Pa. He began to last fall for the skins of skunks, and now, and this month being their breeding time, he will shortly have 1,000. He handles them with impunity from stench, and they are as docile as kittens.

Her Majesty's Theatre, one of the homes of Italian opera in London, has been turned into a spectacular resort. The immense auditorium is transformed into an open market place. Queen Elizabeth has been seen in the upper stories of the old English houses, with latticed windows. Great throngs are expected to visit this new attraction.

At a meeting of German Roman Catholics held at Neustadt in the Palatinate recently Herr Lieber, a Catholic deputy, referred to Giordano Bruno as an ass and a pig, and said that the recent Bruno festival was a dance round the golden calf. The Pope has observed, but the German Emperor and the Prince Regent of Bavaria were passed over in silence.

Some idea of the Shah's traveling expenses may be formed when it is stated that a check for \$125,000 has been forwarded to Messrs. Cook, the well known tourist agent, on behalf of the Persian monarch. This sum comprised expenditure for certain of the same, such as accommodations, and other costs. The sun worshippers will have to pay the bill.

A curious scene was witnessed in Pann Yard, Westminster, England. A sparrow was picking up the corn which had fallen from the horses' noses, when a mouse appeared and proceeded to dispute with the sparrow his right to the dainty morsel. A fight ensued, which lasted for some minutes, and then the sparrow beat retreat. The sparrow had evidently been injured in the tussle, and for a time he was unable to fly. At last the sparrow flew up, and a cabman finished the incident by killing the mouse with a whip.

A few days ago Amos Carpenter, who resides near the line between Clay and Clinton Counties, Missouri, was out in the woods two miles from home when he was bitten by a timber rattlesnake on the leg near the ankle. He at once wiped the blood off with a leaf, and took a big chew of tobacco from his mouth and bound it on the bitten place with a strip of bark. After reaching home he bathed it in "hickory," and suffered no ill-effects other than rising at the bitten place. The snake was a very large one, four feet long, with eleven rings.

A man at Corning, Pa., who is fattening a turkey and a snapping turtle was aroused early mornings ago by the noise of a scuffle in his barn. He went out, and found the turtle hanging nose of a 300-pound bear. Bruin was near the fence, endeavoring to get over, but his efforts were interfered with by the turtle. Eventually the bear reached the next yard, but the man followed and shot him dead. The turtle all the time retained his hold and refused to let go until the dead beast's nose cut off. Then it crawled away, carrying the piece of flesh in its mouth.

Mrs. Lamadrid's one cent coffee stands for the poor of New York are a good success so far as the good they do goes. She gives excellent food for the money, and is enabled to do this by doing her own marketing, and making the best bargain with the dealers. The stands, of which there are six, cost between two and three thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Lamadrid says that so far her greatest trouble has been with the men in charge of the stands, who, following the devices of Wall street, water the stock for the sake of selling more coffee and soup.

A writer of the *Scots Observer*, the poet Henley's paper, has the following about the Pope: Leo XIII. is a small, old man, so low in stature that a man of the ordinary height kneeling at his feet is aware of the pontiff's bent head not far above his own. The fatherly hands are so slender that the rings which many monarchs sent him for the jubilee will not hold on his fingers except over mittens. He is repulsive in all his ways, extremely vehement in speech. His culture is probably no more than that of other Italians of his body



# Woman's Department.

## POOR WIVES OF RICH MEN.

Poverty is a relative term. Its meaning changes with the changes of one's point of view. Those only are poor who feel poor, but whether one feels poor or not depends much upon one's situation.

You can never be sure that a woman is rich because she is the wife of a wealthy man; not even though the marriage ceremony has made the husband say: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." This ceremonial speech is hardly meant to be taken literally, but how worse than empty rhetoric it is when the wife of the rich man all she utters it has never a cent that she can call her own!

It is seldom, probably, that a rich man's wife has not some small sum in her own little purse; but it is also seldom, if we may judge from appearances, that she has an income properly proportioned to her husband's. You cannot judge of this by her dress or the equipments of her house. The husband may gratify his own pride and his own taste by a lavish expenditure in ornamentation of his house and family. He may allow his wife to purchase freely from the stores of the city, having the bills sent to him for cheerful payment, yet possibly the wife sometimes finds herself literally penniless. I don't think the case is often so bad, but it is very evident that some wives of rich men are frequently put to shame for lack of ability to give in charity or in friendship a tithe of what their husbands spend upon their own personal whims and pleasures. School teachers and seamstresses may be able to surpass them in generosity and in freedom to indulge their personal tastes.

"Why should my wife want money?" the husband may ask, "if she has all of her wants supplied? What difference does it make whether the money that supplies them goes through her own purse?"

No one can tell the wants of another. It makes one difference between childhood and years of discretion. You cannot tell a person's taste unless that person has money and time to gratify her taste. A little of each will suffice to indicate the natural taste, but there are women who wear rich silks and jewels in positive discomfort, because the colors, styles and combinations are not to their taste. The one who buys them for her does not realize that he is seeking his own gratification more than his wife's.

Once it was believed that a married pair could not live happily together if the wife had a separate purse. That was in the day when the laws gave the husband absolute ownership of his wife. Her clothes, her wages, her inheritance, her body, and even her soul—to the extent of controlling its outward forms of religion—were all legally in the husband's possession. Little by little these shameful laws have been modified, and public opinion now despises the man who does not deal fairly with his wife.

Yes, times have changed, and many a happy wife now holds property in her own name and uses the income from her investments just as she pleases. She may even carry on business for herself, or have a business partnership with her husband. Whether this is well or not depends upon circumstances, chief among which are the claims of children; and the good sense of the parties must determine each case.

Marriage is far higher than a mere civil contract, and pecuniary considerations are the least that should influence one. But external conditions have such power to perplex and disturb that they cannot be safely ignored in making a promise for better or worse. It will never do to blame the husbands for all the niggardliness that appears among women. A selfish wife is sometimes a serious check upon the generosity and public spirit of her husband, begrudging every contribution to the public welfare. One can not help wondering where is the hitch when wealthy men's wives who approve a good cause, or who desire the reading of a particular paper or magazine, having nothing to give in aid of that cause, or go without the desired literature. An "allowance" does not always settle the difficulty, especially if the allowance includes the household expenses. Its smallness sometimes causes a meanness toward the kitchen maid, and such higgling with hucksters as creates a wide-spread contempt for the mistress of the mansion. Or, if the mistress is kind and generous, she may fall entirely of saving any thing from the bills she pays for her own "personal expenses."

Why cannot a wife ask her husband for what she wants on each occasion?

Put yourself in her place and realize the beggary this implies, unless she goes to him simply as a matter of convenience and with a perfect assurance of her recognized right to receive; the husband acting as the family cashier who can more conveniently receive and pay out the common fund.

A separate purse is not a necessity. A common fund is all right if it really is common; if each feels an equal right to its use with due regard to the preservation of the income. If the family is really prosperous financially, it ought to be the wife's privilege as well as the husband's to subscribe large sums to good works.

Woman's characteristic work in the world is yet undervalued. It never can have a money value. Woman can never be paid as wife and mother. But as manhood matures and rises to higher development, it inevitably accords a greater freedom to womanhood—F. E. R. in *Business Woman's Record*.

The Woman's Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women will be held at Denver, Colorado, on October 8th, 9th and 10th.

The constitution of North Dakota provides that the property of the wife, acquired before or after marriage, cannot be taken for the debts of the husband.

It is proposed in Fremont, O., to establish a school in honor of the late Mrs. Hayes, wife of ex-President Hayes. The school is to be given the name "Lucy Webb Hayes Seminary."

The W. C. T. U. parlor in the Anna M. Kellogg Memorial Hall at Chautauque, was formally dedicated August 15th. This building, with its furnishings and grounds, is to be used for women's classes, meetings and interests, and is the loving tribute of a philanthropic son to a noble mother.

Miss Nancy Brackett has given \$3,000 to the endowment fund for the new Quincy, Mass., City Hospital, and Jeffrey R. Brackett has given \$5,000 with which to establish the "Sarah C. Brackett Memorial Bed" in the same institution.

Among the resolutions adopted by the international Workers' Congress, at Paris, attended by over six hundred delegates from all parts of the world, was one favoring "equal pay and opportunities for women and men for equal work."

# THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

## From a Student's Note-Book.

Wm. Q. Judge and his "Path." Madame Blavatsky and her simple Misstatements of Truth. "The Light of Egypt" and its Altruistic Critic.

ARNOLD ST. CLAIR.

Wm. Q. Judge, it seems, is a remarkable man when viewed from the plane of mental obliquity. One day during the course of a general conversation I asked a friend's opinion of him who happened to possess the dubious honor of his personal acquaintance. In answer to the inquiry my friend replied: "Mr. Judge of New York is a peculiar kind of a biped, and powerfully illustrates a bog-trotting parentage from the 'Emerald Isle,' by the possession of an abnormally developed imagination. His faculty for stating things which are not true, and of distorting facts until they become absolute fiction is almost unlimited. For instance, he informed me among others, that he had while in India been in the presence of the great mahatmas spoken face to face with them, and had upon one occasion seen as many as thirty living adepts together in one room where he was present. And being, as you are aware, a natural sensitive, I felt that he was deliberately telling lies; in fact, I positively saw and felt his thoughts while he was hatching up the monstrous fable." "Yes," said my friend, after a few moments' reflection, "I know Judge well; he is not only a big humbug engaged in fostering humbug, but he is as ignorant of real occultism as a western cow-boy, and certainly the most barefaced falsifier I ever met with in Theosophical circles."

A short time ago I was seized with a curiosity to hunt up the back numbers of the *Path*, which I am almost sorry to say had never been opened. I was (in view of the present crisis) much surprised, and he it admitted, instructed, with the result of my research. It made me blush for very shame at our boasted "American cuteness." Why the American fools who constitute the sucking dove fraternity can't see through the flimsy sham, is more than I can understand, as they have all the evidence they require in this wonderful *Path*. For instance, in many places in the earlier volumes, Mr. Judge speaks with no uncertain voice against authority. He asserts that it is this blindly trusting to authority that has wrought all the various theological evils of the past; and then asserts with great emphasis that in the Theosophical Society there is no absolute authority; neither do intelligent members recognize any such authority. Alas! Mr. Judge, this was when Madame B's power was on the wane in India, and very uncertain in America, and also when you were furiously jealous of Dr. Cones's deserved popularity. The time-serving nature of your guileless *Path* is so self-evident, that even "he who runs may read." When you disclaimed so strongly against authority I mentally said, hear! hear! But when I gaze upon the present state of Theosophical affairs and find you saying that H. P. B. is the T. S.; that you who have so often preached and written against servility and authority in the past, now openly declare that you implicitly obey the Madame, "do all things by her authority without question," or in full compliance with your sworn oath to the "esoteric document," "without cavil or delay," I naturally conclude that my friend was right; that you are in very truth a bombastic pretending "humbug, engaged in fostering humbug," and it makes one wonder what kind of a two-headed game you are vainly trying to play in this free country.

When I first began to read Theosophical literature I naturally thought that whatever amount of mystical unbecome it might contain, it would certainly be pretty correct upon matters of public history, but so rotten is the heart and core of this Oriental movement, that even their statements regarding historical events cannot for one moment be trusted. Few people not initiated into the very arcana of the T. S. *hocus pocus* could conceive of any author being so mentally unbalanced as to seriously state things as actual matter of fact history which any child could disprove by searching the public records. As an instance, let us take the story of "Black Magic" and "Murder," as related by the redoubtable Madame in the January number of the *Theosophist*, in '83 or '84—I forget which year. Herein we are told that the Madame in one of her (mythical) travels across the deserts of the East came across a certain Madame Goeppa P., who, in her presence magnetized a sensitive and caused the soul of the medium to go and avenge the murder of Michael Orenovitch, reigning prince of Serbia, by killing the murderers with a dagger. After piling up the agony by describing minutely the whole scene, the Madame thus concludes: "Three days after this occurrence I was at T., in a restaurant, and taking up a newspaper read the following: 'Vienna, 186— Two mysterious deaths; last evening at 9:45 P. M., as P— was about to retire two of the gentlemen in waiting exhibited great terror, as though they had seen a dreadful apparition. They screamed, staggered and ran about the room holding up their hands, as if to ward off the blows of some weapon.' And after some more sickening details this remarkable liar adds: 'The autopsy revealed the fact that beneath each of these mysterious discoloredations there was a deposit of coagulated blood. The greatest excitement prevails and the medical faculty are unable to solve the mystery.' I have related this from memory, and while I may not give the exact words in every instance, it is substantially correct, as a reference to the *Theosophist* will prove. It made a great impression on me at the time, and, taking advantage of a trip into East Europe, I determined to verify the matter, when, lo and behold! it turned out to be a monstrous fable. The real facts of the case are: The real murderers of Prince Michael and his family were caught and executed very soon after the murder; not only so, but they confessed their guilt before execution, whereas Madame B. said that the authorities had never discovered them. Further, the strictest inquiries in Vienna, and a thorough search of the press files by an expert failed to show any such mysterious deaths as quoted by the Madame; in fact the whole thing was simply the outcome of Mme. Blavatsky's inability to speak the truth.

I have carefully read Mr. Judge's criticism of "The Light of Egypt," and it is very similar to his past truthful statements. He knows nothing whatever about the matter. I am personally acquainted with some of the author's pupils, and can speak with certain knowledge upon the matter. The book was published to expose Oriental delusion, and reveal Karma, mediumship and reincarnation in their true light. Mr. Judge will, perhaps, be surprised when he learns that it was in response to the actual demand of those who

had paid their \$60 fee for the lessons, that the book was published. Not only so, Mr. Judge, but instead of it being "hard on these worthy people to see all this offering in the Chicago mart for one twentieth of what they cost when secret," it was these very "worthy people" who, in addition to the fee for the lessons, paid all the costs of printing and publishing the book. They donated "The Light of Egypt to the Occultists and Spiritualists of the West, and most especially to the American members of the 'sucking dove' section of the T. S."

Mr. Judge further charges the author of the above work with plagiarisms, asserting that the astrological portion was taken from the works of Lilly, Raphael, etc., etc. For the life of me I cannot understand why Judge should be so anxious and eager to make such transparently false statements, easy of refutation. I have carefully examined the works referred to: not only them but the principle books from the *Tetralogies* of Claudius Ptolemy, down to the latest modern writer, and I challenge Judge or anyone else to point out an astrological work wherein can be proved that the author of the "Light of Egypt" has plagiarized further than the descriptions of persons upon the physical plane dominated by certain signs and planets. In this it is impossible to avoid a similarity of ideas in expressing the truth, and I defy any mortal to give the same truth without such similarity of expression. Two and two make four, and no one, not even the great Blavatsky herself could teach the fact to those who did not know that two and two made four without some critical ignorance bringing in the charge of plagiarisms. But apart from such trivial matters as these, things which could not be avoided, "The Light of Egypt," instead of being a plagiarism, is the only original work at present in existence upon the special subjects of which it treats; and I earnestly recommend the JOURNAL's readers to procure this valuable work and judge for themselves; they will never regret the investment. It is a literary jewel and will prove a mental joy forever.

Poor Dr. Buck, I am so sorry for him. He used to be a fine, intellectual, warm hearted gentleman, one who would submit to no imposture; but, alas! "Muscovite Mesmerism" has converted his noble manhood into the serfdom of "a sucking dove with a collar on." Arouse yourself, doctor, tear the unlovely glamour from your American eyes and gaze upon the Russian impostor in all her glorious delusion. You say the Madame does not need defending; "she only requires to be understood." Exactly so, doctor. I fully agree with you, but Col. H. Olcott himself admits that he is as far from understanding her today as he was when first they met. This is his own personal opinion expressed in my presence just previous to the publication of his last work by Redway. You see, doctor, he is just mesmerized; that is all, and is, consequently, as great a humbug and as big a fake as the Madame.

Three cheers for *Bundit*! This was the unanimous vote of a circle of friends gathered together the other night, and I was delegated to inform the JOURNAL's ironclad editor of the fact. Further, after the three hearty cheers we gave a "tiger" for the "King Cat." Yes, he is worthy of it, if he does belong to a mythical silver age, for it is evident that he has killed the Bengal tiger of the T. S., and its Hindoo faking mahatmas.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WHAT MOSES SAW AND HEARD; or The Idea of God in the Old Testament. By O. Butler. Chicago: R. B. Donnelly & Sons, 1898. 440 pages; price, \$1.50.

The Bible as it is: The Pentateuch, Patriarchs of Israel, Moses, Ezekiel, and the Spirit of Inspiration are titles of some leading chapters in a book which shows careful study and research as well as large thought. The author shows no wish or aim to detract from the real merits of the Bible, but rather seeks to make them more clear by frank criticism as well as by giving a higher spiritual significance to its nobler portions. While plainly showing the uncertainty of dates and authorship of the Pentateuch, he thinks its history of creation and intuitive report of the rise of order from chaos, of the refined from the crude and inorganic, quite in harmony with the statements of modern science.—The Hebrew mind being filled with the idea of the presence of God, the indwelling of a Supreme Mind in the process and method of world-making, giving a religious cast to the narration, an enthusiasm and poetic imagery which did not, however, wander far from the truth. "The spirit of God does not fill the mind with a juggling of words, but with reason and comprehension," is the author's fine suggestion, and an interior growth and experience by which truth is clearly seen and felt are needed to be filled with that divine spirit.

What was the ancient Hebrew religion seems to him doubtful, while the monotheism of old Egypt is clearly seen.

Moses gained truth by the enlightenment of his mind while writing the law, and his "hearing the voice, in words, probably, meant that the voice always had a meaning for him." While not denying dreams and visions, to Moses and others the opening of the mind to see and know truth is indispensable to fit interpretation, the miraculous or wonderful is made inferior to the spiritual insight of the true man. David is finely sketched as follows: "David, like Saul, became inspired under the influence of Samuel. The great reputation he gained as an inspired man can hardly be based on his career as a successful adventurer, freebooter, and aspirant to power, but largely on his poetic power. Barbarian as he was, David seemed to have really loved the God that befriended him.... he was apparently the first Hebrew to mingle love with fear of God. He was a man of

deep feeling, but always the slave of the passion of the moment."

Elijah "was regarded as the real author of the doctrine of spiritual possession and spiritual expression," and was, therefore, held in high esteem. "When the mind is laid open to the inflow of universal being, thought becomes inspiration. This is the modern theory of inspiration. 'We are all diviners of spirits.' Omnipotence flows into the intellect and makes what we call genius." These sentences from "The Over-Soul" mark the beginning and the end of spiritual philosophy.

## New Books Received.

To Bear Witness! A Metaphysical sketch. By Cecil St. Clair. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co.

Jezebel's Friends, by Dora Russell, price 30 cents; The Luck of the House, by Adeline Sergeant, price 30 cents, and The Pennycomequicks, by S. Baring Gould, price 50 cents. Lovell's International series. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Co.

## Magazines for September Received.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) La Nouvelle France shows how the French-Canadian party is steadily gaining Canada to itself. The Isthmus Canal and American Control, by Stuart F. Weld, is a consideration of the policy promulgated by the United States Government in its desire to control the Inter-Oceanic Canal. Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an article on James Wilson, a Scotchman who settled in Pennsylvania, and whose services in behalf of the Constitution are too little known. Still another sketch, of the Americans at the First Battle of Gettysburg, completes the more important articles. Miss Jewett is at her best, in a sketch, The White Rose Road, and two world stories will be found in Voodooism in Tennessee and the Gold Heart.

The Forum. (New York.) The Forum for September opens the 8th volume of this sterling monthly. The leading article is An Appeal to the American People, by Thomas Hughes. Goldwin Smith discusses the Civil Service Reform under the title, The Spoils of Office. There are two articles on Social-Science topics—A Remedy for Social Ills, by Washington Gladden, and The Outlook for Industrial Peace, by Prof. A. T. Hadley, Yale University. Another article of this class by Charles F. Beach, Jr., is Facts about Trusts. The Rev. Dr. J. R. Kendrick writes of the conflict between Catholicism and our plain school education. Mr. Helen E. Starrett is a bold reformer in the field of domestic economy, and contributes The Housekeeping of the Future.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The artist and writer, W. W. Story, under the title of Recent Conversations in a Studio, gives us a suggestive discussion of various topics in art, politics, and social life in this issue. Karl Blind has a word of importance to say to the New Italy. There is a most readable paper of a scientific turn on The Potato's Place in History. There is also a paper on Goethe and Carlyle. Professor Sayce's discussion of The Primitive Home of the Aryans is of superior interest, and Goldwin Smith's striking article on Progress and War is one of the best of recent papers by this able writer.

The Century. (New York.) An unusually interesting and important paper on Napoleon Bonaparte appears this month. It contains accounts of his exile by British officers, his voyage to and life at St. Helena and conversations on some of the most prominent incidents of his career. The Lincoln installment is well filled with new material. An original study of animal and plant life is entitled Winged Botanists. Mr. J. W. F. the American artist, most pleasingly of Japanese life and customs. Mr. Paley presents an illustrated study of the identity of The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son, and the Kennan Series is still dealing with heart-rending accounts of prison life.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) A Little Knight of Labor, by Susan Coolidge, is a story for wage-workers. The Peppers' Serial is full of good times. The last of Around the World Stories is as interesting as any of the series. The Story of the Magic Flute relates a romantic incident in the young life of Mozart. An Indian story is told; and an amusing account of a mother's experience with three boys and three birds will please the readers. There are many more incidents, sketches, poems and illustrations.

The Free Thinker's Magazine. (Buffalo, N. Y.) The September number of this monthly is a Bruno number. It contains a page illustration of the Bruno monument, George Jacob Holyoake furnishes an original sketch of a Murder of a Philosopher. T. B. Wakeman one on Giordano Bruno in the Past, Present and Future, there is an original poem on Bruno by Lydia R. Chase, a sketch of the life of Bruno by Prof. Thomas Davidson, and an article on Bruno by Karl Blind, from the Nineteenth Century, and much other valuable and interesting matter.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) A full account of Helen Keller's life will be read with interest, so soon after reading of Laura Bridgman, who was also deaf, dumb and blind. Mary Hallock Foote contributes a sad but pretty story. A short illustrated sketch of Dante's Beatrice is accompanied by an engraving of the Florentine portrait. There are also any amount of short stories and poems, and wherever a space is found some suggestive illustration fills it.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The sermons for September are all from eminent divines, and the editorial department explains some of the great questions of the day.

Lucifer. (London, Eng.) A varied table of contents appears for August.

Also: Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston. Christian Science, Chicago. The Unitarian, Ann Arbor, Mich. Pædagogical Journal, New York. The Esoteric, Boston.

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**RATIONAL THEOLOGY.**

Ethical and Theological Essays by John Milton Williams, A. M.

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This work contains essays on the following subjects: "Old and New Calvinism," "The Consensus," "Virtue from a Scientific Standpoint," "Regeneration," "Divine Sovereignty and Free Agency," "The Atonement," "The Future of Incorrigible Man," and "The Christ of Nazareth—Who Was He?"

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## Religio-Philosophical Journal

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BY JOHN C. BUNDY.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, September 14, 1889.

## What is Truth?

Among the hundreds of letters referring to the exposition of Blavatskyan theosophy which has taken up so much space in the JOURNAL for several months, there have been something like fifteen or twenty embodying views similar to these from a valued correspondent: "I have been generally pleased with the paper, but must say that to wade through such long articles as Coleman's is wearing on one's patience. I prefer something on the positive side. Tell us what is true; not that which is not. The truth will cast out error every time."

We heartily sympathize with these excellent friends in their desire to get out of the Indo-Russian rubbish, to emerge from the fog of fakes, and once more view the clear sunlight of spiritual truth unclouded by the moral malaria of pseudo mystics and supposititious adepts. A moment's reflection ought to satisfy every reader that it can be neither pleasant nor peculiarly profitable to us to root up such pests; yet it has to be done to clear the field, in order to insure a healthy growth and a bounteous moral and spiritual harvest.

Those whom the JOURNAL antagonizes desire no other thing so much as to be let alone. If only this be done they ask no more; sure that aggressive charlatanism backed by audacity and a positive course will get the better of inactive, negative disciples of purity and truth. The JOURNAL has been too long engaged in clearing away the rubbish, squaring the foundation stones, and inspecting the material for the grand Temple of Spiritual Truth which is to be reared, to allow rotten timber to pass unchallenged, or to permit incompetent workmen and designing knaves to weaken the structure, capture the site or disaffect the well disposed army of workers. When the JOURNAL discovers traitors to the work mingling with the throng of builders it prefers to suspend construction long enough to eject the dangerous element, rather than to trust to luck that they can do no harm.

It has been the settled policy of the Blavatsky-Oleott combine from the beginning to draw their support from Spiritualists and those interested in Spiritualism; and for the cogent reason that as recruiting sources these seemed likely to be the most promising. Having already become convinced of a Spirit-world or strongly inclined to that conviction, Spiritualists and sympathetic investigators do not present the obstacles to the esoteric propaganda that are as a matter of course to be met elsewhere. Circumstances favored the diabolical combine. Some would-be Spiritualists without the courage of their convictions and too selfish to pay the price required in acknowledging their belief, caught at the name of theosophy, thinking it freer from opprobrium and not as yet scandalized by exposed trickery and immorality; in better "form," so to speak. For the same reasons a considerable sprinkling of investigators imagined they could pursue their psychic studies with less likelihood of being laughed at by their friends. The JOURNAL has bided its time to show these people their mistake and to expose to the world the true inwardness of one of the greatest shams of the age. This theosophic boll on the body spiritual could not be judiciously pricked until ripe. It has taken about fifteen years for the exorcism to mature; and the JOURNAL's knife has now laid it open and removed the core. With proper constitutional treatment and a care for the little boils likely to spring up before the virus is all removed, the patient will recover and be in better condition than ever.

Those of our readers who now object to being made witnesses to the surgical operation, necessary medication and subsequent sanitary measures, will, when they fully comprehend the case, become not only reconciled to the trial of their patience, but enthusiastic supporters of the treatment.

"Tell us what truth is," implores our friend. That is exactly what we have been striving incessantly to do these many years. It has frequently been impossible to display truth except by contrasting and comparing it with error. Error and falsehood often wear the garb of truth with such grace as to deceive the keenest intellect, for the time; and sometimes the habiliments are so skillfully fashioned that only an expert can remove them.

"Truth will cast out error every time," exclaims our correspondent. This is an old saying, but as commonly understood nothing is false. Truth has no more power outside of consciousness than has error. Until an individual has imbibed truth, assimilated it and come into a lucid understanding of it, he cannot differentiate it from error. The inherent properties of truth are, indeed, all-potent; but they are nevertheless latent and cannot serve man until their energy is fertilized and stimulated by his own cerebration. Our correspondent no doubt comes in daily contact with people whose minds are so full of error, which to them seems truth, that they look upon him as a "child of sin" bound for "eternal perdition." How is the beautiful cheering truth which he treasures and nourishes ever going to "cast out error" from the minds of his acquaintances, unless he or some other devoted disciple acts as its expounder, interpreter and agent?

Because we are seeking truth, and because we have learned in some small degree to differentiate it from error and to co-ordinate it with methods which seem to us best adapted to ameliorate the mental, moral, material, and spiritual welfare of our fellows, because of all this, do we persist in conducting the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL notwithstanding the difficulties of the task, the antagonism of its opponents and the well-meant criticisms of its friends. And we shall continue to re-enforce truth in the future as we have in the past with our whole heart, with the courage of our convictions, and with every available resource. In doing this we invite the co-operation of all good people; and we also invite their kindly criticism and advice as well as their substantial assistance, to the end that one and all may daily learn more of what is truth!

## David Swing—Preacher and Farmer.

Prof. Swing is noted for his literary versatility, keen understanding, quick grasp of public sentiment, and practical common sense. He has not as yet got to be a Spiritualist but has spasmodic symptoms indicating there is a chance that we may yet count him in. In his mature years he has developed surprising genius for farming, showing how stern necessity will sometimes bring into play hitherto unsuspected resources. As his meager salary of \$10,000 a year did not suffice to supply his frugal wants he was compelled to go farming, and purchased a modest little ranch up in Wisconsin. When the last Sunday of the preaching season is over he packs his valise, buys a pair of blue woollen shirts, stogy shoes, and denim overalls and hies away to Geneva Lake. Once there he loses no time, but at once proceeds to cook his bacon and eggs and fit himself for tackling the task of raising a crop.

This season he bought a new fangled mule of the Percheron breed,—warranted not to kick. A sympathetic friend who manufactures agricultural implements wholly for the benefit of farmers, at a profit of only 100 per cent. loaned him for trial—and certificate of character if approved—a newly invented Hambletonian corn planter. It was a little late in the season when Farmer Swing got down to planting, having been sorely perplexed, so to speak, by the eccentricities of the yoke of Texas steers presented to him by Phil Armour, guaranteed to drive double and not to gore ministers. This is how it was: Having coupled the steers to the sulky plow and mounted the seat, whip in hand, the guileless preacher-farmer seems to have expected that the ex-residents of Sam Houston's empire would jog around the land in good old New England style. But such was not the case; there seemed to be a lack of rapport between pulpit and plow, between Swing and the steers. The more the good farmer in classical English plead with the cattle to change their oblique course and slacken their speed, the more they went on the bias, and the faster they hoofed it. However, as the field was level and free from stumps, the driver retained his seat and manfully held the lever which kept the plowshare in the ground, talking to his team in Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit betimes. The steers finally concluded to go home to lunch; and they went, regardless of Brother Swing's expostulations and declarations that it was yet two hours to noon. With somewhat greater speed than he gets to the front of Central Music Hall platform on a Sunday, Farmer David alighted from the plow as the steers went through the barbed wire fence which supposititiously guarded the hay stack. Leaving his Texas motive power to take in fresh fuel, the farmer made haste to telegraph the beef baron as follows:

June 5th, 1889.  
 PHILIP D. ARMOUR, CHICAGO. Dear Phil: Texas disorderly; don't seem to understand any language I speak. If you love me as of yore, send by next train the most profane and resolute cowboy you can pick up at the stock-yards; otherwise I shall recalcitrate your Texas offering with even more vigor than I did Dr. Patton's.  
 D. SWING.  
 P. S. Haven't any change to prepay message; will make it right with you when I market my corn crop.

The same night as the farmer was milking his favorite Alderney cow, a neighbor who had been to town for groceries brought him a dispatch. Carefully adjusting his one-legged milking-stool at a safe distance from the starboard heel of his Alderney friend, Bro. Swing read:

CHICAGO, June 5th.  
 David Swing, Geneva Lake, Wis., farmer on the Oshkosh Road, near the Red School House. Operator please see delivered to-night.

Dear David: I've shipped a cowboy. He'll manage the steers, you bet! Don't monkey with him when he is on duty. Draw the cartridges from his gun when he is asleep, and stuff your ears with cotton in order that your soul may not be harrowed by his imprecations. It's tough, I know, but Texas steers understand no other language.  
 P. D. A.

As a result of this happy expedient only a few days passed before Farmer Swing was in a situation to invite the resignation of his cowboy, the ground having been properly prepared for the mule and check-rower. As it was getting late, he decided to plant early corn. Sneh was his industry and good luck that he had green corn for the Chicago market early in August and made profit enough out of it to buy a minister's ticket to Chautauqua.

When he returned to Chicago from that literary and religious Mecca, other than a darker skin and more sturdy mien, he presented no evidences of his rural experiences; though his first sermon seemed to have a freshness and flavor superior to those at the close of last year's pulpit work. One of those useful and everywhere present servants of the public, a newspaper reporter, caught him on the fly and insisted on an expression of opinion upon the question of Sunday newspapers, that perennial source of capital for small-brained ministers who despair of fame in their legitimate business and inveigh against the press in the hope of getting noticed in the papers they abuse. At first Prof. Swing mistook the reporter for the honest farmer who lived near his Wisconsin corn ranch and from whom he had received much solace. The reporter felt complimented but pressed his main question, whereupon the Music Hall preacher replied:

"Do I acquiesce in the outcry made by some ministers against the Sunday newspapers? No, I do not—most decidedly not. The trouble is with some of these would-be reformers that they are too radical to be reasonable. They will not be reasonable. I don't know that I have ever yet announced my opinion on this somewhat vexed question of the Sunday newspaper, but I can quite clearly see that it may be a positive blessing. If it were not for the Sunday newspaper there are thousands of people who would pass a positively idle life if not a harmful Sunday. Is it not better that many men should read their paper Sunday afternoon rather than to haunt the saloons, drinking, and card-playing, possibly gambling? I think so."

May the rest of Chicago's preachers go to farming like Swing; or talking to gatherings of farmers, like Thomas; or horse-backing it through the rural districts like Jones. When they emulate these splendid workers in the "Lord's Vineyard" they will have more influence with the world and a vastly larger credit in Zion's bank, as well as full houses on Sunday.

## The Chicago Athenaeum.

The eighteenth annual report of the Chicago Athenaeum is before us and we take pleasure in calling attention to this most worthy institution. Its eighteen years of efficient service in the interests of practical education entitle it to the confidence and patronage of the public. The character and scope of the various departments are such as to afford an opening for all whether young or old who aspire to higher intellectual and physical culture. The institution is entirely unsectarian in its spirit and aims. Rev. E. J. Galvin, a Unitarian minister, is the Superintendent. His devotion and untiring enthusiasm seems to be contagious, and no one can come in contact with him and his able corps of assistants without crowing equally enthusiastic and interested. The Athenaeum is very properly called by its friends The People's College. It affords instruction in languages, book keeping, mathematics, the natural sciences, elocution and oratory, grammar and rhetoric, languages, music, etc., etc., at hardly more than nominal rates for tuition. A special feature is a fine gymnasium. Students can enter at any time, attend day or evening, and elect their own studies. There is a social atmosphere about the place calculated to make strangers feel at home, and promotive of a fraternal feeling which is sure to endure. Space forbids further elaboration, but every individual in this city who has a few hours a week to spare, and ambition to improve, should call at the Athenaeum building, 48 to 54 Dearborn street and talk with the genial superintendent, or write him for a Report and Announcement.

## Studies in Outlying Fields of Psychic Research.

What is thought of this latest contribution to spiritual literature may be learned from a criticism of Chevalier Sebastiano Fenzi, of Italy, which closes with the following strong endorsement:

"I can only say that every word impresses me with the earnest, truth-seeking, tolerant and benevolent character of the author; with lofty ideas, inexhaustible knowledge and invincible logic, and the only criticism I can make is that it leaves one thirsty for more, as one is made to feel that they are only receiving specimens from an exhaustless mine of precious ore, of which the author is the privileged owner."

The experience of Mr. J. D. Legg, so frankly and graphically told on another page, is very valuable and encouraging. He surely can con-

vincingly answer the question, "What good does Spiritualism do?" We are greatly gratified at the rich mine we struck when we sought to stimulate the recording of such experiences. The answers to the questions formulated months ago and appearing weekly have been of great value to a host of readers. There are still hundreds of experiences equally interesting to be found among our readers. Let them be written up and sent in that all may share them and the doubting be filled with hope and joy.

## Chautauqua Assembly and Its Activities.

That the Chautauqua movement is a wise and beneficent one is beyond cavil. It is doing a service in an educational way which colleges cannot. Not that it fills their places by any manner of means; but it affords a medium through which busy men and women are stimulated and assisted to become fairly well-informed in nearly every department of literature and science. In the summer the assembly on the bank of delightful Chautauqua Lake offers students an opportunity to come together, get acquainted, and compare notes as to progress and future needs; and to receive oral instruction from experienced teachers in nearly everything calculated to benefit the moral, intellectual, and physical life. While we would like to see Chautauqua modified in some important particulars in order to have it more nearly conform to the liberal religious thought of the age, we have nothing to offer in disparagement. If liberal religionists of various shades of belief would only emulate the example of their evangelical brethren and unite heart and soul in a similar enterprise they would not only be doing their plain duty, but would thereby bring into action the most effective machinery possible for the spread of liberal religion and the unification of unevangelical bodies.

Prof. David Swing, whose fine culture no one questions, has lately been at Chautauqua where he addressed the graduating class and spoke before the assembly. The opinion of this scholarly preacher is a rebuke to those supercilious pedants who never lose a chance to give a fling at the superficiality of Chautauqua's educational work. Prof. Swing is emphatic in his endorsement of the enterprise as good and wise. In an interview as to his visit he said:

"There must be fully 100,000 people reading the Chautauqua course in all parts of the world. Even in Japan and India there are branch assemblies, and the Chautauqua course of reading is appreciated and valued by thousands, who through its agency obtain a systematic outline of the very best English reading."

There is superfluous wealth enough among Spiritualists alone to establish a dozen institutions rivaling Chautauqua. Cannot at least one be founded that will rank along side of it?

Under the head of "Spiritualism and the Psychical Researchers," the *Medium and Daybreak* says: "The Psychical Researchers are gradually becoming spiritualistic. The researchers now acknowledge a series of facts indicating that the dead as well as the living can impress thoughts on suitable minds. But have the psychical researchers never heard of 'psychometry,' by the exercise of which the actions which have occurred in any locality can be read off, as if they were re-enacted again on the stage of life? How do the researchers know that the old woman seen on the bed in Glasgow was the spirit of the defunct old woman, or only a perception of the influence still remaining there as left by the acts of the past, and temporarily obtained by the seer in a passing state of exalted sensibility? People who make 'Scientific reports' should make themselves acquainted with what others have done possibly before they were breached, and not run into print with an avowed much more characteristic of superstition than knowledge. Well, the psychical researchers have confessed to their belief in 'Spiritualism,' but on such a narrow and insufficient basis, as to damage the claims of spirit manifestation rather than assist them. No outside parties who do not personally exercise the spiritual faculties, can give a sufficient account of the nature and bearings of spiritual things. What would we think of a party of men, who never made a chemical experiment in their lives, giving us a dissertation on the merits of chemical science, asking chemists to be regulated by their findings? All these things must be the work of experts, adepts, practical men and women, who have personal abilities for acquiring the experience necessary for fitting them to speak on the subject. As to what a spirit, or any human being, in essence is, the external manifestation but dimly indicates. To one individual, a 'spirit presence' may be realized in thought, while with another the result would be a picture seen, as it is said, 'clairvoyantly.' In the inner thought sphere there is neither time nor space, but simply state; and as to what spirits may be in respect to the effect they have on others, is governed by the quality of the percipient. At the same time it is well known that the thought-influence of past experiences may be latent in a place or an object, and be read off or perceived by certain persons in peculiar states, and thus lead to an 'inspiration' or 'apparition' as the case may be, and yet no 'spirit' need have any active participation in the matter. It is amusing to see with what cool self-satisfaction the 'researchers' pose as pioneers, ignoring the better work of the millions of more specially accomplished minds, who have preceded them in the investigation, without assuming the ridiculous attitude of Rip Van Winkle."

A dispatch comes from Findlay, O., stating that six miles northwest of that city and two miles east of McComb, on the road leading from that village to Findlay, is a farmhouse from which the family was driven one Sunday night lately by a series of fires as strange as they were unaccountable. The house was occupied by Samuel Miller and family. The trouble began one afternoon when, without any apparent cause, a bed in one of the upper rooms caught fire, and in a few moments was completely consumed, without the flames communicating with a single other object in the apartment. No one had been in the chamber since morning and there was no fire or light from which the bed could have caught. There was nothing left of the bed and its belongings but a little heap of ashes, but the floor where the piece of furniture stood was not even scorched. The next day, at about the same hour in the afternoon, a chest of clothing, in quite another part of the house from the bedroom where the first fire took place, was discovered to be in flames, and despite all efforts to extinguish the same was soon a pile of ashes. Yet not another thing in the room was injured in the slightest. Another afternoon at the usual hour the spirit of this same "fire fiend" took possession of another bedroom and destroyed a bed and bedding as quickly and as completely as on the occasion of its first visit, and with as little damage to the surroundings. This was too much for the Miller family, and they began preparations to remove. There has been no recurrence of these mysterious fires since the house was abandoned, but whether this is because there is nothing left to burn but the walls, or the spirits have been satisfied, has not yet been discovered.

As was sure to be the case if she persisted in venturing away from her primitive home, Mrs. Cobb, the "renowned materializing medium," of Mantua Station, Ohio, has been caught. A press dispatch from Buffalo, N. Y., says that while giving an exhibit of the famous face-making spirit at the house of Mrs. L. A. Ladd in that city, Mrs. Cobb was seized by a detective and found to be robed only in musquito netting. Cobb and his wife, so the dispatch says, signed a statement confessing themselves frauds, and then left for home. Our readers will recall that we denounced as a fraud this face-making manifestation some time ago. When we saw the poor old woman bunglingly perform the easy trick we could only wonder how any one could be deceived by it, even for a moment; yet hundreds of bright people have accepted the manifestation as a genuine spirit manifestation. It remains to be seen whether the Cobbs will follow the customary tactics, such as have been utilized by Mrs. Eugenia Beste, Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds and others, namely: cry persecution, assert innocence, declare they confessed under duress and when in mortal fear. We feel profound pity for Mrs. Cobb who is a hard-working old woman, put to her wits to keep a roof over her head and support a shiftless, good for nothing husband.

The fourth annual series of the Rev. Charles P. McCarthy's "Sabbath Evening Expositions," will commence at Columbus Hall, 878 Sixth Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets, New York, Sunday night, September 22d, at eight o'clock, when Judge A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, will deliver the opening address. Subject: "Jesus as a Mediator and Medium." The musical department, including congregational hymns, duets, solos, etc., continue as heretofore under the direction of Mrs. and Miss McCarthy, and volunteer helpers. In his announcement Mr. McCarthy says: "These services are designed to enlighten the people on current practical questions in spiritual, moral, rational and politico-economic truth, by preaching the Cross of a New Crusade through which social injustice may be recognized, the wall of the oppressed understood, and the emancipation of productive industry from the curse of poverty accomplished. Thus purity and elevation of personal character so necessary to the improvement, and, if need be, the reconstruction of our social economy, will follow; and the community will be the better prepared to receive that higher spiritual evangel which is now degraded and crucified by a base traffic in demonology, through fraudulent mediumship, alike antagonistic to primitive Christianity, human progress, and the utterances of the Nazarene prophet."

President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, says a writer in the *Washington Post*, are strikingly alike in the matter of complexion, the peculiar pallor of which defies sunburn, tan or freckles, no matter how prolonged the exposure to the sun to which they may be subjected. During his stay at Deer Park, the President spent much time in the open air, and while at Bar Harbor, in company with the Secretary of State, led an outdoor life. Yet neither has a tinge of brown to show for his summer's outing.

"Spiritual Imagination is the theme of Reed Stuart in the fine discourse we publish this week. It will profit Spiritualists to read it, and it will profit the earnest preacher if he will but supplement the imagination for which he pleads with the satisfying knowledge of Spiritualism. The Spiritualist movement needs such men and they need Spiritualism. Let there be a 'trust' the better to supply the spiritual needs of all the world."

Prof. Huxley remarks that "few people imagine when they are swallowing an oyster, that they are swallowing a piece of machinery more complicated than a watch."



## A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. J. H. Wade.

Just before leaving for our brief vacation the announcement came of the transition to higher life of one whose genial hospitality and beautiful, harmonious home we have repeatedly enjoyed. Mrs. J. H. Wade was a woman beloved by all acquaintances and by a host who never saw her, but had been frequently blessed by her benevolence. We had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Wade in May last, when she appeared in better health than usual, and her fine flow of spirits was exhilarating. We cannot do better than to reproduce here the excellent tribute of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*:

The highest possible tribute that can be paid to the memory of a deceased woman is to say of her that she lived a life of great usefulness and died lamented by all who knew her. Such are the facts with regard to the life and death of Mrs. Wade. She lived to do good. She sought out avenues in which the poor, the afflicted and the unfortunate were waiting, that she might by word or by deed lighten their burdens, make their paths smoother and their hearts lighter. She gave generously of her abundance whereby hundreds unostentatiously were made happy through her munificence. During her lifetime Mrs. Wade took to her own home, raised, educated and had the pleasure of seeing happily married several orphan girls, who looked upon her with as much affection and loved her as devotedly as if she had been their own mother and who now mourn her death with a sorrow unexpressed.

Truly:

"Her" was a noble, sympathetic spirit  
That never knew dismay;  
That loved to waken up disheartened merit  
And cheer it on its way."

Every person who was intimately acquainted with her loved her for the simplicity of her character, for the great and good heart which she possessed, as well as for the spirituality and nobility of her pure and unselfish life. It may be truly said of her that she had no enemies, while her friends were as numerous as the circles of her extensive acquaintance. No deserving person ever applied to her in vain, either for sympathy, advice or pecuniary assistance, and none ever left her presence but with a high opinion of her exalted character. God elevates such persons to places of influence, trust and wealth, that they may exercise their power for good upon the deserving and less fortunate.

Mrs. Wade loved music and had a cultivated taste, which amounted to enthusiasm when listening to the vocal and instrumental efforts of meritorious performers. It was her delight to invite to her home celebrated amateurs and the musically given at her instance were always attended by invited guests with both pleasure and profit. She also acquired a pure taste for rare works of art, the paintings of the old masters and the statues of the best sculptors. Her home was adorned with a wide variety of artistic paintings, drawings, etchings, etc., many of which she selected during her travels with her family in the old world.

Mrs. Wade was a thorough student of the Bible and devoted much of her time to the investigation of religious subjects. Her belief was in common with the doctrines of Spiritualism, and the most intelligent of that faith say that she had attained an eminence in spiritualistic investigation seldom reached by the living. She possessed a naturally religious mind, which was greatly strengthened by earnest study and constant research until she seemed to live in a religious atmosphere above and beyond that of most mortals. She believed that this life is but a preparatory state for a future and higher life; that at death she would be exalted to a more perfect existence, surrounded by departed friends with whom she had long held converse. To her death there was no pang; it would be but a transition from a happy earthly home to a blissful heavenly existence. Her remains were interred in Lakeview upon an eminence of unsurpassed beauty. Loving hands weaved fitting chaplets of such choice flowers as she most admired and covered her grave with these sacred emblems of undying love and unexpressed sorrow as the last tender tribute to the memory of the dead.

## A Green Mountain Spiritualist Convention.

In Unity Church, Stowe, Vermont, there will be a convention on the 27th, 28th and 29th of the current month. J. C. Wright, Dr. Storer, Mrs. Emma Paul and Mrs. A. N. Cressett are billed for lectures and the popular platform test medium, J. D. Stiles, will astonish the natives with his lightning tests. A double quartette under the able direction of Prof. Ober will furnish music. We have travelled some in our day and there is no place on this green earth to which we look with pleasure more than to the quiet little village of Stowe. It is the outfitting station for those visiting Mount Mansfield, and has a splendid hotel, beautiful drives, most hospitable people, and is altogether lovely. Stowe is ten miles from Waterbury on the Central Vermont and eight miles from Morrisville on the Portland railroad. Ample storage accommodations are always provided. We advise everybody in New England to attend this convention. If anybody comes away thinking he has not got his money's worth we will foot the bill. Full particulars as to transportation, hotel accommodations, etc., may be had by addressing Mrs. J. A. Stafford, Stowe, Vt.

The progressive men of Sturgis, Mich., have organized a club named "The Sturgis Club of Investigation." Its object is to co-operate with similar clubs in requiring Congress to appoint a committee to investigate the feasibility of the single tax theory of Henry George, and for the discussion of all subjects germane thereto. The officers are Rufus Spaulding, president; R. B. Thompson, vice-president; Thomas Harding, secretary; Andrew Kelly, treasurer. Many of the JOURNAL's readers know that three of these four are long-time Spiritualists.

Mr. G. W. Walrond, late of England, whence he comes well recommended, has located at Montreal where he will lecture for the Spiritualist society during the fall and winter. His address is P. O. box 1854, Montreal Canada.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. M. A. Ricker of Chelsea, Mass., is highly commended as a healer. She is said to have wrought cures when all hope had been given up by "regulars."

That popular lecturer and most excellent man, Lyman C. Howe has some unfilled dates for the fall and winter which should be quickly filled at good prices. Address him at Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Ada Foye will lecture and hold test sances every Sunday evening during the month of October at 93 South Peoria street, under the auspices of the Chicago Harmonical Society.

General E. F. Bullard of Saratoga spent last Sunday with his old friend, Judge Tiffany, at Hinsdale, Ill. General B. was on his way to Iowa to look after legal matters and inspect his prairie farm.

Signal Service Greely, Wiggins, De Vandoe, other weather prophets should be thankful that they live in a Christian land. The Emperor of China had a court astrologer beheaded for making a false prediction.—*Tribune*.

Rev. James De Buchanane, Ph.D., will conduct the services for the Chicago Harmonical Society, at their hall, 93 S. Peoria street, cor. Monroe, at 3 and 7:45 P. M., each Sunday during the month of September. At the close of each lecture other speakers and mediums will take part in the meeting.

We are requested to announce that Mrs. E. Cutler, test medium and psychometric reader of 1025 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, desires engagements with societies. She is willing to fill dates at reasonable prices and to especially consider weak organizations unable to pay. She is said to have been in the work for twenty years.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe once visited Edinburg, where she was invited to dinner by William Chambers, the dull but pompous publisher of *Chambers' Journal*, of which he was excessively vain. Mrs. Stowe accidentally mentioned that she believed he published a journal of some kind, but she really forgot its name. Mr. Chambers was speechless with astonishment.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who has recently returned from Europe, says that Mr. Gladstone spoke to him enthusiastically of America and its institutions. The two great enemies of the United States, he said, were plutocracy and loose marriage and divorce laws. The increase of the money power and of monopolies was, in his opinion, one of the greatest enemies menacing the future of America.

Mrs. Sally B. Weeks Bucknam, then a blushing bride, went to housekeeping seventy-three years ago in a snug farmhouse on the west slope of Mount Prospect, N. H. The other day in this same farmhouse, where she had lived ever since, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday, and was strong enough to receive not only her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, but also a large number of her friends and acquaintances.

The great Inter-State Exposition, which for years has attracted every fall hundreds of thousands of visitors to Chicago is now in full blast at the same old stand on the lake front. In every particular it surpasses any other local exhibition of its class in America or Europe. This season it is even more complete than usual. Secretary Reynolds has brought the exposition business as near to a state of perfection as can be hoped for in this age, and still he aspires to surpass himself.

Miss Joanna Baker, who has been appointed to the chair of Greek, at Simpson College, Iowa, succeeds to the position once held by her father. At 4 years of age Miss Baker began the study of Greek and Latin, at 8 she could read Xenophon, and at 14 she compiled a lexicon of the *Edipus Tyrannus*. At 16 she was a tutor of Greek in the college which has now made her a professor. She is a handsome woman, still young, and her robust health proves that the study of Greek when rightly followed is not pernicious.

The latest thing in aerial navigation is to be tried at the county fair to be held at Piper City, Ill., Sept. 10 to 13. Augustus Albright is to be taken up about 500 feet and then dropped. He claims that by a contrivance attached to his feet he can walk on air, ascend or descend, just as he pleases. He has been working on it about two years, and this is to be his first venture in public, having given several private exhibitions. Several scientific men are to be present to test the practicability of his invention.

## GENERAL NEWS.

C. E. Fitch and A. A. Pratt of Illinois have been admitted as cadets to the naval academy at Annapolis.—Charles and Lizzie Atkins have been arrested at San Francisco for manufacturing and passing counterfeit nickels.

Burglars entered the hardware store of W. C. McLeod at Woodstock, Ont., Sunday, and captured \$450 in cash and \$35,000 in notes.—John Doeschner, aged 60, a retired manufacturer of St. Bernard, a suburb of Cincinnati, shot himself because of family troubles.—S. L. Enaley and S. T. Fowler, miners, were crushed to death by a fall of slate and coal in the Simmons Creek mine near Princeton, W. Va., Sunday.—It has been discovered that H. E. Dean, a minister who disappeared from Liberty, Mo., recently, negotiated forged paper to the amount of \$700 before he left.

T. L. Waller, a Sewall's Point (Va.) merchant, was murdered in his store early Sunday morning by six negroes bent on robbery. The murderers have been arrested.—The Plant of the anarchist paper *Die Parole*, which sprang into notoriety at the time of the anarchist troubles in Chicago, was sold last Monday at St. Louis for \$48.75.—Marshall Hogan of Coshocton, O., was shot in the breast and Lee Ringer in the leg in a fight with tramps at Coshocton. One tramp was wounded and two arrested.—Sam Foster is dying near Hillsboro, Tex., from a gunshot wound inflicted by his 7-year-old son. Foster, in a

drunken rage, had knocked his wife down, and the child, thinking he had killed his mother, shot him.—R. B. Hannah, a hitherto respected citizen of Denton, Tex., and his wife took poison with suicidal intent Sunday night. Hannah is dead, but the woman will recover. The husband had been charged with a shameful crime.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands. Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life, Minnie, daughter of Wm. and Mary Mann, of Milan, O., September 2d. She was visiting friends in Toledo and came to her death by accidental drowning. In the opening bloom of her youth; beautiful, talented, and beloved by all who knew her, her sudden death caused a great grief to rest on the minds of the community. The Presbyterian Chapel was tendered for the services, which were conducted by Hudson Tuttle, assisted by the Pastor. The family in all its connections are Spiritualists but Minnie was a member of the Sunday School, and her class of twenty accompanied her casket to the place of burial. Under such circumstances, the wounded heart can find little consolation outside of Spiritualism, which yields a balm to heal its wounds and gives assurance that all is right, and for the best; that there is no mistake, for what is our loss is the gain of the departed.

## The Monon's Velvet Vestibuled Trains.

The Pullman Company has just equipped the Monon Route for its service between Chicago and Cincinnati with sleepers, that are, perhaps, the finest ever seen. Besides all the latest ideas in interior arrangement and decoration, these sleepers are equipped with Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibule, a most important and reliable invention. By means of vertical bumpers and other ingenious appliances all swaying motion is overcome and telescoping is made impossible. The acme of safety and elegance seems to have been reached in this equipment of the Monon Route.

The public has learned to expect the latest and best of the Monon management, and the public is never disappointed. This latest move, however, surpasses all previous efforts. The public appreciation is so great that the Monon Route will increase its "Velvet Vestibuled" service to four solid trains as soon as the Pullman Company can furnish the additional equipment, which will be about October 1st.

At the same time that it has introduced this elegant equipment, the Monon Route has also cut the rates so as to sell single tickets between Chicago and Cincinnati, Louisville or New Albany for \$4.00 or round trip tickets for \$7.00. Tickets can be purchased at the Chicago city passenger office, 75 Clark Street, or in the Palmer House, or at the Grand Pacific Hotel, or at the Dearborn Street station from whence trains leave Chicago.

## A New Through Line to Denver and Cheyenne.

A new through car route has been established via Chicago & Alton and Union Pacific Railways, between Chicago and Cheyenne, via Kansas City and Denver.

This through train will leave Chicago on Chicago & Alton "Kansas City Limited" train, 6:00 p. m. daily, arriving at Kansas City the following morning, leaving the second morning, connecting at Cheyenne with the "Overland Flyer" for Ogden, Salt Lake City, and all Pacific coast points. For all further information, tickets, and reservation of berths in sleeping cars, please call at city ticket office of Chicago & Alton R. R., No. 195 South Clark Street, Chicago.

## BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points

On and after August 11, 1889, the C. B. & Q. R. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R. R., from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Tex., without change, thus making a new short, daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's fast train "Big Boy" at 5:45 p. m. daily, coming with C. B. & Q. R. train leaving Points at 8:00 a. m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of Ticket Agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Eastle, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

## California!

I want every one who is interested in California, whether coming there or not, to write to me. I will send something of interest to all, but especially so to farmers.

JOHN BROWN,  
Elsinore, California.

G. F. Putnam's Son will publish shortly "Great Words from Great Americans," a neatly gotten up little book giving the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, the Emancipation Proclamation and Lincoln's inaugural and farewell addresses, etc.

A new edition of Rules and Advice for those desiring form circles, together with declaration of faith, songs and hymns and songs for circles and social singing, compiled by James H. Young, is ready, revised and enlarged. Many copies of this pamphlet have been sold, and now another edition is out. Price 20 cents, postpaid.

Statuism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Farneswick, M. D. Contains a brief historical sketch of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commissioners. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, *The Way, The Truth and Life* is out. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists A good reference pamphlet, being short sketches of such prominent men as Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Robert Hare, Rev. S. Watson, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stebbins, and others, etc., etc. Price reduced from 25 cents to 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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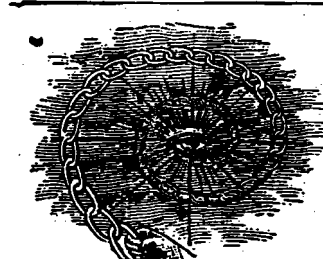
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## Voices from the People.

## AND

## INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## I Wonder.

MRS. A. R. ARMS.

I wonder why the tangled ends that lie  
So thickly treaded over all our ways,  
So smooth they run at first, our dear hopes try,  
How could we dream that in these later days  
They'd be so charming? We meant the right and best;  
But clumsy earth has stumbled. Could we know  
The shining threads would dim in life's bright test,  
Or disappoint, or fail, or tangle so?

I wonder why we jettison and jest!  
We know none but ourselves; we can't feel  
The workings, longings, of another's breast.  
We cannot with their court of conscience deal,  
We only know, or think we know, that when  
Our earthly mask is turning back to clay  
"We shall know our own hearts." And still then,  
We'll wait for all "the mist to roll away."

I wonder where and when! But hark! hark! hark!  
Sad heart, why throbs each yellow star  
Need not be known to you; the tender rash  
Of heavenly tears that glitter, fair and far  
Will be seen sometime somewhere. Then  
Wait patiently, and bind those aching hearts  
And go thy way. Somewhere beyond our ken  
Awaits a home where all shall have a part.

## The Philosophy of Remembrance.

They say man forgets, while a woman will treas-  
ure  
The dreams given birth when love brightened her  
eyes,  
And still thrill her heart with a touch of the pleas-  
ure  
The girl felt on seeing cloud shapes in her skies.  
But what would you say  
If I told of the vision I see in the azure  
That rises to-night from my witch-bowl of clay?

I own myself naught but a crusty old fellow,  
And there sits my wife, singing some one to sleep,  
While time bears me on to the sea and the yellow.  
But boyhood's fair memories ever will keep;  
And locked in my breast  
Are some like old wine that the years have made  
mellow,  
Of which I partake with a connoisseur's zest.

Two loves has each man in the course of his drift-  
ing:  
The first like the breath of an exquisite rose;  
The second more hardy, beautiful, uplifting—  
A rose-vine—its circles the heart as it grows;  
And one is so frail  
That life's weary winds, in their merciless shifting,  
Blow on till the petals are lost in the gale.

But, though it be fragile, the first is essential,  
Since through it the soul's smaller prison gains away,  
Expands 'neath the light of remembrance poten-  
tial  
And finds new strength in the other's decay.  
The first is soon dead;  
Yet had it not lived by decree providential,  
The passion now prized were a poor thing in-  
stead.

And so, when I see, in the smoke drifting 'round  
me,  
The sweet, childish face of my "maid of the mist,"  
Who came when the best years of life had not found  
me,  
I'm grateful to her, since love's pleasures exist.  
For had she not flown  
To loosen the trammels in which childhood bound  
me,  
The love I feel now I might never have known.

The wife understands if she pauses to reason.  
The love of the boy for the girl in the past—  
The passion that came in youth's wonderful season,  
When love's rosy flame burned too fiercely to last;  
And she will confess,  
With womanly trust, that she deems it not reason  
If one gives a thought to the old happiness.

And I, while my heart feels the old thrill I treasure,  
Look into the dark eyes that mirrored my love  
When she whom I see in the circles of azure  
Seemed one of the angels from regions above,  
And thank her for sowing the seed of the pleasure  
I reap in the Eden of marital bliss.

—Franklyn W. Lee.

## Our Dead.

Sad and sacred are the memories clustered around  
them. We may have given them but a passing at-  
tention while living, but when prostrated before us  
in the icy fetters of death we bow in reverent awe,  
gently taking their names upon our lips as if it  
were of profanity to utter them lightly. We stand  
by the still, shrouded forms of loved ones, with  
grief-stricken hearts, and almost speechless, we  
power that has smitten us. Filled with an unbounded  
affection, of which death renders us more deeply  
conscious, we glorify the character of the lost, and  
invest them with virtue, real and ideal. All that  
was good and pure in their natures now shines like  
a halo around the unconscious clay. Noble impulses,  
words and deeds, that once seemed like monuments  
attesting their worth. All weaknesses and human  
imperfections that once appeared so glaring in our  
sight, are now tenderly wrapped in the mantle of  
charity, to be forever laid away in the oblivion of  
the years.

Strange! but the mind possesses a wonderful fa-  
culty of retaining and magnifying the errors of the  
living, and the virtues of the dead. In the awful  
silence pervading the chamber of death, the same  
voice that pleads the merits of the departed, comes  
to us as an accusing judge. All unkindness in the  
past, all uncharitableness and neglect of duty, now  
smile the face of an unrepentant angel. It is  
difficult to see that poison the arrow of affliction,  
and cause it to rankle in the soul long and painfully.  
It is the bitter portion of grief to have occasion  
to mourn for our own delinquencies in the hour of  
bereavement.

Reader, did you ever bend above a coffin bed to  
bette the marble brow of the sleeper with unavail-  
ing tears? If so, did not your soul cry out in bitter  
agony for one forgiving word from those death-  
sealed lips, for some cruel neglect or unjust act  
of yours? What would you not have given then for  
one more loving glance from eyes whose light had  
gone out forever? What treasure would the pale,  
wan hands and feet, and the unbreathing breast  
"Too late," is the only reply that useless clay can  
render to the pleadings of grief. It has no lan-  
guage to soothe the pangs that memory has power  
to inflict. Death leaves no altar for atonement for  
the unjust words of censure and reproach. Tears of  
regret cannot blot them out from the page of re-  
membrance, or from the soul that has passed into  
the great unknown.

Oh! could we but look upon our living in the same  
tender light that we regard our dead, how heavy a  
burden of grief we might escape. It matters not to  
our lost ones that we at last recognize their virtues,  
pity their errors, and have sympathy for the trials  
they have borne. They are resting now in the arms  
of infinite love and mercy, and need no longer.

But the living are ours still; ours to bless and  
make happy by our love and appreciation. They  
claim our pity, our tears and our prayers, while  
bearing the heat and the burden of the day, and not  
after they have laid down the cross at the portals  
of the grave, and joyfully await the coming of Him  
who is the resurrection and the life.

Who has passed out of life's happy prelude into  
its great arena of labor and conflict, can for a mo-  
ment so far forget his own imperfectness and pronen-  
ess to sin, as to censure and condemn his erring  
brother?

There is no intelligent person who does not  
longer and longer for expressions of human love,  
sympathy and appreciation, and pleads, for charity  
at least, from those he calls friends.

Life to most has a greater portion of sadness than  
joy, and its burden at best is heavy and wearisome;  
but loving support and counsel render it lighter and  
happier.

Present tokens of kindness and good will are of  
infinite more value to every heart than the knowl-  
edge that rivers of regretful tears shall be shed for  
us, when but the *et cetera* we have entered upon  
our eternal rest.—A. L. K. in Commercial Adver-  
tisor.

## Evolution of Selfishness.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
It is through the ages we have a running history  
of one individual or class engaged in the work of  
robbing and oppressing another, and with few ex-  
ceptions this has been largely accomplished by the  
claim that the robbery and oppression were in obedi-  
ence to the law of God. Whether priest or mili-  
tary chieftain who has thus plundered his fellows,  
this has been the potent lever depending on to move  
the fears and superstitions of the great masses of  
ignorant people. In, however diverse form, it  
has ever been the old story of "thus saith the Lord."  
And to-day, amid all the progress and enlightenment  
of the closing nineteenth century, it is still the same.  
If a despot resolves on the robbery of a neighbor-  
hood, he has the church call to lead his God of  
battles to lead his hosts of armed cut-throats to vic-  
tory.

The same old robber cry is conspicuous in the  
article on "Trusts, Evils," etc., by Farmer Lee.  
He has it down as pat as did the ancient thiefing,  
murdering, Jew, that "God did it." He repeats  
and "thrice repeated," from God, "etc." in the  
way of justifying the wholesale robberies of trusts,  
whose sole purpose is to enable a few controlling  
spirits to gain greedy profits at the expense of the  
whole nation. Says Farmer Lee: "Trusts are legal-  
ized, God did it." Observe, this with all the unbeli-  
eving assumption of the Presbyterian bigot, who  
claims to be a Christian, and who is the God of  
chosen elect to suffer endless tortures among the  
eternally damned. Let us see if God legalized  
trusts.

The great Standard Oil Trust will be a good spec-  
imen brick to test it by. This huge money-cornucopia  
built up by the power of standing on the whole  
destruction of competitors by processes of pecu-  
liar rascality; such as conspiracy with similar mo-  
nopolies in railway corporations, bribing courts and  
legislatures, lying, misrepresentation, and use of the  
whole engineering of wealth influence in the crush-  
ing out of whatever barred its way. To every op-  
ponent of the Standard Oil Trust, I say, "God did it."  
English highwayman, in his "stand and deliver or  
I'll blow out your brains!" with the simple formula,  
"Sell out and quit the business or we'll deliberately  
ruin you."

Queer sort of God he must be who could legalize  
this kind of tramping, weaker, rather than the  
iron law of self-protection! But Farmer Lee  
thinks the word trusts a "bugaboo," that unneces-  
sarily scares the people, and desires to change it for  
the more euphonious title of "Co-operative Association."  
Co-operative associations is good; but whether the  
doubling of the price of such a prime article of  
necessity as sugar by one of the latest of these  
co-operative associations will make it sound any bet-  
ter in the ears of a whole people plundered to en-  
rich a soulless corporation, is somewhat dubious.  
The best exemplification of these kinds of "God's Le-  
galized" associations I know is seen in the case of a  
dozen or more rats penned up in a foodless trap. As  
the rats are hungry, and to gnaw at the bars of the  
strongest rodents get up a trust. "I beg pardon—a  
co-operative association—for the purpose of pouncing  
upon a weak brother and eating him for their sole  
use and profit. By and by, just as did the  
Standard chaps, when hunger again gets in his  
work, co-operative association wipes out a second  
competitor; and, as matters progress, new co-opera-  
tions of ever lessening numbers enter into the  
trust, as the strongest and greediest members shake  
off the ones needed to furnish food to be gobbled,  
until finally only two rats are left. And now is seen  
the grand finale in shape of the natural inevitable  
result, where this kind of co-operative association  
holds its "God-legalized" away, the strongest brute  
conquers and devours his last remaining competitor.

Simply this is the evolution of selfishness. If  
God did it, then He is the epitome of all that is das-  
tardly and unjust. It is the weakest of quibbling to  
blur over the true merits of trust rascality by saying  
that it is a poor creature who mistakes the cold  
laws of the purchase and sale of pious, a  
hundred rich men are equally entitled to form a  
combine for the purchase, storage and sale at will  
of all the corn or wheat that they are able to pay  
for. This is not the question at issue. It is whether  
any body of men, let them be rich or poor, has the  
right to combine to buy, store and control the use  
of a necessity of the people in a way that will com-  
pel the purchase at such exorbitant profits as is  
virtual robbery of consumers, and stifle legitimate  
competition by striking hands with other corpora-  
tions that will give exclusive privileges needed to  
crush out all opposition, and control legislation and  
the business lines of commerce and manufacture.  
The business line of law will make them sole arbiters in  
the business they control. It is the sheerest nonsense,  
admitting that "the toiling masses of men and women  
have been shamefully wronged and oppressed in the  
past," to say that "the control of the world is  
soon to pass into their hands," on the heels of the  
assumption that "trusts are legalized by God did it."

In the light of all past experience, it is conceiv-  
able that the dozen or more men who carry on any  
one of the huge trusts and thereby easily accumu-  
late millions of unearned profits, will ever say to  
the toiling masses from whose hardy gained wages  
the millions are wrung, "See in this thing, it is  
a thing. He is a just being, full of fatherly mercy."  
He would wish us to spread the immense benefits  
of our co-operative association into all of your pockets,  
to the end that we may all be prosperous and happy.

Such an expectation would be enough to make an  
organ-grinder's monkey laugh himself into convul-  
sions. No, friend Lee; even as the small corporations  
are fast merging into huge wealthy trusts, the men  
at the head will gradually combine with similar  
bodies in every commercial nation, to the end that  
the whole world's business and money-making shall  
be into the exclusive control of a few, and the mass  
of the people shall be reduced to a state of abject  
servitude, to the end that we may all be prosperous and happy.

Trusts are the direct evolution of pitiless selfish-  
ness; nor will they ever be made of benefit to the  
great toiling body of the people unless they can be  
brought under the Christ law of universal brother-  
hood and love. W. WHITEWORTH.  
North Dover, Ohio.

## A Good Man's Career.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Horsea Seaver, of Boston, whose death occurred  
Aug. 21st, was in some respects a remarkable man.  
He was nearly eighty. For more than fifty years he  
was editor of the Boston Investigator, of which Abner  
Kneeland was the first editor, and during all this  
time not a number of the paper appeared without  
editorials from Mr. Seaver's pen. He was a printer  
by trade, and took great pride in his craft, and until  
the last few years he put most of his editorials in  
type without writing a word of them.

Mr. Seaver had a great natural dignity and a Ben-  
Franklin sort of simplicity. He was an admirer of  
Shakespeare, and quoted often from him in writing  
and speaking. Mr. Seaver was an eloquent and  
effective speaker, and had he cultivated his oratorical  
and dramatic talents, and exercised them in some popu-  
lar field, they would doubtless have gained for him a  
reputation. The most touching funeral address I  
ever heard was one in which Mr. Seaver, over the  
dead body of a friend, paid a tribute to his memory.  
He never tired of dwelling on the great efforts of  
Webster and Phillips. The latter he thought the  
most polished and perfect orator of modern times.

Mr. Seaver was a man of simple habits and un-  
assuming style. He was naturally generous, and his  
amiable disposition made him ever ready to overlook  
the mistakes and infirmities of his fellow-men.  
Mr. Seaver's philosophy was that of "common-  
sense," and he cared little for idealistic theories or  
metaphysical speculations. "One world at a time,"  
(an expression which Emerson and others have  
made familiar to the public the last few years), was  
Mr. Seaver's motto half a century ago, and he never  
changed it. During all these years the Investigator  
advocated unsectarian schools, the removal of dis-  
abilities on account of religious belief, the taxation of  
church property, and the complete secularization of  
the state. He spoke out boldly for many of the re-  
forms that have triumphed, and for others that have  
passed through the period of exorcism, when it re-  
quired rare moral courage to give them support.  
Even those who may think they have reason to re-  
gret Mr. Seaver's opposition to Christian beliefs and  
authorities, cannot withhold admiration of his char-  
acter, loyalty to his convictions, and brave defense  
of a struggling reform. B. F. UNDERWOOD.  
Portland, Ore., Aug. 22.

## Suicide Increasing from Year to Year.

"The number of suicides increases every year, every  
quarter of a year, judging by newspaper reports.  
What is the cause of this? It is a question which  
which used to be called a sin, and as such covered  
by disgrace, and is now accounted for as the effect  
of mental disorder, and not unfrequently described  
as romantic—thus being invested with attractive  
naturalness, and a claim made on our sympathies—  
as though it were a fashion, or any of the ig-  
norant barbarities of olden times. Every observer  
may see that whatever powerfully affects imagina-  
tion tends to a reproduction of the word or act  
which impressed it. Reverting, however, where  
conditions for echo exist, is not more certain than  
this law of human nature. But what is being done  
by those whose office is to guard against suicide?  
What is being said to the hundreds of professional  
guides and teachers who occupy the pulpits of Eng-  
land? The horrors which have of late become a  
commonplace of newspaper reports, of suicides,  
even among boys, must force them to think "How  
can this plague be stayed? One asks with passion-  
ate anxiety, how are they striving to save fellow-  
creatures from the worst of all possible anguish,  
from loss beyond reach of our consolations?"

All old argument as to the sinfulness of self-mur-  
der requires a corresponding religious faith; and  
that, we all know, is wanting in a very large num-  
ber of every class. We need, therefore, to raise an  
alarm to the immediate consciousness, to press it  
home on torpid minds as vigorously as we should  
the danger of going to sleep in a brick-kiln, if we  
saw a sleepy person ready to sink down close to  
its softly smoldering heat. Everybody at the present  
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